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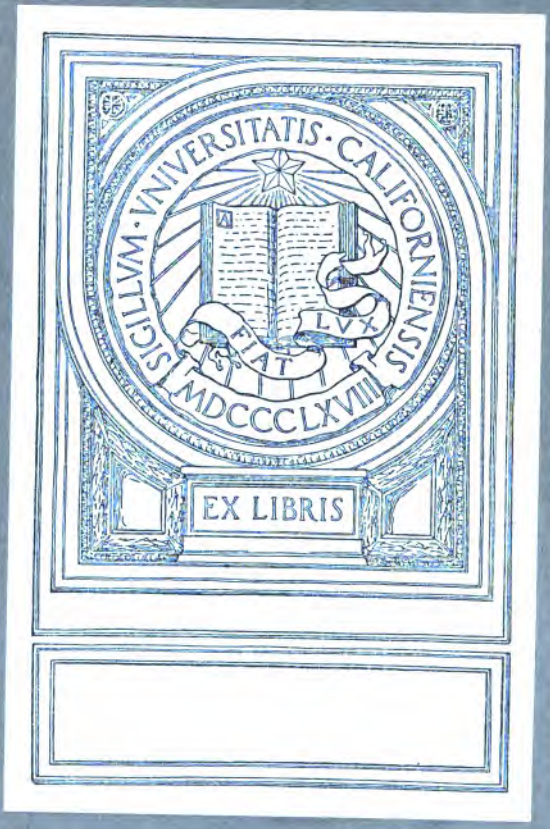
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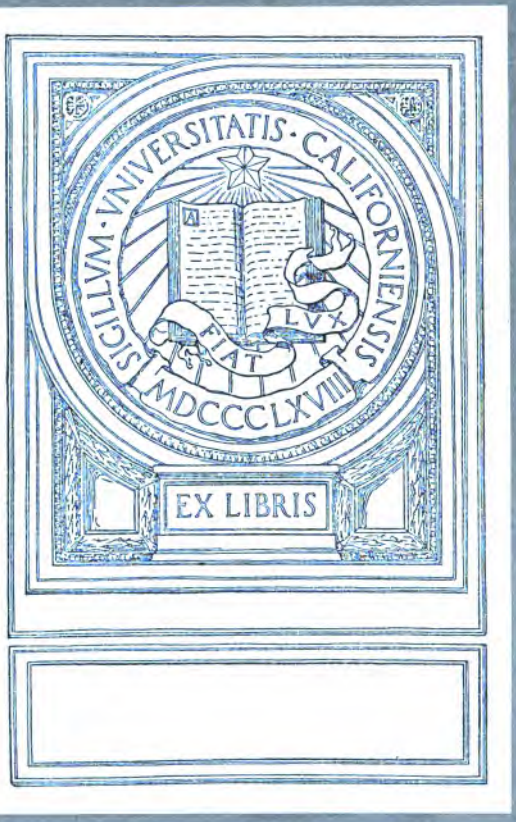
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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

MEMOIRS

OF A

PRISONER OF STATE

IN THE FORTRESS OF SPIELBERG;

BY

ALEXANDER ANDRYANE,

FELLOW-CAPTIVE OF COUNT CONFALONIERI;

WITH AN APPENDIX BY MARONCELLI,

THE COMPANION OF SILVIO PELLICO.

TRANSLATED BY

FORTUNATO PRANDI.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1840.

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PREFACE.

FEW works have in these times excited a deeper or more extensive interest than Silvio Pellico's account of his imprisonment. It was in fact impossible that his great virtues and piety, combined with so much suffering, should not at once gain the admiration and sympathy of his readers. Some of his statements concerning the miseries he had to endure appeared at first so incredible, that doubts were even entertained as to his veracity. It was then however but little known that the first edition of his "*Prigioni*" had been printed at Turin, where a watchful censorship, wholly subservient to Austria, was more likely to have suppressed many obnoxious truths, than to have allowed any groundless charge against that Power. But those who were well acquainted with the politics of Italy considered Pellico's narrative greatly deficient, and expected with impatience that some of his fellow-prisoners would give to the world a more complete

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description of the atrocities perpetrated by the Austrian Government upon its Italian subjects.

A few years afterwards a Frenchman, who had also been released from the dungeons of Spielberg, announced his intention to prepare for the press a relation of his own captivity. Independent of Austria, possessed of considerable talent and acquirements, and widely esteemed for his integrity, Monsieur Andryane was believed to unite all the qualifications required for the task. The expectations he raised were high, especially as he had been confined in the same cell with Confalonieri, the hero of modern Italy.

Accordingly, in 1837, he published two volumes of his *Mémoires d'un Prisonnier d'État*, commencing with his acceptance of a secret political mission to Italy in 1822, and concluding with his removal to the fortress of Spielberg two years afterwards. This work contained much that was interesting, particularly with reference to the summary administration of justice in Lombardy in cases of treason,—a subject which neither Pellico nor any one else had yet touched on; and in this respect it was deemed an excellent companion, and even a sort of indispensable introduction to the "*Prigioni.*" Nevertheless the public were somewhat disappointed from the manner in which the author had executed his undertaking. Led away by his ardour, as also by a deep sense of his wrongs, he indulged too

freely in political discussions and personal details, and diffused over his pages a morbid sentimentality which is inconsistent with the dispassionate simplicity of history.

Some friends, on whose judgement I relied, attributed the limited circulation of the French work to these causes, and considered that, but for its exuberant ornaments, it would have produced a more general and lively sensation. Thinking that I was favourably circumstanced for ascertaining the truth of the narrative, they pressed me to divest it of the superfluous matter, and moreover to insure for a plainer statement of facts the credit which might be given to a name not so unknown in England as that of the author. I felt that by following this advice I assumed an irksome and thankless labour, and also that there was an impropriety in my coming forward as an English translator. Nevertheless I was unable to resist the opportunity thus offered, of at once making more widely known the wrongs of my country, and promoting the cause of justice and humanity. I therefore sacrificed the beauties of the original to the severity of the plan proposed, and early in 1838 submitted to the British public a volume which was the result of my endeavours.

Conceiving that Monsieur Andryane would scarcely venture to enter on the field already occupied by Pellico, by extending his Memoirs to a description of the hor-

duct in Spielberg, confirm that high opinion which he had expressed of him in the preceding volumes.

It has been objected by many, that the author, as a Frenchman interfering with the concerns of Italy, was not entitled to the same sympathy as the Italians, who had exerted themselves to raise their country from her degradation. But it should not be forgotten, that whilst the Sovereigns of continental Europe were leagued together in their so-called Holy Alliance against the interests of their subjects, these had in turn every right to make common cause against their oppressors.

As an Italian, I am grateful to Monsieur Andryane for his endeavours in favour of my native country; and I have, as far as in me lay, attempted to render him justice. The second Part of his Memoirs, however, contains several passages of religious controversy, which I should have preferred not to translate; but as these form a prominent feature of the work, I did not think myself justified in suppressing them. I certainly entertain no desire of adding fuel to the lamentable animosities now engendered by such discussions in this country of my adoption; and I trust the reader will bear in mind, that I found myself bound to continue the translation before I could know what the concluding volumes would contain.

Since the appearance of the first Part, every indulgence, every kindness has been shown to me, both by

my friends and the public. I cannot but attribute their overlooking its many faults, to the knowledge that I had to use a language not my own, and that I had not been led to undertake so difficult a task from any feeling of personal interest or vanity. I shall be well content if I am so fortunate as to experience a continuation of that forbearance and favour which has already excited my deepest gratitude.

F. P.

March 2nd, 1840.

MEMOIRS

OF

A PRISONER OF STATE.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD been but a short time in the army of Napoleon when the events of 1814 and 1815 forced me to renounce a career upon which I had entered with the greatest ardour. Master of my time and person, I abandoned myself to the dangerous pleasures with which Paris abounds for those whom money and health enable to indulge in the most ruinous tastes and propensities. I became a man of fashion, cited for his dress, his horses, his gambling, and extravagancies. This wretched kind of reputation flattered my vanity: I endeavoured to merit it daily more and more; but it did not render me happy. I could not but feel ashamed of wasting my time in this manner, while half the world was occupied with the struggle between the partizans of despotism and the friends of liberal institutions, and when many

of my former companions in arms were labouring with zeal and perseverance to repair their neglected education, and obtain by their intellectual superiority the distinction which mere personal courage could no longer procure.

A slave rather to habit and vanity than to the frivolous enjoyments which began to disgust me, I continued in this course, when an accident suddenly put a stop to my life of idleness, and induced me to listen to the wise counsel of a sister, who had been to me a second mother, and had never ceased to lament my errors. Upon this, I resolved to quit a scene where I should in vain attempt the moral and mental regeneration by which alone I could recover my self-esteem, and the good opinion of those whom I honoured and respected. For this purpose, though deeply regretting to part with my aged father and my family, I repaired to Geneva.

I there immediately set to work; and availing myself of the resources which that city affords to persons really desirous of instruction, I became a student. I took lessons, attended lectures, plunged into books, nailed myself to the desk for entire days, weeks, and years; and succeeded in overcoming my inaptitude to study, and the inconstancy of my character. My will and resolution augmented as the field of knowledge opened before me, and as the difficulties I had to surmount presented themselves more distinctly to my view. To occupy a seat on the benches from which Benjamin Constant, Foy, Manuel, and other great men so gloriously defended the rights of the people, was the highest aim of my youthful ambition. It seemed to me that ten years of assiduous labour and self-denial would be but

a trifling sacrifice for the accomplishment of such an object.

I therefore applied all my faculties to study, living in the strictest retirement, with simplicity and economy. The apartment which I occupied was so humble, my meals so frugal, and my wants so limited, that I scarcely expended during one year at Geneva what I had been used to squander at Paris in a fortnight. Yet the obscure life of a student became to me by degrees such a constant source of new pleasures, that I never ceased to bless the hour when I first resolved to abandon the frivolities of fashion for the hope of ranking, at some future time, among the virtuous citizens whose names were as dear to humanity as they were glorious to their country.

While I was pursuing my studies with increasing zeal and satisfaction, the reverses which the cause of freedom suffered in 1821, especially in Italy and France, excited my liveliest interest, and diverted my attention from my books. Anxious as I was to qualify myself for a place among the asserters of popular rights, I could not remain an indolent spectator of the liberticidal proceedings of the Holy Alliance, which were evidently tending to the complete and final servitude of all the nations of Europe. In France, the ultra royalists were perverting the electoral law, imposing restrictions on the press, annulling individual liberty, and threatening to destroy the Charter. These events alone were more than sufficient to induce me to unite my efforts to those of the more ardent members of the liberal party, who, despairing of legal redress, prepared

to defend their cause by force of arms. It is therefore no wonder that, in spite of my love of study and retirement, I consented to join the secret societies which were then spread so widely, and from which alone I expected the regeneration of my country, and eventually that of all Europe.

At the period when I was thus full of enthusiasm for the sacred cause of liberty and its sincere defenders, I became acquainted with one of its most devoted champions, Michael Angelo Buonarotti. He was a venerable republican, who had passed through a long life of adversity and persecution with the greatest firmness and integrity of character, and was now earning an honourable and independent livelihood at Geneva, by giving instruction in music and Italian. From this modern Procida, whose life had been a continual sacrifice to his political convictions, I learned what great designs a single individual, however humble his situation, may perform by a strong will and an unchangeable perseverance in one object. By endeavouring to imitate his self-denial, his disinterestedness, and his constancy, I succeeded in raising myself by degrees above the factitious wants of society, and I thought myself highly honoured when he proposed to receive me into a numerous association of patriots, labouring to secure the triumph of political and religious liberty all over the world.

Though far from sharing his ultra-democratic opinions, I fell completely under his influence; whether it was that I was overcome by the natural ascendency of his character, or that the mystery with which he sur-

rounded himself, by appealing to my imagination, gave him in my eyes extraordinary and superior attributes, which made me view him almost as the genius of liberty. I attended meetings at which the most important political questions were profoundly discussed, and where measures were adopted for extending throughout Europe the ramifications of a society of which we formed the centre, and to which a great number of remarkable persons belonged.

During the first months of 1822, I was charged with several missions to France, on which great hopes were founded; but they all proved fruitless. The various parties opposed to the Bourbons had been so disorganised and disunited by their recent failures at Béfort, Saumur, Rochelle, and other places, that it was impossible to direct and concentrate their efforts on one common object. Under this conviction I determined to occupy myself no more with the affairs of France, especially as I had perceived that, in spite of the retrograde march of her government, public opinion had made so much progress as would enable her to reconquer her liberties without having recourse to arms.

I had confidence in the future destinies of France; for amidst the old republicans, imperialists, and constitutionalists, amidst the intrigues and agitation of secret societies, I had seen arise a new generation, patriotic, reflecting and devoted, preparing by study and meditation to gain for their country the liberties and institutions which a recourse to conspiracy and arms had failed to obtain. Approving of the moderation and good sense of this party, I resolved for the future to

shun the plots which were still rife in France; and, to avoid all temptation to the contrary, I determined to pass a year or two in Italy, and devote myself to literature and the arts.

Buonarotti being informed of my project, proposed to charge me with a secret mission to that country, which I joyfully accepted. To labour for the independence of Italy, and the vindication of her liberties, was in my eyes a noble and holy vocation—the more so from my having, during my residence at Geneva, formed an acquaintance with several Italian exiles, who had engaged my sympathies in their cause. All my thoughts were now turned to this enterprise, to which my heart no less than my imagination prompted me. I had long conferences with Buonarotti and several other Italians, received from them the necessary instructions, and the names of many distinguished individuals, who were either already connected with the secret societies, or persons whom it was desirable to enlist. They promised to announce by letter to these persons my arrival. On the mission itself, we were perfectly agreed: we differed only about a great variety of statutes, diplomas, and ciphers, with which Buonarotti was desirous of entrusting me, but which I refused to carry as being useless and dangerous. I was however obliged to yield to his solicitations, and to force into a large writing-case these papers, together with numerous letters of introduction, among which was one from Buonarotti to his brother at Florence. The only precaution that was taken concerning them consisted in arranging that I should not be the bearer of these do-

cuments in passing the frontiers of Italy, but that one of our friends should bring them to me at the first town of Piedmont or Lombardy at which I should stop.

If I were asked at this moment in what light I now regard the dangerous mission upon which I was embarking, I should reply, that at no period, under no circumstances, whether in captivity or at liberty, whether full of youthful ardour, or sobered by suffering and reflection, have I ever repented of having accepted it;—I should reply, that the event, which proved so fatal to me, has never altered my views of it. I have uniformly regarded my participation in the efforts of an oppressed people to shake off a foreign yoke as an act of justice, in which all mankind are interested, a homage to the fundamental principle upon which chiefly rests the happiness of society,—national independence. Without this conviction how could I have supported with firmness and dignity all that I have undergone in a protracted captivity and constant suffering? With regard to the probabilities of success in a mission, which has cost me so dear, and from which I expected such different results, if my hopes of success were exaggerated, they were not apparently at least so groundless as justly to mark the enterprise with the stigma of rashness and imprudence. Perhaps I shall be better understood, if I explain briefly what were our projects, and the means which presented themselves for their execution.

Liberalism and absolutism had since 1815 been measuring their strength. Although the contest was not terminated at the close of 1822, although the constitution of Spain still existed, and the Greek insurrection was at its

height, nevertheless it was easy to foresee that the last blow which the Congress of Verona was preparing to level against free institutions would decide for a long time the fate of the liberties of Europe. All the efforts of the beral party therefore were directed to gain over the troops which were to march against the government of the Cortes. On the one hand it was important, should the French intervention in the affairs of Spain cause a general war, to find among other nations some aid and co-operation at the moment of the fiercest struggle.

With this view numerous skilful emissaries were at this period sent into Germany, Poland, and even Russia, to infuse new vigour into the secret societies. It was with this view that I was selected to act in Italy, and that I undertook, under the very cannon of the Congress of Verona, to re-collect the scattered elements of conspiracy, which the easy victories of the Austrians had well-nigh dispersed, and to investigate the resources of the various provinces, in order to concentrate our efforts upon the point where at the decisive moment we might strike the most important blow. I knew well that this was no easy task; but I was young and full of confidence, and the very dangers and difficulties of the enterprise only seemed to invest it with a charm in my eyes. The endeavour to rekindle the spark of liberty, in a country where the allied sovereigns were met in congress to put the last seal on their despotic projects, appeared to me noble and worthy of a true patriot. Their power and their gigantic means of repression, far from daunting me, added a new stimulus to my exertion. The more difficult the undertaking, the

more glorious seemed its accomplishment, the more I trusted that by skill, courage, and perseverance, I might succeed with honour to myself, and advantage to the sacred cause which I defended. This was, I confess, presumption and rashness; but the cause was so noble, that even now, broken down as I am by long captivity, I forget the error of my inexperience, and remember only the object of my self-devotion.

The desire natural to all exiles of shortening their proscription, the self-delusions as to the means of success, to which they as naturally are prone, the spirit of proselytism for the secret societies which Buonarotti shared more largely than the rest,—all unhappily combined to prevent their giving me exact information upon the state of Italy. They did not warn me sufficiently of the fear and dejection which had seized the patriots since the disastrous revolutions of Naples and Piedmont. I was ignorant too that at Milan, as also at Florence, Turin and Modena, the Carbonari, far from thinking of conspiracy, sought only to clear themselves from suspicion, in order to escape the cruel punishments which the different Italian governments, following the example and under the influence of Austria, had decreed against all persons who should be discovered to be connected with the national association. I was equally ignorant that the Austrian police exercised such complete control throughout the Peninsula, as to keep the friends of independence in constant mistrust and apprehension. On all this I was in an illusion. I had received assurances that the Carbonari were still numerous, and that it would be easy for me to re-

kindle their courage in certain provinces. In consequence, the hope I entertained of reorganizing things, so as to profit by the events which might ensue from the unpopular war of Spain, is easily understood,—relying as I did on the national and ardent feelings of the Italians. That a revolution was likely to break out in France, no one could doubt, who was acquainted with the discontent and excitement of the public mind at that critical period; and that the least movement in Italy would be of essential importance to the French liberals, by compelling the Austrians to concentrate their force in that country, has been clearly proved since by the events of 1830.

Thy mission on which I entered was therefore not indifferent to the interests of the liberal party in France. Everything depended upon the skill with which it should be conducted. My responsibility was immense; for, independently of the success of the cause itself, the fortunes of many distinguished men and families implicated in the conspiracy were about to be committed to my discretion. I was fully aware of this; and if the issue of the enterprise did not fulfil my expectations, I have at least the consolation of having involved nobody but myself in its fatal consequences.

In spite of the entreaties of my friends, and especially of my sister, who though she was ignorant of its object, did everything in her power to deter me from my intended journey, I set out for Milan, December 18th, 1822. I encountered great dangers in passing the mountains which separate the canton of Altorf from that of Ticino. The snow was so deep on the road that four guides

had the greatest difficulty to open a path for the sledge which carried my luggage. Often did we lose our way; often did some one of our party fall into snow-drifts, from which it appeared to be doubtful whether they could be extricated; and more than once did I owe my preservation to the intrepidity and dexterity of those courageous mountaineers. Their zeal indeed was such, that not only did they watch over my personal safety, but even periled their own lives, in spite of my remonstrances, to save my luggage, when the sledge occasionally upset, and its contents rolled down the ravines which bordered our path. On one of these occasions, a guide insisted on our suspending him, by a rope tied round his body, over an abyss, in order to recover my writing-case, which in falling had caught upon a thorn,—thus saving, at the risk of his life, the fatal papers which were speedily destined to cause my ruin! Thanks to their indefatigable devotion I reached Airolo safe and sound, the first village in the canton of Ticino after the passage of the St. Gothard; and the next morning I started for Bellinzona, where I arrived at night-fall without any accident.

CHAPTER II.

In accordance with the instructions I had received from Buonarotti, I saw at Bellinzona some Italian refugees, one of the most active of whom, forewarned of my arrival, had been especially charged to make arrangements with me to forward the success of my mission. He was a man on whose zeal I could depend; but, unfortunately, he had neither the judgement nor the experience requisite to give me the advice and information I wanted. Little versed in European politics, Malinverni regarded nothing but the independence of Italy, and saw but one means of attaining it,—secret societies. Having witnessed the results which the plots of the Carbonari had produced in his country, he had no other end or hope than the re-organization of that society throughout the Peninsula. He therefore received me with joy, praised my devotion, encouraged my projects, and assured me of success, extolling the patriotism of his countrymen.

The praises he lavished upon me, the faith he had in the destinies of his country, and the confidence with which he dispelled all my doubts, disposed me more and more to the immediate execution of an undertaking, which more than once had appeared to me not sufficiently matured. "What are you afraid of?" said he; "are you not announced? are you not expected? No sooner will you give your name but you will be received with

confidence. The affair will proceed as if by magic. Would that I were in your place! How easy and noble is the task which the protecting genius of enslaved nations has reserved for you!"

"Would it not be prudent at least," said I, "to leave behind me the diplomas and regulations of secret societies, which would expose me to continual dangers, and would not fail to cause my ruin if they happened to be seized upon my person?"

"Consider, my dear friend, they are your credentials."

"That may be true of the letters of introduction; but as to the other papers—"

"They are an essential concomitant. How can you expect that any one will take your word without them? Trust to my experience; men, in Italy especially, must be initiated by secrets and mysteries in order to be convinced that we are in earnest. We must satisfy them that they will acquire importance by joining a society which will appear the more powerful from its being hid from their sight."

"All that may be true; yet I cannot help feeling some uneasiness at taking charge of such dangerous proofs of—"

"You know you will not have them upon your person when you pass the frontier. They shall be carried to Milan, or anywhere else, by one of our men; but it is indispensable that you should have them with you, for without them you will do nothing with my countrymen, I assure you."

"Be it so, then: I consent to take them; but on the condition that you wait for a letter from me before you

send them. You will allow that I could not use them on my first arrival without committing the greatest imprudence."

"Look here," said Malinverni, pointing to a young man who had just entered the room; "this youth shall be my messenger to you. He is a fine fellow, upon whom you may rely; and his peculiar position well qualifies him for the office."

Having settled this point, we proceeded to make arrangements for our correspondence, places of meeting, trust-worthy agents, and similar things. The interview was prolonged during the whole of the 24th, and was attended successively by several of the refugees, who all joined in deploring the fate of Italy. Her chains had just been riveted at the Congress of Verona, and Austria threatened to drive the exiles themselves from their refuge, where they had still the consolation of hearing their native tongue, and being within a few miles of the frontiers of their country.

The next morning, on the 25th, after taking leave of my new friends, I set out for Lugano, more determined than ever to hazard everything for the independence of Italy. Immediately after my arrival, braving the darkness of the night and the inclemency of the weather, I repaired to the retreat of a Piedmontese refugee, whose humble cottage, situated a few miles from the town, I had great difficulty in finding. He was old and experienced. Less enthusiastic and sanguine than his fellow-countrymen at Bellinzona, he was far from giving me the same hope and encouragement, but he received me with confidence and cordiality. According to him, no

thing could then be done for Italy but to wait for better times.

"What would you do," said he, "in a country overwhelmed with terror and consternation, and having her best men either in prison or in exile? Have you not heard that an inquisitorial commission, armed with arbitrary power, keeps the strictest surveillance over Lombardy, not to say all Italy? Do you not know that by order of this commission more than a hundred men have already been imprisoned, and that it daily adds to the number of its victims? Have you not been told that Confalonieri is among the prisoners, and that without him nothing can be done in Milan?"

"These obstacles may be surmounted by prudence and determination."

"Ah, you think so, young man! and you seek advice from me? Introductions! Well, I am willing to give you some. I will address you to some good patriots, who are, like myself, well schooled by experience; men of courage as well as of discretion, who have firmly retained their principles ever since 1796, but who have lived too long to trust to chances. My friend Buonarotti is less prudent, no doubt. I would lay any wager that he has loaded you with a bundle of papers equally useless and dangerous, and quite sufficient to compromise half Italy; such as regulations, ciphers, diplomas, and similar nonsense. It is his hobby. If you have any such wares, do not take them with you. Secret societies are not in season now; in a few years hence it may be otherwise; but to fire now such a volley under Salvotti's nose would be to jump down a precipice."

"There is nothing to be done then, in your opinion?"

"I do not quite say that; I only wish to put you on your guard. Will you not give me credit for being ready to take advantage of anything that may lead to the liberty of my unfortunate country? Time ripens all things sooner or later; but I am not one of those who say, 'Provided the grain grows and ripens, perish the sower!' Though I am so advanced in years, and ought therefore to be the more eager to see my country free, yet I am not unwilling to intrust the accomplishment of that great act of justice to the slow progress of civilization. When events are above our control, what is the use of kicking, as it were, against fate? Last year I thought and acted differently, because I hoped that the time was come for a general revolution in Italy, and that there was a chance of throwing off the foreign yoke. We have failed; and however hard a thing exile may be at my age, I do not repent of having joined the brave men who despaired not of the safety of their native country. All is now changed; we can neither act openly, nor conspire secretly. With the exception of the Roman states, and some parts of the kingdom of Naples, there is not a corner in Italy where six individuals would dare to meet to confer on political affairs. Individually, they all are good and trust-worthy; in council, you would see them hesitate and give way, from the fear of informers. You can therefore do nothing better than to see our friends one by one, and tell them what is passing abroad. That will revive their hopes; and if the moment for action comes, we shall find them prepared to display all their energy against our

oppressors. If your mission only served to rouse the courage of the Carbonari, and to collect information for increasing their numbers in better times, it would prove of great importance to our cause. One sheep will make the whole flock leap. But you will yourself see your way when you are on the spot. I shall now write the letters, for our supper must be nearly ready."

"I cannot have the pleasure of supping with you: it is late, and I must return to Lugano."

"Well then, let us drink a bumper to Italy."

In a few minutes the letters were ready, but it rained more than ever.

"Indeed," said he, "you had better pass the night here: the road to Lugano is extremely bad. I cannot offer you a very sumptuous apartment; but we conspirators," he added with a smile, "must content ourselves with a roof to protect us from the inclemency of the weather, a pillow upon which to repose our head, a loaf to appease our hunger, and a glass of wine, when we can get it, to drink with a friend to the triumph of the good cause. Such is my lot: is it not enough when we are past three-score? As to confiscations, I care not: my children are provided for."

We drank a glass or two of wine, exchanging a few more words on the affairs of France and Italy; and then embraced each other as cordially as if we had been intimate friends for more than twenty years. As I was stepping into the carriage, he seized me by the hand, and led me back to his room. "You are a brave youth," said he, "but for Heaven's sake do not burden yourself with those accursed papers. Take care that

you do not fall into the snares of the police. When you talk of our affairs, let it be tête-à-tête,—never with more than one, never! In the eye of the law a negative is as good as an affirmative, so that you have your fate in your own hands. Do you understand? Farewell, my good friend. God bless you!"

The words of this man made a deep impression upon my mind, and staggered my determination. Not that I could renounce my mission, or doubt of its final utility; but I was brought back to my former opinion as to the inefficiency of secret societies, inasmuch as regarded mere receptions, ceremonies and regulations. I thought that my endeavours should rather tend to raise the courage of individuals, than to bind them together by empty forms; and therefore I resolved to write to Bellinzona, that I would have nothing more to do with the documents. As I was absorbed in these reflections, the rain continued with unabated fury, the wind roared, and the night was so dark that the coachman could no longer find his way. Thanks however to the instinct of the horses, we arrived safely at Lugano, where I was presently informed that a gentleman was waiting for me.

I had scarcely entered my room, when a very handsome young man made his appearance, and said, "We have long been expecting you, and I began to fear that something had happened."

"You were informed then of my coming?

"To be sure: you have been announced here, as well as at Como, Milan, and everywhere else. You bring good news, I hope?"

"Yes: in France and Spain all is right,—the good cause prospers."

"Hurrah! How I regret that I have not yet been able to join the Italian legion in Spain!"

"Do you think that my mission to Italy will be successful?"

"I have no doubt of it. The Austrians are so obnoxious everywhere, that the least encouragement will produce a wonderful effect on the public mind."

"But I am told that the police is very active."

"The police—good heavens! if you knew it well, you would laugh at it. A few days ago these knaves violated the Swiss territory in the hope of catching a friend of mine and myself; but we were warned in good time; and if they had not made their way back in great haste, they would have had occasion to repent of their errand. Alas! when shall we rid ourselves of these loathsome vermin, who press on us like a scourge from God? You Frenchmen do not know the maddening torture of always seeing before you an odious uniform, of having the sounds of a foreign language constantly ringing in your ears, and the looks of your oppressors boastfully fixed upon you."

"Have we not had the Allies in 1815?"

"Yes; but that was a temporary annoyance. If, instead of a mere invasion, you had had those hostile bands permanently imposed upon you, what would you have done?"

"We would have united, without any distinction of rank or party, to drive them away."

"Exactly: that is what the Italians,—Piedmontese,

Lombards, Florentines, Romans and Neapolitans,—ought to have done against their common enemy, in order to regain a place among free nations."

"This is precisely the point to which we should direct all our efforts," said I, offering him my hand.

"What can I do now?" he resumed, with his eyes full of tears: "I am an exile: I cannot return to my country without incurring the greatest risk; and I am too young to offer any co-operation but that of my good-will and my courage. Oh, how I wish I were in your place! What an enviable mission is yours!"

"Provided it succeeds!"

"It shall succeed, do not doubt it: the Austrians are so universally hated! You will see them tomorrow, when you enter my native country, Milan, which perhaps I shall never see again! For God's sake do not allow the first obstacles to deter you. As to myself, I shall be most happy to do every thing in my power: I will write to my relations; I will attend, as long as I am here, to the security of the communications. You may reckon upon my zeal."

We continued for some time longer this conversation, so different from that which I had had but two hours before with the old Piedmontese. Young and confident as I was, it is no wonder that my ideas assumed the colour of those of my ardent visitor. I abandoned, for the present, the project of writing to Bellinzona; as I should have been ashamed of betraying any hesitation to those who reckoned so much on my services. The young man gave me a few lines to a friend of his at Como, saying:—"If we had a few more men like him,

our affairs would proceed much better." Then he added in a faultering voice, "Go and see my family, and tell them I shall love them as long I live: Farewell!" When we parted I embraced him with the affection of a brother; and never had I felt so strongly resolved to risk my life for the cause of Italy as at that moment.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY on the 26th, I continued my journey towards Como, delighted to behold at last that Italy which had long occupied my most ardent contemplations. I was then far from suspecting that, a few months after, this very land which I viewed with such joyous enthusiasm would nearly become my grave. On arriving at Como, I went to visit one of the persons to whom I was recommended. I must say that it was not without hesitation and anxiety I entered for the first time an Italian house to excite hatred against foreigners, and to contrive the means of shaking off their yoke. It was a step full of risks, and I felt embarrassed, notwithstanding the warm reception I met with; but this awkwardness, which naturally produced some mistrust on the part of the person I addressed, soon wore off. I had hardly begun to mention our friends in Switzerland, when, with his finger on his mouth, he whispered;

"My friends, like all other exiles, deceive themselves as to the real condition of their country. They are in a complete delusion, at least as regards the provinces under the Austrian domination. What can we expect from a nation which has so lately lost all the men of head or heart on whom she could rationally found any hope?

The disasters of last year have spread despair and consternation everywhere, which are kept alive by constant persecutions and arrests, and by the continual reports of confessions and discoveries, real or pretended, designedly circulated amongst us by the Inquisitorial Commission. We have nothing left but the conviction of our impotence; a conviction, which neither our indignation nor our hatred is sufficient to overcome. You will find nobody in Lombardy disposed to risk his fortune and existence, or even such liberty as is left us, by embarking in the cause of Italian independence. Understand me,—we are surrounded by thousands of bayonets, and lie at the mercy of that infernal Commission, itself under the sway of a Tyrolese adventurer, the *ame damnée* of lawless power, a son of Satan himself, who can at any instant arrest whomsoever he pleases, from one end of Italy to the other. I repeat it, in Lombardy nothing can be done."

Though staggered by his words, of which I could not help feeling the truth, I remarked, "Shall we give up all on account of one failure? Is the oppression less heavy or less odious than it was? Should an Italian who loves his country neglect anything that might prove conducive to her independence? Any day may bring one of those events which change the fate of nations. The overthrow of the Bourbons in France, or a general war, might bring about the regeneration of Italy. Sooner or later this must happen. Although you may consider that the time for action is not yet come, still it is your bounden duty to prepare your countrymen for it, by keeping alive the sense of their wrongs, by assisting the

introduction of news and useful publications. This you will do, I am sure; for it needs neither a very ardent heart, nor an overwhelming eloquence, to feel and to demonstrate that one may bear anything from a national government, but that it is the duty of an honest and generous man, whatever his station, to do his utmost to save his country from foreign oppression."

My advice, however impassioned its delivery, made no impression on him. Though he had been represented to me as a man of determined resolution and patriotism, it was evident to me that he despaired of the cause, and I therefore left him without making any of the disclosures contained in my instructions.

"For heaven's sake," said he at parting, "do not mention elsewhere that you have been here,"—a caution which I assured him was quite superfluous, even for such an insignificant visit as the one I had paid him.

Perceiving that the man on whom the refugees reckoned so much was averse from the undertaking, I had but little hope left; especially bearing in mind how the evidence of what the old Piedmontese at Lugano had told me was borne out by what I had since heard. Nevertheless, taking the chance of better success elsewhere, I called on two other persons; and having found the same reserve and the same timidity, I came to the decided conviction that no good could be then effected in Italy.

This disappointment gave such a gloomy turn to my thoughts, that I began to regret having embarked in such an expedition, and to feel a great longing for my country. But having casually heard that the theatre of La Scala was to open that evening, I immediately determined

to see the performance, and I set out for Milan, in company with a young priest.

Mild and prepossessing in his physiognomy, which humility rendered still more pleasing and interesting, my travelling companion soon won my regard. Our conversation first turned on the language and literature of France, with both of which the young priest was familiarly acquainted. On my expressing the opinion that the decided superiority of Italian poetry over that of France proceeded more from the charms of the language of Italy than from the particular merits of her poets, he observed—

"The terms in which you make this admission betray a national partiality which I am far from blaming. Honour to those who love and defend their country! though, alas! they often receive a sad return for it:" and he sighed.

"What better proof of this painful truth than that which we have in the Italian refugees?"

"Have you known any of them?" said he quickly, and with tears in his eyes.

"I have met many of them at Geneva, where they gained my love and esteem by the resignation and dignity with which they bear their misfortunes."

"Poor fellows! they are great sufferers; but their relations and friends suffer at least as much;" and he burst into tears.

"Have you any friend in exile yourself?" I inquired with deep interest.

"Alas! yes, sir, my own brother,—poor Gaetano D——."

"Gaetano D——! I have known him. He is an excellent young man, of exemplary conduct, and a general favourite."

"He is deeply regretted by us all, especially by his disconsolate mother, whose grief I endeavour in vain to allay. If he could but have foreseen that he would have broken the peace and happiness of all his family, and the very hearts whose joy he should have formed, he never would have engaged in so dangerous an undertaking."

"His imprudence may have been great, no doubt; but is not the object he had in view a sufficient excuse?"

"Do not suppose for a moment that I have the most distant idea of blaming our Gaetano. I pity him, that is all. He was carried away by the example of others, and by the passion for independence which had seized all Italian hearts. As you are acquainted with him, you must know—"

"That he is full of love and devotion to his country," I interposed; "that he is actuated by the most noble and generous sentiments; that he is kind, affectionate and true; and that his spotless character, his mildness and modesty, cause him to be beloved by all who have the good fortune to be acquainted with him."

"I am delighted to see that you know and appreciate Gaetano so well: he is just as you describe him."

We proceeded to talk of the political condition of Italy, and dwelt upon that subject during the remainder of our journey. At a few miles from Milan my interesting fellow-traveller got out of the coach, wish-

ing me joy and happiness, and the blessing of God. How many times he must afterwards have lamented the fate of the young Frenchman who had spoken to him so earnestly of his own brother, and of the welfare of Italy!

The impression I received from this conversation would, no doubt, if it had lasted any time, have led me to give up my enterprise; but on my arrival at Milan, the vexatious inquisitions of the Police, the multitudes of Austrian sentinels, and the sight of artillery posted in the squares, inflamed anew my original determination. Surprised and indignant I exclaimed: "Is this then the system on which you are governed, unfortunate Italians? And you suffer it! Are you not prepared to spill the last drop of your blood to get rid of this shameful slavery? Is not the presence of these instruments of tyranny enough to poison all your enjoyments? Woe to you! Woe to you!" Then anger gave way to pity: I thought that a nation well deserved to be pitied, whom necessity and habit have reduced so low, that her citizens can contemplate without indignation such an evidence of foreign oppression in its most odious form.

I went to the theatre of La Scala, but neither the vastness of the house nor the magnificence of its decorations could disperse the sadness of my thoughts. Nothing in either the representation or the music engaged my attention, except the melancholy notes of a violoncello in the ballet of Octavia, at the moment of her death. This piece, either from its harmonising with the gloomy mood of my mind, or from the perfection

with which it was performed, struck me deeply; so much so, that whenever my spirits have been greatly dejected, it has never failed to force itself upon my memory.

The next morning, the sky of Italy, which I had always fancied radiant with sunshine, was so clouded, the climate, which I had expected to find mild and genial, was so pinching, that I seated myself in my chimney corner, piling wood on my fire, without feeling the least inclination to go out. I recalled to mind the happy days I had passed in my humble apartment at Geneva, where certainly I also have often shivered, but without anxiety; and I regretted that I had abandoned my studies for an object which I scarcely durst reflect upon, so greatly were the facts below my expectations.

On applying to the Police for a permission of sojourn, I was told, after a long examination, that I could only obtain it by giving two sureties. Thanks to the excellent letters of introduction with which I was furnished, that was easily settled. My next employment was to stroll about the city, that I might find out by myself the residence of the persons I had been instructed to see. This was an indispensable precaution in a country where foreigners were so strictly watched by the Police; and I have since had reason to rejoice that I adopted it, as by this means I did not draw any suspicion on the patriots upon whom I called.

From the information I collected, and the observations I myself made upon the spot, I felt convinced that the Italian refugees were greatly mistaken in the esti-

mate which they had formed of the disposition and resources of their countrymen. I therefore warned Buonarotti that, under such circumstances, I should renounce my mission; and I wrote at the same time to Malinverni, requesting him to retain possession of the papers I had left with him.

I now revived my former plan of making the tour of Italy for my own instruction; but being desirous to know more of Milan and its inhabitants, I resolved to remain a little longer in that beautiful city before I proceeded to Florence. In a few days I got over the uncomfortable feeling of loneliness, which every one experiences on arriving at a place where he is a complete stranger, and I soon began to lead a very agreeable life. Accustomed to the cold courtesy and reserve prevailing at Geneva, I was enchanted with the open and affable character of the Milanese,—a character full of charm in private life, and which possesses besides the elements of greatness in such a degree, as, under the influence of a good government, would overcome its present effeminacy, and make it fit for the highest political combinations.

No wonder, then, if a nation so enlightened and so far advanced in the career of civilization longs for higher things than mere physical enjoyments. No one but a man who is sunk in moral and intellectual degradation can think that a people well fed and clothed should wish for nothing more. No one but a selfish slave can blame the generous men who devote themselves to raise a nation from bondage. Independence is to nations what liberty is to individuals,—the first and most precious of all blessings. Whether a man

be shut up in the happy valley of Rasselas or in the dungeons of Spielberg, he will do his utmost to recover liberty; and whether a nation be exulting in its abundance or languishing in poverty, the moment it falls under a foreign yoke it will endeavour to shake it off. To develop his understanding,—the choicest gift he has received of God,—man must be free; to attain the highest degree of happiness that Providence has granted him on earth, he must be ruled by reason, and not by brute force.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL I heard of the rigours of the Commission, and the sufferings it inflicted on its victims, was well calculated to inspire me with caution. Every day some fresh report was in circulation,—of persons imprisoned at Brescia, Mantua, Lodi, &c., of revelations extorted from some or other of the professors, of new arrests likely to ensue in consequence. At another time Salvotti was said to have departed for Vienna with a long list of persons to be seized,—the Marquis Palavicini was driven mad by ill-treatment,—Confalonieri had been put to the torture. Then, his beautiful consort was expected to be imprisoned; her friend, the Countess Frecavalli, was kept in custody in her apartment guarded by gendarmes. No one could sleep in his own house with security.

Everywhere I heard the same language; everywhere I met with the same hatred of the Commission, and the same horror at its arbitrary proceedings. Two names, above all, were prominent in every conversation and familiar to every lip; one as an object of admiration and compassion, the other as a mark of vituperation and abhorrence. Confalonieri and Salvotti seemed to represent in the eyes of the Milanese the angel of liberty and the demon of oppression, contending against each other,

no longer for the success of the cause they had espoused, but for their own personal triumph. For Confalonieri were poured forth the good wishes of his countrymen, especially of the fair sex, who regarded him as an unfortunate and persecuted being, clothed with all the brilliancy of self-devotion and courage. On Salvotti weighed the malediction of a whole population, hating in his person one of those abominable adventurers who invent state trials to raise themselves to power. Some persons, it is true, accused Confalonieri of ambition or pride, and of imprudence or weakness; but it was easy to perceive that those accusations originated either with individuals jealous of the superiority of his character, or with the Police, who spared no fraud likely to ruin in the public opinion the man that Austria dreaded most.

All I gradually learned of Confalonieri interested me more and more in his fate, and augmented daily my ardent wish of making his acquaintance. I was informed of what he had attempted in 1814 for the independence of Italy, and all he had done since with a view to promote civilization in his country;—establishing a periodical, the system of mutual instruction, steam-navigation on the Po, gas-illumination, etc. I heard what troubles he had undergone, what sacrifices he had made, in order to neutralize the effects of the retrograding and brutalizing policy of the Austrian government; and what skill and devotion to the national cause he had displayed in 1821. I was taught to admire the energy of his character, the correctness of his judgement, the power of his eloquence, and the unparalleled fortitude with which, though very dangerously ill, he sustained in his

long and difficult trial the fury of the Commission and the weakness of his accomplices.

"If you knew what I saw this morning!" said Signora L—— one evening; "it has made me ill,—I have wept ever since. I have been allowed by the Commission to see my friend Monpiani of Brescia, who is in prison. Poor fellow! how pale and afflicted he looked! On perceiving me, he threw himself into my arms, and wept profusely. He is so excellent! One of the Commissioners was present. You cannot imagine the state of my feelings when I saw Monpiani in a prison, surrounded with turnkeys and gendarmes;—Monpiani, the best of men, the most religious, the most charitable of Christians—in a prison! And why? Because he is the friend of our worthy Confalonieri, and is supposed to have been made the depositary of all his secrets in 1820, when he attended him in his illness. It is already two years since they have imprisoned him, and his poor old mother's heart is almost broken. Monpiani in prison! Just think to what degree of persecution we are come, when they accuse of conspiracy a man who is all piety and benevolence, and has devoted most of his fortune and his existence to the education of the deaf and dumb, who now lament him like a father."

"If you had seen him," she resumed after a flood of tears, "he would have moved and edified you by his calm resignation. He was at first deeply dejected; but when he observed my overwhelming distress, he tried himself to console me. What a noble mind! What mild and enlightened religion! Monpiani is an

angel, sir; and I have no doubt but that he will come out of his present trial as pure as the wings of a cherub. God grant that his health does not give way! It is sadly impaired already; I noticed it this morning."

"The fate of Confalonieri afflicts him more than his own, and—" she continued: "he loved him so,—was so proud of him! But Confalonieri is a great man, the only one indeed who could raise us from the mire in which we lay. Unfortunately the Milanese did not understand him. In our miserable country, a man who possesses an elevated soul and true patriotism is certain to incur the stigma of imprudence, folly, and ambition from the narrow-minded and the timid. What have they not imputed to him? Do they not say of him even now that he was proud and arrogant, because he had a soul too mighty, a mind too noble, to live as they do in recklessness and pleasure, while Italy was more and more oppressed? Have they not represented him as the instigator of the tumult of 1814, in which the unhappy minister Prina fell a victim to popular fury? Have they not spread the report that he only tried to drive the Austrians away in order to make himself president of the republic or king? The wretches! the vile reptiles! how venomously do they attack the reputation of a generous man whose superiority humbles them! There are still, happily," continued she, "there are still brave men in Milan who are able to appreciate him, and who are as faithful to him in prison as when in the sunshine of his prosperity. These will never abandon him, never betray him: if he is sacrificed, they will avenge his memory."

"Is he likely to be condemned then?" I cried with a feeling of deep grief.

"Alas! there can be no doubt of it—he is lost. They will never loosen their grasp of him; they fear him too much. Besides, they have made him suffer so much, that they would be afraid of his revealing the infamy of their proceedings. Could you believe that, ill as he is, they drag him before the Commission, and oblige him to undergo examinations eight or ten hours long? Poor fellow! they will take their revenge upon him; but he is as immovable as a rock."

As the Signora L—— said this, another lady was announced, who took part in the conversation with great warmth. They again spoke of Monpiani, Confalonieri, Felberg, Visconti, Trechi, all imprisoned for the same cause, and they lamented their fate.

"And there is no one among the Milanese who will endeavour to rescue them!" exclaimed the last visitor. "Oh, if these men had but the resolution that we women have! but they are too rich, too fond of their comforts; they tremble at the least idea of danger. You must have a very sad opinion of our country," she continued, addressing me: "the men of energy are either in exile or in prison; and as for the rest, we have no resolution left but in women. If you knew the Countesses Confalonieri, Frecavalli, and Demboski, I am sure you would esteem and admire them,—the unhappy Theresa especially, that angel of virtue and goodness, who bears her misfortune with no less fortitude and dignity than Confalonieri himself. How beautiful and noble she looks in the mourning weeds she has worn ever since the im-

prisonment of her husband! with what respect and veneration she inspires the whole city! On this point we must do justice to the Milanese; they have at least felt that such a calamity, supported so nobly, is a kind of royalty to which every heart should do homage."

These words, which I heard on the 10th of January, redoubled the interest I already took in Confalonieri and his companions in misfortune. How deeply did I regret that I could neither save nor assist them! I strove by imagination to struggle against reality, and to persuade myself that by dint of perseverance and determination there was a possibility of rescuing them from their impending fate; but I always ended by perceiving the uselessness of my endeavours, and this painful conviction rendered me sorrowful and dejected for hours.

Since my arrival at Milan I had received no letter from France or Switzerland. In vain I daily inquired at the post-office; an abrupt off-hand negative was invariably the answer. This made me fear that my correspondence was intercepted by the Police, and gave me considerable alarm. On the morning of the 18th I at last received a letter—the first and only one. It was from Buonarotti, and in reply to that which I had written to him soon after my arrival at Milan, stating the impracticability of the mission I had accepted, and the resolution I had taken to abandon it. Surprised at this unexpected change, Buonarotti expressed his displeasure and astonishment in terms which showed how disappointed he was at being obliged to renounce the hopes he had founded upon me. This letter, if it had reached me

some days earlier, would perhaps have incited me to redouble my efforts to accomplish my task. But I was now too well convinced of the uselessness of any further attempts, to allow the regrets and the wishes that revived in my heart to overrule my judgment.

In the evening, on my return home from the Opera, I found that a gentleman had been long waiting for me in my apartment. It was the young Italian who had undertaken to bring me the papers I had left with Malinverni. I asked him whether Malinverni had not received the letter in which I had requested him not to send them; but he answered that he knew nothing of that letter; that he had engaged to deliver the papers safely into my hands, and was now come to fulfil his promise. What could I do? To decline relieving him of a dangerous trust was an idea which I could not entertain for a single moment; not to thank him for the risks he had run in order to keep his word, would be a want of manners and of feeling. I therefore took the papers with many thanks, without daring to tell him that I would make no use of them; a false shame, such as we often feel in the course of our life, which proved my ruin.

If I had acquainted him with the cause of my change of mind he might perhaps have consented to the destruction of these dangerous documents; and his approbation, no doubt, would have sufficed to determine me to burn them. I was only deterred from executing this after his departure by the fear of appearing faint-hearted, or of displeasing Buonarotti. Staggered by these and other similar considerations, in which self-love was predomi-

nant, I withheld my hand at the moment of committing the fatal papers to the flames, and resolved to avoid every reproach and secure my responsibility, by depositing them in the hands of a trust-worthy friend.

I now opened the case, and took a rapid survey of its contents, some of which I burned, as likely to compromise the persons I had seen, or that I still intended to see. Then I again placed the whole under a cover, with the intention of going the next morning to beg my friend to take it under his charge. I went to him very early, after however taking the precaution of hiding the packet; but by a sad fatality my friend was gone into the country the evening before, and was only expected home in the afternoon. After vainly calling many times at his residence, I at last met him towards the evening, and I was promised that he would not fail to come for the papers at nine or ten o'clock the following day.

My mind being now at ease on this point, I resolved to set out immediately on my tour of Italy. I went to La Scala, and requested Lablache to come to me the next morning, as I was desirous of his advice respecting the music-masters I should engage both at Florence and Naples. After this I retired home, anticipating in my imagination the happy days I was going to enjoy in the fair and genial South. The Life of Alfieri, which I had for some days been reading with increasing interest, had in no small degree contributed to hasten my determination. I took it up. The example of a man who at seven-and-twenty hardly knew his native tongue, and at forty was the first dramatist of Italy, revived all my longing after literary fame. I thought that, if I was not

possessed of his genius, I had a tenacity of purpose, a craving to rise above mediocrity, and a confidence of success, not at all inferior to his own. As I fell asleep, my last thought—I still remember it—was that, being only twenty-four years of age, I had before me a long futurity of studies and hopes; and the dreams I had in my sleep were dreams of happiness and glory.

When I awoke, on the 18th of January, it was late,—later than it appeared by the light, for it snowed, and the weather was wintry and gloomy. I eagerly spread out the map of Italy on my bed. I found out Florence and Naples. I thought of the delightful days I should pass there, of the happy hours which the pursuits of literature had in store for me; of the rambles, of the excursions I would make in Tuscany, the Papal States, Sicily, and Calabria.

A clock in the neighbourhood struck nine: the person who was to come for the papers might be expected every moment: I therefore hurriedly drew the parcel from its hiding-place, and put it under one of the cushions of my sofa, ready to my hand when my friend came. The door-bell rang. "'T is he!" said I to myself. I opened the door: the person was unknown to me; it was a servant who had come from a gentleman, his master, to ask me if I should be at home at noon. Shortly after the bell was rung again: "If this is not he, surely it must be Lablache, my portly Lablache, with his rich voice and his hearty merriment." No, it was not Lablache, but a gentleman in a brown coat, of a sinister and cadaverous visage, followed by several gendarmes. I shuddered; a thought struck

me like a thunderbolt,—"It is all over with me!"—a moment of intense agony, which however I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask the personage in the brown coat to what I owed the honour of his visit.

"Excuse me," he replied; "I am sent by the Customs to search whether you have not contraband goods in your possession."

"I am not a merchant: the Customs ought to be aware of that."

"I trust you will pardon me, but it is my duty;" and so saying, he and his myrmidons entered my room.

A thought, a glimmer of safety, shot through my mind. The fire was blazing in the chimney; to throw my papers into it whilst I confused these pretended Custom-officers by engaging them in a scuffle, was worth attempting. I rapidly strode two or three steps toward the sofa; but I found I had to do with a man who was no novice in these sort of expeditions. Two of his alguazils had immediately stationed themselves in front of the fire-place. I should however have proceeded in my design, relying on my own strength, but that it occurred to me the papers were inclosed in the cursed leather case, and would not therefore immediately catch fire. My situation was desperate, my means of escape none. If I had had arms, I should certainly have made an attempt, however hazardous; but I had nothing but a cane.

Taken by surprise, I was obliged to conceal my feelings and put on a good face while the agents of the Police examined one by one the drawers of my wardrobe and desk.

All my movements, my very looks were strictly watched by the eye of their leader, who expected perhaps by this means to gain a hint as to where the objects of search were concealed, or perhaps feared that by some means or other I should spirit them away. To put off the evil moment for a time I drew near them as they examined the papers of my desk; I even joked with them on some passages in my travelling journal, out of which I read several sentences to the head-officer, such as the letter of Buonarotti, of which it seems he could not decipher the writing. But all these feints served little to lead the Signor Conte Bolza off the scent, an old blood-hound of the Police, and well versed in the art and mystery of arrests.

A last resource struck me, to gain possession of the writing-case, and hurl it on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, then covered with snow; whilst, profiting by the surprise of my visitors, I should throw myself out into the street. It was a desperate measure, which would have availed me nothing, and which the next moment rendered impracticable. Several of the Police were already arrived in the course of their search at the sofa, towards which, as if by instinct, the Commissary Bolza all at once advanced. The first cushion he lifted discovered the case; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chill ran through my veins,—I felt that my fate was about to be decided!

Transported with his lucky seizure, of which he already suspected the importance, Bolza, fixing his cold and serpent-like eyes upon me, began to open the case. I strongly protested against this, and required him on

his responsibility to inclose it in an envelope and place a seal upon it immediately. "Take me," I said to him, "take me before the Director-General of Police: he alone should examine these papers." To this he acceded, and carefully sealed the packet in my presence, his gendarmes still continuing a minute search throughout the chamber.

The evil was without remedy; and I now had only to brace myself for whatever might happen, and bear it with becoming fortitude. With this view I preserved an air of perfect assurance and politeness towards the agents of Police, which prevented their losing for an instant the respect due to me. Without the least appearance of uneasiness, and with as much tranquillity as if I were going to call on an intimate friend, I left my room with Bolza, who loaded me with marks of deference and respect. The staircase, the court, the door, at which a coach was in waiting, were all guarded by soldiers, placed ready to prevent any attempt at escape.

"I had taken every precaution, you see," said the prudent Commissary, with a self-satisfied air: "I knew with whom I had to deal; and, to tell the truth, I would not have undertaken your arrest if they had not given me a strong force."

"I see you understand your business," I answered.

In a few minutes we arrived at the head-office of the Police, where, under a good escort and guarded by Bolza, I was introduced into the cabinet of the Director without delay. The sealed case was handed over to him. He took it, tore off the envelope, opened it, and having

turned over the papers, begged me to be seated; then desiring Bolza to examine its contents and make a list of them, he sat himself down again to his desk, and continued his employment.

The silence which prevailed in the room, only broken by the rustling of the parchments as the Commissary drew them from the case, and the scratching of the pen of the Director as he wrote, left me entirely to myself, and I began more clearly to see the abyss into which I had fallen. No chance of saving myself occurred to my mind. I am in the power of the Austrians; I am lost—I see it—I feel it! These were my only thoughts. Tired of this anxious state of suspense, I asked leave of the Director of Police to take a book from his library, a request which he accorded very graciously. I opened the book, turned over the pages; I even read several of them mechanically, for I found it vain to attempt to interest my mind in the subject; and my eyes kept wandering every now and then to catch a furtive glance of what was going on around.

Sometimes a glimmer of hope enlivened my spirits, and I said to myself, "After all, what have I done to warrant my arrest? they can only send me with a good escort to the frontier." Already I had traversed the Alps, I had gained Switzerland, I was at Geneva,—a momentary illusion which the Director of the Police very soon dispelled, by requesting that I would myself draw up and cheque with Bolza a list of the papers in the case: not a word, not a gesture however betrayed his intentions towards me. Polite, though reserved, he had the manners of a man of the world, who feels, and

never forgets, that no circumstances give us a right to be less attentive or less civil to one whom misfortunes have stricken. I really felt grateful to him; and after his telling me that he was sorry it was his duty to place me in confinement, and before my leaving the room, I stopped and thanked him for his attention and politeness. Had his manners been rough and overbearing, I should certainly have felt the horror of my situation much more keenly.

On being conducted into another chamber they undressed me from head to foot; the first operation of my jailer, and the first of the long series of annoyances which were continued to the last moment of my captivity. After undergoing the scrutiny of this talented personage, who was so little satisfied at finding nothing that he was almost ready to peer under my eyelids for concealed despatches, they conducted me into a lower apartment, where I found Bolza, who immediately led me to the prisons of the Police. To reach them it was necessary to pass through a large kitchen, where two or three cooks in white jackets were busied, as my guide informed me, in preparing dinner for the numerous prisoners of the Commission. "You see his Majesty takes care that you should live well here," added he, pointing out the shelves furnished with pans; "and moreover we have here the first cook of Milan, the famous Cisalpino; you will find yourself very well off."

"Really," said I, looking at the dainty morsels hung around, "I did not know the Emperor treated his prisoners so well."

"When a man has on a stone jacket, what has he better to amuse himself with than eating?" cried a burly man with a horse laugh, whom Bolza introduced to me as the head-jailer.

"You will not find it very comfortable to-day," said the Commissary; "but in a day or two—Is all ready?" he said hastily to a turnkey who came up at the moment.

"Yes, sir."

"Then let us be gone," I said; and he led me into the same building where Silvio Pellico had been confined three years before: but its female inmates had been removed; and their chambers, changed into prisons, were now occupied by the unfortunate patriots whom the Commission had torn from the bosom of their families.

Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the jailer opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed.

"May I trouble you to enter?" said Bolza. I entered: the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God recompense one day or other the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!

CHAPTER V.

THE last bolt was hardly drawn, when the aspect of my cell, rendered more miserable by the sudden disappearance of the light, made me turn briskly towards the door. I gazed upon it, nerveless, overwhelmed, motionless, with an anguish which no pen can depict, which no man could sustain for an hour without losing his reason. I had no thoughts, no volition; I was overcome by an acute sense of suffering,—a suffering which relieved itself by these words alone, "Oh, my God! my God!" which my lips murmured incessantly, without attaching any distinct meaning to them. The closing of that door, from which I never took my eyes, had deprived me of all the presence of mind I had till then kept up. My fortitude abandoned me all at once; I felt nothing but an indefinable desire, a horrible craving after the blessed light of the sun, and an awful temptation to dash out my brains against the walls of my dungeon.

I know not how long this fearful stupor continued; I only remember grasping the bars of the door with my hands; and as I tugged at them in the wildness of my despair, my legs failed me, and my head fell violently against the thick boards. The quick step of the sentinel, attracted

by the noise, and his challenge, "*Was ist das?*" brought me to myself. I rose, I staggered towards the window, I raised my eyes towards the sky, which could scarcely be discovered through the opening whence the light of day was scantily admitted: I soon cast them down again, and fixed them mechanically on the walls of my den, of which I could yet distinguish nothing, and where all was misery and darkness. Mechanically I put myself in motion; I walked, I paced hurriedly from the window to the door, from the door to the window, backwards and forwards, and quicker and quicker.

I passed about an hour in this manner: it was an occupation suggested by instinct. Gradually my spirits grew more composed; I collected my ideas, I began to see what my prison really was. A grated window, nearly blinded with boards, let in a doubtful light, which was now still more intercepted by the snow-laden branches of a tree. Its only furniture was a stove, its whole extent three paces wide by five in length. I saw this in all its stern reality, and it was here that I was henceforth to live, to sigh out many and many a day, to undergo many a bitter hardship. My loneliness, my forlornness, my unhappy situation grew upon my mind in all their appalling truth. All that I had left, all that I had lost, my country, my family, my dear sister, my studies, my hopes of the future, occupied alone my thoughts; my projected tour of Italy, Milan, all that I had done there, all was vanished, lost.

Sometimes, wearied out, distracted by this everlasting pacing to and fro in a space so confined, I stopped, I

looked for a chair, a bed, anything to sit down upon; there was none, and all the desolateness of my situation rushed upon my mind, and I was ready to cast myself on the stones to find repose, to weep and groan.

The narrowness of my prison, its darkness, its nakedness, appeared more frightful than ever; and when maddened by its lugubrious aspect I sought solace by raising my eyes again towards the sky, it looked so dimmed by the snow-flakes, which fell heavily, noiselessly, that my head dropped upon my breast, and the terrible thought came over me that my prison was a tomb whence I should never more go forth. I remained immovable, as it were annihilated, lost in this fatal impression, until a voice, the grating of a bolt, the clang of fetters, wakening me with a start, brought me back to the consciousness of myself, and of the necessity of violent and incessant activity.

My pace became so rapid, my movements so convulsively irregular, that every moment I came in contact with the walls of my dungeon. I heeded it not; it was an excitement, and excitement I wanted. I began dancing, leaping about, and in the fulness of my delirium every now and then burst out into inarticulate howlings or hysterical laughter, which however soon brought the Hungarian sentry to my door. "Silence!" he cried, and I was silent. Worn out, breathless, I looked round for something to rest myself upon: there was nothing. This trifling circumstance did more than any thing else towards plunging me into a state of utter prostration, mental and physical; a state, during which,

had the Inquisitorial Judge come to me and offered liberty at the price of honour,—of the revelation of my secret,—I believe I should have accepted it. Thank God! I was not to die with such a weight of infamy on my soul.

Fortunately my first visitor was not Salvotti, but the jailer and his underlings, bringing me a bed, a chair, a set of drawers, and a table. As this humble furniture was arranged around me, the wildness of my excitement subsided. I insensibly grew more tranquillized, and even spoke to my guardians without visible emotion. I asked them several questions in the hope of keeping them with me the longer by delaying their business; for solitude was a thing I shuddered at.

"Keep up your spirits," cried Riboni, the head-jailer; "never say 'Die!' you know. What will you like to have for dinner?"

"Oh, I care not; a basin of broth."

"A good joke indeed!" cried the fat jailer, to whom such temperance did not seem exactly the thing: "why, you have plenty of money, and our cook is the best in Milan: come, you ought to give him a trial. Why, don't you see that whether you starve yourself or not, you will be neither better nor worse for it? Take my advice; the great art of living in prison is to eat, because it always provides you with a pastime. After you eat, you go to sleep; after you sleep, you eat again; and so it goes on, and you kill time. I shall tell Cisalpino to take care of you, so make yourself happy."

"Do as you will," said I; and he and his turnkeys departed, leaving me once more to the solitude of my thoughts.

But the sensation of misery which had overcome me was losing its power. The few sticks,—I cannot call them furniture,—did away with the bareness of the prison; and even this slight circumstance, making me feel that I was to be treated like a rational being, revived my shattered spirits. Even so little a thing as this,—can ye conceive it, ye that are free?—is enough to cheer the poor prisoner who feels himself abandoned by all and doomed to every hardship.

I paced a step or two, threw myself on my bed, and covered myself with my cloak; it was a kind of comfort, a refreshment to my feelings. There was however one thought which haunted me like a fearful nightmare,—the loss of my liberty. Hardly had I shut my eyes, weighed down by fatigue, than again I started up with the impression that my imprisonment could not be real, that it was only a dream; but no, the bars of my prison too bitterly undeceived me. Again I closed my eyes, and reflected on all I might have done to avoid my arrest. I thought of the means I might have taken to escape, and how coolly I should have received the Police if the papers had no longer been in my possession. How different would have been my situation, could I but have gained ten minutes! I might have fortified myself in my room, and burnt the papers while they battered at the door. Oh, how happy I should have been! what joy, what triumph! The scene stood vividly before my eyes: I pictured their astonishment, the ludicrousness

of their disappointment; I fancied myself receiving them with mock ceremony, pointing to the chimney and the embers of the writing-case, and exclaiming, "Gentlemen, one minute sooner what a prize you would have had! now do your worst."

Then again my imagination wandered further. I had escaped,—I was scrambling over the roof of a neighbour's house,—I was at St. Gothard, at last freed from the pursuit of the Police. Illusions, miserable illusions, but which yet had their charm, and consoled the being who indulged in them. What had passed was too calamitous to contemplate, and the reverie of what might have been possible was a relief.

I was half asleep when the sound of the clock striking the hour awoke me. What a heart-breaking sensation came over me when I recognised where I was! I wept; I had not wept until then. I leaned my head against the wall overwhelmed with anguish. I wept,—oh, how I wept! My youthful projects, the misery which would be felt in my family, all overwhelmed me at once; then the idea of my desolate situation arose, adding sorrow to sorrow. "Who will, who can intercede for me? No one, alas! no one. Who will console me, sustain me in the sufferings I have to go through?—I am alone! My prison is my fate, and my deliverance perhaps will be—a scaffold!" Oh, bitter, very very bitter is that despondency which weighs down the poor captive, on reflecting that he has no one to take up his cause, and that henceforth his only society with his fellow-men will be that of the accused with the judge, the condemned with the executioner.

In this sadness of soul my thoughts turned to the Almighty. It was but a mere impulse, the first cry of a wretch towards Him from whom all proceeds, both the wound and the healing; but it sufficed nevertheless to arouse me from a second access of dejection and despair. Some moments after, when the Commissary Bolza came into my prison to inquire if I had need of anything, he found me as cool and as composed in my conversation as in the morning. My tears had ceased, and my manner was that of a man aware of the difficulties of his situation, but not overwhelmed by them. Delighted with the result of his enterprise, Bolza appeared to me very much like a skilful hunter, who caresses and fondles the prey, whose capture gains him renown, honour, and profit. On asking him whether he could allow me to have some books, he replied that it depended on the Director-General of Police, to whom he would immediately speak on the subject. He then added, "I have taken care of your effects; they are quite secure."

"Not quite so secure as I am, are they?" I replied with a smile.

"Make yourself easy: who knows how soon you may be free, provided you are submissive and well-behaved? I will now go and speak to the Director."

Night came: all was still. The dread of passing the rest of my existence in such darkness came over my thoughts like a pall. Trying to rid myself of the gloomy impressions this obscurity cast over me, I again threw myself on my couch. The thought struck me that on the preceding night at that self-same hour I was pre-

paring to go to the theatre. I was then free, could depart, could escape; and now—the idea maddened me. I clutched my forehead with my hands, and grasped it even as though I could have torn the fatal reality out of my brain. In this position the turnkeys who brought my dinner found me.

They departed, but they left me a light, which somewhat lessened my solitude. From that time my days were divided into two distinct parts, both in duration and in affliction. During daylight not an instant passed without bringing its burden of woe to my heart; but in the evening I could sometimes with my lamps and my books forget myself into the former occupations of my existence.

The jailer had not exaggerated; the cook merited his reputation; and though I could not be tempted to do honour to the viands he served up, their appearance satisfied me that the consolation of good-living was not denied to those who chose to avail themselves of it.

"What, have you taken nothing but soup?" cried my jailer, in clearing away: "that is very silly; you ought to lay in something for the night; surely you do not find fault with the cooking of Cisalpino. You need nothing more? *Buona sera!*"

"*Buona sera!*" I replied, and the enrapturing finale of the Barbiere di Siviglia with all its delicious melodies presented themselves to my mind. Then all at once I recollected that this very day Lablache was to have called upon me. Perhaps he had called—what would he think? Happily he could not be compromised. But then, the friend who was to have come for the papers!—If they

had arrested him! but no, if they had, surely Bolea would have mentioned it.

This afflicting idea was soon succeeded by another yet more distressing, that of the grief which my arrest would cause to my dear old father, and my family. Hour after hour I passed thus, wandering in thought from the spots where my childhood was gamboled away, to others where but a short time ago I had led a life of happiness and study. All at once my reveries would be stopped by the dread that I should no longer have power to study or to read; a perpetual imprisonment stared me in the face, without pursuits, without books. My fate seemed insupportable. "Wilt thou, O God! permit me, so young, so buoyant in hopes and energies, to be thus entombed? Better, far better were it to die!" I passionately cried, throwing myself on my knees. Then in my despair I thought that the God I had so long neglected must now neglect me, and I arose crying, "I will not complain—I will not complain, O Holy One! for I have deserved it."

I tried to find some respite to my sufferings by betaking myself to bed, but I could not sleep. If I closed my eyes, though but for an instant, a confused dreaminess of my wretched situation forced me to re-open them. For a moment or two my mind would wander, and I would forget where I was, and gaze inquiringly around. This scrutiny always brought on a despondency, that no one can comprehend but those whom a great calamity has suddenly stricken, and who, like me, have wrestled with a horrible phantom, which, when lassitude and sleep began to release them from the consciousness of their wretched-

ness, suddenly shrilled forth "It is true, it is fated; all is over with thee!"

I was lost in some such drowsiness, in that state wherein the mind, though we are apparently asleep, is still a prey both to its real and imaginary miseries, when the clank of chains startled my feverish slumber. I half opened my eyes, and beheld two men cautiously enter, and advancing towards the windows, try the grating. In departing, they turned the light of their dark-lantern on my eyes. This strange visitation alarmed me. I started up from my couch with my eyes out of their sockets, my hair on end, and cried, "What do you want? I am here, I am coming." "Do not let us disturb you," said one of them; "we are only making the nightly rounds." So saying, he left the room, adding as he departed, in a low voice to his companion, "There now, that is a fellow who will lead more than one neck into a noose besides his own."

The meaning of these words, which at first I had hardly noticed, opened upon my mind in all the expressiveness of their meaning. I arose with naked feet, and in my shirt, with an agitation, a delirium more vehement than any I had yet experienced. I recommenced my continuous march; all that I had brought upon myself vividly stood before me. I became aware of the duties I had to fulfil, duties I had never as yet thought of, so paralysing had been my stupor in this my first day of captivity. I had looked only to my own personal position; the individuals compromised by the papers taken with me, the investigation which must ensue, the snares and traps I had to avoid, the torment I was

liable to, had escaped my mind. All I had been told of the Austrian system of inquisition, and the arbitrary acts of her Police, revived in my memory, and I trembled to think that not only my own safety but that of my friends depended upon my deportment. The idea that through me any one of them might possibly be arrested overcame me; and in my anxiety to save others I forgot the perils of my own situation.

In the bitterness of my emotion, I fell on my knees, and I poured out my spirit to God. I besought him, though even it were at the price of my liberty, of life itself, to give me strength to avoid involving any one in my ruin. In Him I placed my hope, and I arose more strengthened, feeling I had a line of action. I was perhaps more agitated than before, but this agitation did not unnerve me. My suffering, though perhaps equally poignant, was no longer merely passive; and my mind, in again exercising its energies, regained its healthy tone. I felt able to face the trial I had to undergo,—I was prepared.

CHAPTER VI.

I SPENT the whole night and the next morning in striving to recollect the slightest circumstances, even the most trifling things which I had said or done since my arrival in Italy. I also did all I could to call to mind the contents of the papers they had seized, but this last I was unable to do: they were too numerous. At nine o'clock Bolza made his appearance, and announced that he had come to take me before the higher authorities of the Police.

I followed him; it was a preliminary investigation which I had to go through. He brought me before three persons, seated at a table, on which the writing-case was placed. I saluted them with that politeness which I never suffered myself throughout my long confinement to neglect. The principle I had laid down, was to deny all that I could deny, to refuse all explanation, all avowal, and to prolong these preparatory examinations to the utmost extent in my power, thereby to gain an insight into the plan they intended to pursue both as regarded myself and others. This principle I strictly adhered to, and I was convinced by the way in which this first interrogatory was conducted, that Bolza

had said nothing but the truth, in giving the importance he had done to my capture.

In the course of this first examination I received two letters from my sister, which had been intercepted at the post-office. My hand shook as I opened them, my eyes filled with tears, and the first lines of them so overcame me that I could read no further. I pressed the dear letters to my lips. Ah! little did she think, when she wrote those fond witnesses of her ardent affection, that when they should be put into my hands I should be a prisoner, and undergoing the interrogatories of the High Police of Milan.

Hardly had I concluded reading them, often interrupted by the excitement of my feelings, when my examiners resumed their questions, exhorting me to be more submissive. The tenor of my answers was unaltered: the impression produced by the letters they had handed me, and from which doubtless they had expected a far different result, tended rather to nerve me with yet more fortitude. I said to myself, "What would she, the sister I love so dearly, think of me if I sunk for an instant before my persecutors?"

"You are running headlong to destruction," said one of the examiners; "the charge against you is heavy, very heavy; and instead of attempting to make your case better, your obstinacy makes it worse. Do you know this hand-writing?" he continued, showing me two letters with the post-mark of Bellinzona, also intercepted by the post-office, and in which Malinverni informed me in commercial phraseology that the goods were about

to arrive, and which was signed *Mithridates*. "Now, who is this Mithridates?"

"I really do not know!"

"Indeed, then I will tell you," interrupted Bolza: "Mithridates is no one more or less than Malinverni, the Piedmontese whom you met at Bellinzona, and who was charged to forward you these papers."

"I know nothing at all about him."

"Oh, of course not, of course not; however, in a day or two perhaps I may have the honour of making you and this Signor Malinverni better acquainted. Woe to him, if we can lay our hands on him! A fine correspondent you have picked out for yourself truly, this Mithridates! The fool! just as if we did not know that this is an assumed name! I beg of you not to forget your obligations; it is to him you owe your present arrest. As to the bearer of these papers, we have got scent of him." A slight shudder ran through my frame.

"The bearer, do you say? you have him already: he stands before you," said I with a smile.

"You must tell different people than us that a man passing the frontier for the first time brings that sort of merchandize with him: no, no, there was some one else to bring it to you."

"Well, if you will have it so, prove it."

"So we intend; make yourself easy on that head."

The examination lasted several hours, and Bolza, as he re-conducted me to my prison, said, "You are acting very foolishly, very; if you persist in denying everything, the end will be you will be handed over to the Commission and the tender mercies of Salvotti. Why not

frankly tell us the state of the case? Do this, and you will suffer no further harm than being passed over the frontier. You will only be looked upon as a hot-headed young man, of whom intriguers have taken advantage."

"I am infinitely obliged to you for your advice, but it rests not with me to follow it. Will you however do me the favour of obtaining me an interview with the Director of Police?"

Bolza promised that he would, hoping doubtless that I should be more docile to the voice of his chief than to his.

Satisfied with the result of my first examination, I prepared myself for a second, and this occupied all the evening. On lying down to rest, I thanked God for having given me the firmness of which I had stood in need, and I yet more fervently supplicated him to grant that I should not involve any one else. My sleep was less agitated, and although it was often broken, the moments of waking were at least not accompanied by that dejection, that despair of the night before. Yet my fate was the same, if anything,—rather worse. If the recollection of my family, rendered more keen, more painful by the receipt of my sister's letters, affected me too deeply, I endeavoured to silence it. To brace myself up to the ordeal of honour which I had to go through, I had recourse to the thought that I ought to brave everything, to bear everything, rather than sully my name by the slightest act of weakness.

The next morning Bolza again came to conduct me before the authorities of the Police. "I have communi-

cated your wishes to the Director," said he, "and he has promised to attend to them. Have you reflected on what I said to you yesterday?"

"Reflected!—of course."

"And what resolution have you come to?"

"You will soon see."

In the examination-hall I found the Count Torresani, Director of Police, a man still young, and whose features possessed none of that dissimulation which commonly characterises those of his profession.

"You wish to speak with me," he said.

"I do, sir; I wish to gain your permission to write to my family, to prepare them for the shock which the news of my arrest will cause them; I would also request that you will allow me to have my books with me."

The Director, fixing his eyes upon me, said, "But these are great favours that you are asking; do you think that you are entitled to them?"

"I appeal, sir, to your feelings of humanity; and I am not aware of anything in my conduct to call for such severe rigour."

"Your behaviour," he interrupted me, "is that of a young man well brought up, polite, and amiable, I admit; but this is not enough. When we have committed a fault, it is our duty to repair it; and you ought to extricate yourself from your situation by showing the Government that you regret what you have done. Your perverseness will ruin you; I am interested in your fate because I look upon you as an unfortunate young man whose generosity of temperament and warmth of imagination have been made use of by secret societies

and by our exiles. They have sacrificed you; and are you mad enough to immolate yourself by remaining faithful to men who have made you the forlorn hope of their machinations? Consider while you have it in your power, and redeem by your submission the life which you have forfeited. The Emperor will attach the greatest importance to everything you may confide to us under the seal of secrecy: he will grant you pardon. Think of your aged father, of your family, of how soon you may then rejoin them; while, if you act otherwise,—"

"Sir," said I to him, with a voice of emotion, "I thank you for the interest you take in my fate, but it is out of my power to alter it. I have done nothing in the dominions of the Emperor to render me liable to the penalties of the law. I have acted imprudently, I confess, but imprudence is not criminality."

"So you say, but we know to the contrary; we are informed of all you did at Milan."

"And what, in the name of God, have I done?" I replied: "you know, sir, as well as I do, that in Milan people attend too much to eating and drinking, to think of plotting and conspiracy."

"I know, I know," he said smiling: "I know my Milanese of old."

"And you may have discovered by my journal that I know them too."

The Director again smiled. "You cannot, at all events," he added, "deny having been acquainted with some Italian exiles in Switzerland: now it rests with you to give his Majesty's Government all the information you can respecting them."

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir, that I cannot give you the answers you seem to require of me. Appearances are against me; the charges brought against me heavy, although fallacious; but as it is impossible for me to confute them by stating the whole truth, I prefer remaining silent, lest I should expose myself to a further infliction,—that of passing for a liar while I speak the truth."

"Young man, you are ruining yourself; once out of my hands, you will be delivered to the jurisdiction of the Commission."

"Then, sir, I could only regret, as I do now, that fate had placed me in the unfortunate position of being unable to give truth the appearance of probability."

"Is this all you have to say?"

I bowed: "All on this subject, but not on the gratitude I feel for the manner in which you have treated me."

He took leave of me with politeness, and directed, as he went out, that writing materials should be supplied me. "As for the books, at present I can say nothing about them," he added.

When the Director was gone, they proceeded with the examination, with which Bolza was specially charged.

I had to undergo a long interrogatory as to the contents of the writing-case; and as it was of importance to me, for my defence, to know what they were, I answered less briefly than I otherwise should have done. Nevertheless, as the unvarying purport of my answers was, 'that I did not know, or could not give any explanation on the subject of inquiry,' we got through the exami-

nation in a few hours. When we had finished, Bolza said to me, "If you like to write now, here are all the materials."

I took the pen, and hastily scribbled a few words to my father to console him under the catastrophe which had fallen upon me. I supplicated him to moderate his affliction, and to forgive me for the anguish my imprudence must cause him, an imprudence which, however, I hoped would produce no further ill effects than the preventing my proposed travels in Italy. "My father is very old," I said, as I gave the letter to Bolza: "may I hope that this will reach him in time to relieve his anxiety? I know what I must endure; I do not shut my eyes to it, I assure you; but the worthy old man will be heart-broken if he has any idea of it."

Bolza gave me to hope that my letter should be duly forwarded. "Perhaps, before you return to your prison," he said, "you would like once again to read these letters from your sister."

I thanked him cordially for this attention, and again read those pages full of inquietude for me during my journey. The tears rolled down my cheeks: "My poor father, my poor sister!" quivered on my tongue every moment, "what a blow it will be to them!"

"Yes," said Bolza, "and at the same time all resting with you to spare it them. Now just allow me to ask you what good you do by sacrificing yourself in this manner; you so young, so well adapted to enjoy the pleasures of existence?" Finding I did not reply, he handed me over the notes of my examination, and requested me to sign them, which I did. As I put my

name to the last of them, Bolza continued, "Oh, if you chose, what advantages you might reap from your position!" I looked at him, but said nothing.

"Come," said he, "we have now done, and I must lead you to your prison." As we went along, he continued, "This perhaps is the last communication I shall have with you. I am truly grieved, for it is impossible to know you without being interested in your fate. I have done only my duty, but I am sorry its consequences should have fallen upon you. Reflect, you are but four-and-twenty, in the very flower of your age."

"I am obliged to you for your good-will," I said, as I entered my cell: "you have behaved very considerately to me, and I sincerely thank you for it. Adieu! Do not forget the direction about the letter and the books."

It was late: worn out with the examination, overcome by the second reading of the letters from my family, I sat down upon the bed to collect my scattered thoughts, and bring them to their natural tone. In the ordinary course of justice, and in a country where the security of the citizens is protected by the law, my position, as it appeared to me, had nothing alarming. But I was in Italy, under the iron sway of Austria, which I knew lent an unwilling ear to the defence of political offenders, and hence I had everything to fear. As far as regarded myself, I felt that I stood liable to the utmost penalty of the law. The importance which had been given to my capture made me fear that some political measure was preparing, and that although I had admitted nothing, I should be their victim. What was to happen to me I knew not. I put my trust in God. What had

befallen others was the thought which haunted me; all my reflections were based upon that: the point I had to gain was to remove any suspicion from those with whom I had conversed on the affairs of Italy. This was the object of all my energies, of all my hopes. To effect this, after the examinations I had undergone, appeared easy. Alas! I little knew the nature of the Inquisition before which I was to appear. Whenever any good reply or satisfactory explanation occurred to me, I raised my thoughts towards God, and my soul grew lighter. The idea of implicating others by my imprudence was so dreadful to my mind, that I would have given my life twenty times over to have escaped this torturing anxiety.

The state prisoner, who has his own person and life to defend, is doubtless in a fearful situation; but, what comparison does it bear to that of him whose personal feelings are swallowed up in the responsibility he bears as regards others? Oh, cruel is the trial, bitter is the uncertainty we feel for those who are accidentally connected with us! and when this trial continues month after month, year after year, we ought, whenever it ends, to render thanks to God for the blessing.

I was not however at that point yet. Unhappily without books, without the slightest occupation to distract my thoughts, I was obliged day after day to tread the beaten track of my ideas, to revive hypotheses, to calculate the chances of what threatened me. To get rid of this agitation of mind, which nothing could calm, I had recourse to my memory. I went through the acts of my past life; but it was all so barren, so naked of

anything good, that I recoiled from the picture my thoughts too vividly brought before me. What bitter regret came over my soul! and when I remembered that it was now perhaps beyond my power to make up for time so prodigally squandered, I scarcely dared to address that God, whose existence I had never denied, though I had never had recourse to him until these days of affliction. It was the first time during my life I had ever looked back,—the first moment I had ever gazed on my past life, with the determination of reviewing how I had spent it. Is it surprising that I shrunk from the retrospect? But I turned to it again and again: and often, to atone for my transgressions, I knelt down before my God, and I prayed him in this hour of trial not to bring them against me, and invoked his mercy to watch over the safety of my friends and my family.

This sensation of piety re-animated my spirits, and endued me with faith in the future;—it made me more confident in myself,—better prepared to lay down my very existence, rather than implicate others. A feeling of religion, arising out of a first calamity,—when the heart, unsettled, but never entirely warped from the belief in a just and beneficent Creator, returns to him fervently—a poetical deism, which, far from being weakened, became more exalted in the presence of the scaffold; but which could not sustain through my long years of captivity those trials which are far more insupportable than the sacrifice of mere life.

To get rid of the perplexity in which I was, I attempted to enter into conversation with my jailer and his

assistants, when they brought me my food, or cleaned out my prison; but the only answer I could gain from them was, "I do not know." Once only the jailer said, "There is a great deal of talk here about the Commission; in a short time you will have to go before it; so prepare yourself."

"Am I to be examined by Salvotti?" One of the gendarmes approached, and Riboni did not answer.

A few minutes after, I inquired of a turnkey what that part of the prison opposite to my own was. He replied with some importance, as he pointed out with his hand the tall building of which I could only from my window see the third floor, "All that is appropriated to the prisoners of the Commission."

"Then you do not want work, I see."

"No; and we shall do still better when the new prisons now building are finished;"—(I saw it was on the tip of his tongue to add,—and which you will very soon fill.)

"Well," I said, "you ought to pray God that this may continue."

"Continue it will!" said the fellow, jingling his keys. "It is a good thing for us all; thanks be to the Emperor! Every one, you know, must live; you should just see your fellow-prisoners! Ah, bah! Do they give way to the blue devils? I should think not indeed; they eat and drink, and as for the morrow, they let it take care of itself! Now you—you who have plenty of money, why will you not do the same? What is the use of your sulking? will it do you any good? That's what I said only a day or two ago to Count Confalonieri."

"Is he in this prison?" I cried: "Is he ill?" The turnkey, who felt he had said too much, was silent, and without uttering another word drew the bolts, and left me alone to my awakened curiosity.

This produced a diversion for my thoughts. The idea that Confalonieri, whom I had often heard spoken of, might be near me, gave me a wish to know who were the unfortunate beings in the neighbouring cells. Hardly was my door closed, but I placed my ear close to it and listened with intense attention. Each door which was opened, each word uttered in the dim passage, kept my curiosity on the strain. I did not know Confalonieri; but I had thought so much about him, that I fancied I should have recognised his voice like that of an intimate friend. After staying some time at the door, I went to the window, and then to the wall, with my ear close to the thick wainscoting. On each side of me there was a prisoners. Who could they be? how was I to learn their name? This idea had never entered my mind, during the three days I had passed in this horrible place. The name of Confalonieri had aroused it, and to this I owed a resource from the misery which overwhelmed me, in searching for means to communicate with my brethren in misfortune.

All my energies were now devoted to finding out who was near me, and opening a correspondence with them. It was impossible to speak to them either by the window or the door, on account of the sentinels who continually kept guard. Could I corrupt the jailers? No, it was impossible; they always entered three together, and one a gendarme; besides, it would have required either

money or trinkets to have effected it, and they had taken good care to relieve me of such things. I was not allowed to sing: and as for knocking at the wall, it could only have produced a faint sound, with no other result but that of informing my neighbour that a living being was near to him. How could I make him understand that I spoke to him? This was a difficulty to solve which vainly occupied me during several of the first days,—those long, long days—in which the most trifling occupation was a relief to my misery and grief.

Every time the door of my cell opened, I expected to receive a summons to attend the Inquisitorial Commission. The books I had begged the Director to allow were not sent me. I inquired for Bolza: he did not come near me. The loneliness, the deep secrecy in which I was left, still more added to my anxiety, and the impatience I felt to know who was to decide upon my doom. Sometimes the thought came over me that they would all at once remove me to some fortress, and leave me there to languish for ever. Then again I fancied they might remove me to Vienna, and I pictured myself in the presence of the Emperor and Metternich, both requiring me to make disclosures under pain of death. At another time I contemplated a plan of escape; I fancied myself free from my dungeon, in France, with my father, welcomed by my family; and I amused myself by bringing before my mind their astonishment, their joy. Then again I figured myself confined in solitude for years, with books and materials for writing; how I should work, what a store of knowledge I should ac-

quire, what works I should produce, benefiting human nature, and delivering my name from obscurity. Old, haggard, but mighty in wisdom and glory, my vision represented me leaving my cell, and I almost thought such a doom far from frightful, endowed even with charms. But oftener the scaffold glared before my eyes; I strode toward it with a firm step,—resigned, courageous: for in my heart there was a consolation, a guerdon—that I had never compromised my honour; and that, by this last act, I redeemed before God the wildnesses of my youth, which my situation led me to judge too severely. One must have gone through the terrible trial of an arrest in a foreign country, without any probable release but death, to know with what eagerness the poor captive will pursue throughout every change the situations in which his imagination places him. Nothing but experience can give us a just idea of the powers of this creative faculty in such a calamity. It is, thanks be to Heaven! a never-failing resource to the miserable being who, but for this, would succumb under the contemplation of the frightful fate reserved for him, and ever glaring him in the face.

CHAPTER VII.

On the evening of the fifth day, I was pacing from the door to the window with my usual rapidity, to overcome my *ennui*, and weary myself into the sleep which now shunned my eyes—sometimes stopping, and holding my breath to listen to the slightest sound, or tapping the walls of my prison, in the vain hope of a reply: at other times placing my lamp on the floor, with the hope that some spider or insect might be attracted by the light, and I, like Pelisson, find a companion.

This continued for some time, when, all at once, I heard hasty steps at the end of the gallery. I started up: I went to the door, and listened. They approached. I recognised several voices: that of the jailer, that of Bolza and others, among which one louder than the rest cried, "Where are you taking me to?" It was the voice of G**. An icy chill came over me; all my senses concentrated in one, that of hearing; all my ideas absorbed in one feeling, that of the arrest of some one I had visited. I stood fixed at the door, breathlessly listening for a sound or a word to confirm my horrible apprehension.

But I heard nothing more—they passed my door in silence; and the sound of their steps alone echoed through the gallery. They stopped, a door opened, they went in; a murmur of words reached my ears, but I could not

catch their import. In a moment or two they came out again; and, as they bolted the door, I heard G—— cry, "For Heaven's sake do not leave me without a bed!"

The groans of a brother slain under my eyes would not have affected me with greater anguish. Alas! it was indeed G——. I could not doubt it. "Poor fellow!" I exclaimed. What will become of him? How will he sustain the trials which he has to go through? Separated from his young wife,—ruined,—and by me! How he must curse me for having implicated him in this affair!" The torments of hell could hardly be greater than what I suffered at this moment.

Gradually I recovered my spirits, and began to reflect on the charges that might be brought against him. I had mentioned to no living soul what had passed between us. Even should he disclose it himself, there was nothing, after all, to constitute a crime of high-treason. But the distressing reflection that we were in the arbitrary clutches of Austria was enough to fill me with apprehension. Then I thought I might save him by taking all the blame upon myself. This idea soothed my anxiety for a time; it was a faint hope, a glimmer of light to the night-wildered traveller. I clung to it fondly; it relieved me; it made my heart lighter. I thanked God for the inspiration.

I had passed several hours in this state of agitation, when a new current was given to my thoughts by the clock striking twelve. Yesterday at this time, I said to myself, my own life was all I had to fear for; but now—it is only at the point of death that our sufferings may not be augmented.

The sound of keys and opening of doors warned me of the night visit. I hurried into bed, lest I should be surprised awake at that late hour, and pretended to be asleep while the jailers made their examination. As soon as they were gone, I sprang towards the door and listened.—My poor friend! what a dreadful shock he is about to receive! And it is I who have brought all this misery upon him.—I heard no voice, no sound, except the bolts. "Oh, that they may not awaken him! God of mercy! bless him with repose, and grant that he may return safe to his family. Grant that when I die, I may have only my own sins to answer for, not the misfortunes of others. Thou knowest that I have never wilfully caused one of my fellow-creatures a pang: do not doom me then to this gnawing remorse; take my life if thou wilt, but let me be the sole victim!"

Never did an unfortunate wretch pour forth his soul more fervently than I did in this prayer. When I had uttered it, my confidence revived, and my agitation subsided. At last I went to sleep, trusting that I should succeed in restoring liberty to him, whom I believed to be confined within a few yards from me; but my slumber was soon broken by the disquietude of my mind. Twenty times ere morning appeared I awoke; and, despite of myself, felt convinced that my project for saving him was impracticable—that it could answer no end. After all, I came to the determination, that if he should make any disclosures, I would reply that fright had turned his brain, that he was mad, and that I had not the honour of his acquaintance. Thus ended a night, the most harassing I had ever experienced.

Nothing occurred during the next day to throw light on the affair; though I watched at the door unremittingly, I could hear no more. I was under the necessity of remaining in this dreadful state of uncertainty, of which I expected the termination every moment, either by being confronted with him, or by a fresh examination. I was disappointed; the day passed in suspense: I spent whole hours in contriving some scheme of communication. At length I went to the wall, I tapped softly, one, two, three, on the side of the prison where I supposed my friend was. No answer. I tapped again, trusting that my neighbour would understand that I meant to converse with him by the letters of the alphabet. He must have been unacquainted with the signal, for he never answered. I sorrowfully gave up all hope of establishing a correspondence, which might perhaps at once have relieved me from my anxiety, and I did not repeat the attempt.

Worn out both in mind and body, but unable to withdraw my thoughts from him whose misfortunes made me forget the horror of my own situation, I had another sleepless night. The following day, I had not yet arisen when the jailers came to clean and arrange my room. From this unusual occurrence I inferred that a visit was to follow. I questioned them on the subject, but they made no reply. Shortly after I heard the doors of the different cells open at intervals of eight or ten minutes. I presumed that it might be an Inspector; and in the hope of obtaining some information respecting the arrest which had made me so miserable, I longed for his appearance.

I had not long to wait: he was a man still young, rather tall, with features sufficiently regular, but not announcing much character. There was an insignificance about him which neither his manners nor his address tended to redeem. He gave me the impression of a common man, not familiar with good society, who would have presented himself in a drawing-room with the same awkwardness with which he entered my prison. Taking off his hat as he approached and saluted me, he said, "I am the Counsellor Minghini, the member of the Inquisitorial Commission, deputed to visit the prisoners. As a foreigner you must need more attentions than others. The days must now be very tedious to you; but in a short time, when you have undergone the first examinations of the Commission, books will be allowed you."

"The examinations of the Commission!" I said; "what is there in my case to place me under their jurisdiction? Is it not a mere affair of police?"

"We see the matter in a very different light," said he with a smile; "it is of much more consequence."

"In what way?"

Minghini made a motion with his head, as much as to say, "You know as well as I do!" and he added "Your papers tell such tales! they show you to be one of the most active and best-informed agents of the secret societies of Europe."

"Really, Sir! you quite astonish me."

"Then you will be astonished still more when I tell you that on the day of your arrest a courier was des-

patched to inform the Emperor and Prince Metternich of the important capture."

"Heaven help me!" I exclaimed, observing that he stopped, fearful of saying too much: "Well, at least these papers do not implicate me in having conspired with any of the Emperor's subjects against him." As I uttered these words I gave the Counsellor a searching look; he made no reply: "And when it is ascertained also," I added, "that I have done nothing in Lombardy—"

"It will doubtless make a great difference: but that remains to be proved."

"I challenge any one, sir, to prove that I have plotted anything against the Austrian government. Thank God, no one stands in jeopardy by my arrest. I, I alone, can be the sufferer; and this supports me throughout—"

"That, at the present moment, may be true enough: but we shall see."

God reward thee, dear Minghini, for the comfort thou hast bestowed on me by these last words! they came like the dew of heaven, to refresh my drooping feelings.

When I was left alone, I began dancing round my cell. He was not arrested after all—it was a false alarm. God be thanked! I said; my heart is free again. I forgot my imprisonment, everything, in the excess of my joy that this oppressing weight was off my mind, that this dreadful responsibility for the fate of another no longer oppressed my conscience. This was the first alleviation of my misery: the first consolation I had yet been blessed with. I revelled in it with a

sort of drunkenness of delight: and had any one seen me at that moment, he could only have drawn the inference that I had received tidings of my speedy liberation.

Relieved by the words of the Counsellor, which were too satisfactory to allow me to weigh them nicely, and convinced that my apprehension had deceived me as to the voice I had heard, I tried the experiment of tapping the wall on the opposite side to that I had tapped before. What was my astonishment, my joy, when I thought I heard my signal answered! I placed my ear to the wall: it was; but so gently, I could hardly catch the sound of the blows: One, two, three, a pause, *a*, *b*, *c*,—it was *c*. Still listening,—one, two, three, four,—eight blows, it was *h*—*ch*. Slowly but distinctly, tap, tap,—nine blows were given: this must mean the letter *i*; but at this moment I was so bewildered, so overcome by my sensations, that it was only after several repetitions I was certain of my correctness.

But two other blows had rapidly followed the others: this puzzled me. What letter could that represent? *b*,—what could he mean by *c h i b*? My neighbour had ceased tapping. What could be the meaning of this word, *chib*? Was there such a word in Italian? I gave it up; when again the same number of blows were repeated, concluding, as before, with the inexplicable two short quick ones. What could this possibly mean? I turned it over and over in my mind for a long time without success, when it struck me all at once, to

my great joy, that possibly it might be an intimation that the word was finished. I detached the *b* from *chib*, then remained *chi* (*who*)?

I question whether Champollion, when he got his first hint of the secret of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, was more transported than I at this discovery. To convince myself of it, I again called my patient correspondent to the wall: then, in turn, I repeated the three first letters, terminating with the unintelligible sign. It was answered by two similar taps, which I interpreted as acknowledging that it was understood.

Satisfied that I now knew the mechanism of this mural language, he went on to another word.

I first counted seventeen, then five, then nine, then the two final taps. I had pricked them on the arm of my chair with a pin as they were struck, and I calculated their meaning afterwards. Seventeen made *q*; five, *e*; nine, *i*:—*q*, *e*, *i*;—I was puzzled again; what was to be understood by this? I had the blows repeated to me; I might have made a mistake; but no, the number of blows was the same. I counted them separately, distinctly; I could not be mistaken. I was as much in the dark as before; it was useless for me to try the patience of my fellow-captive any more.

Dispirited, discouraged, I spent hours and hours on this problem, the solution of which was of more importance to me than all the questions of algebra and mathematics I had ever given my attention to.

My feelings can only be comprehended by recollecting the moral effect which the solitude of two such days

must necessarily produce, the desire it must awaken of some communication with others, and the bitter grief consequent upon my being disappointed in opening a correspondence with one equally desirous of it as myself. This craving for intercourse with a heart beating in unison with our own, or at least a prey to the same anxiety, the same tedium, is a sensation so overpowering, so gnawing, in a place like that in which I was, that throughout all the evils to which man is subject, no anguish perhaps can be put in comparison with it.

To alleviate this feeling was the great object of my thoughts; to interrupt the secresy, the silence with which I was encompassed,—the aim and end of all my ideas. The Commission and Salvotti were lost sight of in this one great object; and it was well that they were, for they would only have harassed my mind and spirits by my reflecting on them, without adding aught to my means of defence. Thus, when the cup of our bitterness is too full, and our grievance too heavy, God in the goodness of his mercy ever sends us some unforeseen solace to soothe us, and lessen the weight of our affliction.

This solace at all events I was determined to obtain; I wearied my thoughts in conjecture after conjecture, in scheme after scheme. Every now and then I went to the wall, but sometimes received no reply, and I gathered from the manner of my neighbour that he began to lose patience. In these reiterated attempts the day wore away very quickly; evening came; it grew late; I fell upon my knees, and thanked God for having relieved me from my uncertainty. I also entreated Him to aid me to

discover what I sought. Fervently, sincerely did I believe that my prayer would be heard; so much had my misfortunes revived the religious impressions which so long had lain dormant within me. During the night I continued the occupation of the day; that seventeenth letter, which joined to the other produced an unmeaning word, what could be its purport, how was the mystery to be solved? I had computed the blows too carefully, and too many times over, to think the mistake was there. Could I have enumerated my alphabet wrong? I went through it again; but the result was the same. Tired at being thus continually baffled, I resolved to think no more about it, and get to bed; but sleep would not come at my call. I lay restless and wakeful.

All at once an idea flashed on my mind, an idea so simple, so obvious, that I could not conceive how I had overlooked it: the Italian alphabet differed from ours; and hence in my ecstasy I should have arisen immediately to put it to proof, but I recollected that I had first to acquaint myself with the order of this alphabet, of which I was at present ignorant. Deprived as I was of every kind of books, the task was an affair of some difficulty.

Long ere day glimmered in my prison, I arose and gave the signal; but, alas! I had no answer, and was compelled to wait until the morning was pretty far advanced. The usual stir was heard; I was at the wall in a moment, and renewed my signal with the first word *chi.* I succeeded admirably. The second,—I was certain I had got the key to it, for after much reflection I had

become positive that there was no *k* or *j* in Italian, as I could not recollect a single word which began with either of those letters. The alphabet thus diminished produced the letter *s* as corresponding to the number seventeen, and *s, e, i* formed *sei*;—*chi sei* (who art thou)? I tapped the word myself. Mutually delighted with the discovery, we beat our fingers on the wall in a lively succession of strokes, a signal of triumph.

Who art thou? the first and sacred question among all prisoners. I now had to answer, and in this new obstacles were to be overcome; for I so confused myself with the number of blows, letters and words, that the sun was going down ere I had yet made my poor fellow-captive comprehend who his neighbour was. The dread of being heard and surprised by the keepers, added to the intense strain of my faculties which this fatiguing manner of conversation produced, had tended to prevent my expressing myself clearly. With a flushed cheek, a perspiring brow, a head aching, and a body exhausted, every now and then I gave up my toil to relieve myself, and abate the excitement which these reiterated attempts kept me in; but I went again to my task with renewed vigour. By the close of the day, I succeeded in joining together the letters of the sentence, "I am a Frenchman," and also those of my name. Such was my first step in this secret language, from which I was to derive so much consolation.

In turn, I also tapped "*Chi sei*?" but I received no answer. This silence disappointed me sadly, yet how

much had I accomplished on that day! I began to know the alphabet as far as the letter *t*. I had learnt that a scratch on the wall, at the middle or the end of a word, indicated that the sense had not been understood, and that it was necessary to recommence. I had also learnt that two knocks in the course of a word meant that it was comprehended, and that it was needless to finish it. I had understood my neighbour, and made myself understood to him. I had therefore found the key of this secret language, and wanted nothing but practice to use it with facility.

I spent the remainder of the evening in making myself master of the alphabet, in the hope that I might draw great advantage from it on the following day. The morning so impatiently expected arrived. I gave the signal once, twice,—no answer! I made fresh essays at different hours, but still the same silence.

Then the idea came upon my mind that our movements had been overheard, and my companion in misfortune had been removed. Then my own desolation, my own captivity fell doubly heavy on my heart; everything around had a gloomier aspect. The discovery which so few minutes before I had deemed a harbinger of hope and of joy, now only appeared a cruel deception of fate,—an illusion raised by the spirit of evil to inspire me for an instant, and then to replunge me in deeper despair. Miserable and low-spirited, I forgot my accustomed urbanity to my keepers.

"You are dull this morning," said one of them; "you must keep up your spirits."

"Yes," I replied, "for indeed I need them, wearing out day after day thus without occupation, and in this close and dismal prison."

"Patience, patience! you should eat and drink more."

"Not a bad idea," I answered; "to fatten myself, I suppose, against the time when it shall be thought fit to—," and I made with my fingers a representation of the gallows. My jailers burst out into a laugh, a laugh which was still further augmented when Riboni said in his dialect, "But they do not always pick out the fat ones to kill."

Throughout the day, the walls neither to the right nor left gave utterance to any of those sounds which had fallen on my ears more delicious than the notes of a Catalani. Nevertheless, I did not diminish my assiduity in mastering that language of which each moment more strongly convinced me of the advantages. This application had another good effect. It produced an object for my thoughts, and released me from the influence of those momentary remembrances, those recurring regrets and disquietudes, which ever and anon weighed me down. It also partly neutralised the overwhelming influence of this solitude and want of occupation, calculated upon by our Inquisitors as an unfailing expedient for breaking the spirits of the captive, sapping his resolution, and delivering him unresistingly to all the dread, all the racking pangs of doubt, all the captious questionings, all the tortures they might choose to inflict

on him, until he either avowed his criminality or revealed whatever he knew.

But for this unforeseen diversion to my mind I might have been less enabled to sustain the rude attacks which awaited me; I should have been less prepared, less fortified, less cool in my defence. I might have been carried away by that heat and waywardness of temper which generally results from overstrained mental anxiety, from an unremitting concentration of the faculties of the heart and soul on the dangers with which they are menaced, and the means necessary to overcome them. I might have periled, not myself, that was over; but others, whose safety depended far more on my presence of mind, than on my fixed resolution never to betray them.

Accordingly, the next morning, when the jailers came to take me before the Commission, I was not at all troubled at the idea of facing that dreaded tribunal, which made Milan and the rest of Italy tremble. Without showing the least agitation, I immediately prepared myself to sustain manfully the presence of the blood-thirsty enemy of the Italian patriots, of that Salvotti who had been described to me as a demon incarnate. The emotion I experienced was a mixture of eager curiosity and anxious suspense, which though it made my blood tingle, neither impaired my intellect nor my courage.

After traversing a long corridor, and a court surrounded with barred windows, we went up a narrow staircase and entered the ante-chamber of the Commis-

sion. My heart beat more quickly, and I gasped for breath. I stopped a moment to recover myself; a gendarme opened a door, bidding me to advance,—and I stood before my judges. I felt that the great crisis had arrived, and invoked the assistance of the Almighty!

CHAPTER VIII.

INSTEAD of a vast hall, ermined judges, and all the pomp with which my imagination had invested this too celebrated tribunal, I found a small room with a table, at which sat a man still youthful, with pale complexion, and black hair, together with two older associates and a secretary, in ordinary costume. This simplicity, so different from what I had expected, tended to restore the courage which, on my first entrance, had abandoned me. I bowed to the principal personage, who made a sign that I should take a chair opposite to him and the other judges.

A pause ensued, during which Salvotti, for it was no less a personage, fixed on me his dark and piercing eyes, either for the purpose of intimidating or scrutinizing the character he had to deal with, or of considering what sort of language was best calculated to throw me off my guard, and force me to surrender at discretion. His searching looks, full of intelligence, pride, and malignity; his expressive, and, even to my eye, beautiful countenance, in spite of its stamp of duplicity and ill will; his intellectual physiognomy was so strongly contrasted with the stupid stare of vulgar curiosity depicted on the ordinary faces of the other judges and their secretary,

that I was totally at a loss to conceive how they could have been associated in the same functions.

As soon as Salvotti had sufficiently scanned the new victim whom he was about to torture, he addressed me in Italian to the following effect:—

"The crime you have committed in the dominions of the Emperor, has brought you before the Commission, specially charged by His Majesty to try such as, like yourself, are accused of high treason. You are, I am willing to believe, sufficiently aware of the heinousness of your offence to acknowledge and submit to our jurisdiction, which has no other object than to ascertain the truth, and offer the guilty the means of palliating their crimes by giving to the sovereign authority proofs of their repentance."

"I had not imagined," I answered calmly, "that my affair was anything more than matter of ordinary police."

Salvotti gave me a smile of incredulous pity, and winked at his associates.

"Speak Italian, speak Italian," said they; but I continued in French:—

"Since you decide otherwise, I have not the least difficulty in submitting to laws which I have never desired to infringe, and from which I expect substantial and speedy justice."

"Speedy, no doubt, and complete justice, be assured," replied Salvotti, taking a pinch of snuff, inclining his head, and looking at me in a manner which could admit of no other interpretation than this,—Whatever your defence may be, your fate is decided.

He then proceeded to examine me; asked my name,

age, domicile, profession, from whence I came, and whither going; during which he was turning over my papers, and showing some of them to his associates, who smiled assent: "And it is under such overwhelming proofs that this poor deluded creature thinks his case one of ordinary police." Then turning towards me, he added,—

"From a minute examination I have made of the papers which were seized in your apartment, and which you acknowledged as yours, I have clearly perceived that you are one of the principal agents of the Carbonari of France and Switzerland; that you are fully acquainted with all that has been plotted of late years against legitimate governments; that you have been in immediate communication with the Italian exiles, who have entrusted you with a mission which you attempted to execute the moment you arrived in the Imperial States, entering with the subjects of His Majesty into treasonable practices, provided against by the law, and punished with death. The system of denial which you adopted in your first examinations by the Police cannot be sustained here with the slightest reason or hope of success. Your accomplices would soon convict you of falsehood and obstinacy."

"Accomplices! I have none."

"They will be forthcoming; do not deceive yourself; already we know everything," said he, trying to discover the effect of his words on my countenance. "Do you think it has taken us much time to find out your haunts and intrigues? I shall soon show that you are ruining yourself by denying what others have con-

fessed;" and here a fresh personal scrutiny on the part of the judge.

"Impossible!" said I, quickly; "such confessions, if you have them, are inventions and impositions."

"We shall prove them, sir, we shall prove them; and it is I," said he with animation, "who undertake to do so."

I shook my head.

"I should have supposed," resumed Salvotti after a few seconds, "I should have supposed that the reflections you must have made since your arrest as to the uselessness of the system you have adopted, would have made you abandon it in order to substitute that of candour and truth, which is your only anchor of safety in your present situation. The nature and contents of your papers, and your conduct in Italy, you must be convinced are more than sufficient to bring down sentence of death on you, without further proceedings. I tell you plainly, your execution is certain, if you persist in refusing to make the disclosures which His Majesty has a right to require at your hands, and which are sure to be obtained in spite of any vain or culpable effort you may make to prevaricate. You will be lost, young man, lost for ever,—understand me,—if you persevere in your silence, in these denials caused by your obstinate pride, and your false estimation of your means of defence. What can you expect, I ask you, as the result of such behaviour? To save your head? The papers I now hold have already destined it to the hangman. To preserve the secrets of the criminal associations to which you belong? We know enough already to ensure our getting at what

remains, without your help. To save your accomplices abroad and at Milan? That is no longer in your power. Be persuaded, while there is yet time, that you can conceal nothing from us, nor save any one, and that you must die. The clemency of His Majesty is as great as his power. Be sufficiently your own friend to seek it. Add frankness to the interest which your youth is calculated to inspire. Rescue your life by confessions which will in no respect change the real position of things, (since everything is known,) but will at least prove that you have rather erred from imprudence than wickedness. You are young, and full of promise. What I have heard and read of you makes me value both your heart and understanding. It is therefore that I commiserate your lot, and would fain snatch from the rigours of the law a youth whose crime, if he repents, is more deserving of pity than indignation and severity. I hope that you will henceforth be fully impressed with these sentiments, and leave us no other duty to perform, than recommending for His Majesty's pardon an unfortunate youth who was only misled by the suggestions and instigations of the evil-disposed."

After this address, which Salvotti delivered in a tone at times loud and threatening, and at others insinuating and kind, he awaited, with his eyes constantly fixed on mine, for the result of his eloquence. I answered, first claiming the permission to speak French, a favour which was with great difficulty granted, and was afterwards often denied;—

"I am much obliged by the interest which my judge

is pleased to take in my fate, and by the advice which he has no doubt given, solely with a view to my advantage; but I am unfortunately obliged to inform him that I cannot follow it. It is one of the misfortunes of my unhappy position. If, as he states, a sentence of death already hangs over me in consequence of the papers found in my possession, I have nothing left but to await my destiny, however cruel and unjust I may deem it. But if, as I am bound to believe, I am to defend my life and liberty before a tribunal incapable of any arbitrary proceedings, I have sufficient confidence in the strength of my case to trust that a mere intention, an embryo plot unaccompanied by any overt act, and which was even abandoned, will not be confounded with what the law requires to constitute the crime of high-treason. I do not wonder at the importance at first attached to my mission and person, but I should be surprised, if one of your ability and experience should fall into an error, which the mere examination of these empty forms should suffice to correct. I am aware that the variety and number of these papers are likely enough to mislead the unexperienced; but I am before judges well versed in such matters, and I fully confide in their sagacity for estimating at its true value such a mass of unimportant evidence as is now before them. The trial will, no doubt, show the fallacious character of these apparently dangerous papers in its proper light, and prove me an unfortunate young man, misled for a moment by his imagination, rather than the formidable chief of a band of conspirators. With still

more certainty I reckon on the proceedings of the trial for the fullest proof that I have neither said, nor done, nor plotted anything whatever with the Emperor's subjects against his government. I have the conviction that my innocence on these points will be completely established, whether as to the examination to which I am about to be subjected, or the tribunal before which my counsel—"

The sneer of insolent pity which appeared on the lips of the Inquisitor, and passed to those of his worthy associates, would have sufficed to make me pause in my discourse, had not Salvotti hastened to interrupt me by saying, "It is before the Commission alone that you will have to plead your cause. You will have no other tribunal; and as to counsel, it is I who will serve you in that capacity. And do you think we are such fools as to place our criminals upon the pedestals of self-love and celebrity, as is the custom in France and England, in order to afford Europe the bad example of of your Assize Courts, where the defendants and their arrogant counsels preach, in the very presence of their judges, the contempt and hatred of Government? In Austria, we are more wise and just. We require the means as well as the end of justice: we treat political cases without parade or publicity,—in a domestic manner, as you see here. The Emperor, always kind-hearted, views his subjects, even when guilty of high treason, merely as misled children over whose faults it is necessary to draw the veil of paternal indulgence. Here the accused, left to himself, and without any hope of obtaining a miserable applause by an affected heroism, or to elude

justice by the gilded phrases of his advocate, has no other way left open to him, no other chance of escape, but in truth and repentance."

"But are you indeed in earnest?" said I then.

"When we are a little better acquainted, you will be satisfied," replied he sharply, "that jesting forms no part of my character."

"What! is it here, and before you alone, that I am to be tried? Are you to be at once the accuser, defender and judge?"

"Just so."

"And am I, a poor unprotected stranger, ignorant of your language and laws, to remain without the assistance of counsel and pleader?"

To each of these interrogations Salvotti replied smilingly by inclinations of the head, and repeating, "Just so, just so."

"Of the protections which the law affords in all other countries to the accused, I really perceive none here. Their liberty and existence are entirely in the hands of those most interested in finding them guilty."

A check from Salvotti, accompanied by an imperative gesture commanding silence, did not prevent my adding, "God forbid I should wish to express any idea injurious to men with whom I am unacquainted. Yet in this unequal contest between the accuser and the accused, what is to ensure the latter against the consequence of irritation, anger, and animosity, so likely to take possession of his judge, when he does not obtain from him all the information he had anticipated? Who is to sustain the prisoner in a long and harassing trial?

Who is to prevent him, in his ignorance of the laws, from causing his own ruin, by expressions, though innocent in themselves, often of fatal import?"

"I! I tell you," exclaimed Salvotti; "I, whom His Majesty honours with his entire confidence; I, who at my pleasure can save or destroy you; I, who hold in my hands the proofs of your guilt, which no pleading can palliate, no line of defence save from the extreme penalty of the law, except submission and repentance."

"If the judge who has eventually to pronounce my fate already declares me guilty, even before he has heard me, what hope can I entertain of enlightening his conscience, of convincing him of my innocence? I ask, in the name of justice, what is the use of the idle forms of a trial to a man who is already condemned? It is far better to send me at once to the scaffold, and spare me the agonies of delay."

"You will get there in time, depend upon it," cried Salvotti, in an angry tone; "you will ascend that scaffold, I promise you; but before that, you must answer and account to the Commission for the contents of these papers, and for your proceedings with your accomplices."

"If I were alone, if I did not apprehend that my silence might prove prejudicial to those whom you are pleased to call my accomplices, I should abstain from answering, and await the destiny you threaten in silence."

"It is quite certain nothing can save you," cried the Inquisitor, his eyes flashing fury and vengeance.

"I believe you, sir," said I; "you are at once accuser

and judge. How is it possible to escape you? You may interrogate, and I shall answer, not to defend my life from a sentence which has already past your lips; but to fulfil a conscientious duty, in diverting suspicions which might fall upon innocent men, and compromise their security. Speak, sir; I await your orders."

The examination was resumed. From time to time Salvotti shrugged up his shoulders, commenting on each paper, in order to show that I was well acquainted with them all, and was initiated in the most important secrets. Then he exclaimed frequently, "Can anything exceed the obstinacy of this youth? Do you think then that you have to do with fools? And do you imagine that we shall be satisfied with such absurd denials? The documents are here. They speak, they declare that you belong to the most ancient, active, and influential secret society; that you are one of its champions; that you know all the machinations at work in Europe against legitimate governments. And you pretend to know nothing, and to have nothing to confess? But come this way, read along with me these regulations; look at all this hierarchy, these ramifications, these dignities, you have powers to confer, and again answer, if you dare, that you have nothing to explain on the subject. Come, what have you to say?"

"That appearances are against me, but that all these idle forms prove nothing, except a great imprudence on my part in bringing papers which are dangerous in Italy, though they were not so in Switzerland."

A new series of questions followed, which I answered

sometimes in Italian, and sometimes in French, in spite of the intimation of Salvotti, who contended that the assessors ought to be able to understand what I said; assessors and judges who never uttered a word, though ostensibly placed there to guard the accused against the over-zeal and ill-will of the Inquisitor. The first day they listened, but afterwards employed themselves in reading and calculations, attending little to my defence, or just enough to support Salvotti's *dicta* by signs or words. They were docile instruments of arbitrary power, which, in order to be more sure of their subserviency, had selected them out of the poorest Tyrolian judges.

"We know that you have made frequent journeys in France," resumed the Inquisitor after a considerable pause: "what was the object?"

"Pleasure."

"Ah, indeed! we shall see about that hereafter. We have ascertained that your objects were political. Everything conspires to prove that you were one of the most active agents of the revolutionary party, and that you have co-operated with the criminal attempts that have taken place in France in these latter times. We know also that you are perfectly acquainted with all that has happened on the Spanish frontiers. We already know all your proceedings, and your confessions are nowise important to us. Austria is a lion, who has only to shake his mane to strike his enemies with a mortal tremor. An order, or simple recommendation to our Ambassador in Switzerland, will suffice to expel all strangers infesting that country, and plotting against the Holy Alliance. Speedily the Helvetic republic will

be purged of their presence. As to the French plots, they will be put down by the bayonets of Louis XVIII. and his powerful allies. It is not therefore, you see, the importance of the thing itself that urges me in your case, but my wish to serve you. Come, show your good disposition, and reveal facts which you can have no interest in concealing. Seize the advantage of a spontaneous confession; give way to the overwhelming proofs of your guilt. Speak out while you are yet in time."

In answer to these and other exhortations of a similar nature, I replied to the following effect: That one of the misfortunes of my situation was that I could not state the facts as they really were, lest the Commission, who seemed to expect important disclosures, should treat my sincere and plain account as a tissue of inventions and falsehoods. I repeated that I had never conspired against Austria, and protested against any such accusation as regarded Milanese or Italians.

During the first examination, which lasted eight hours, Salvotti often intermingled extraneous conversation with the interrogatory, abruptly reverting from one to the other. He employed all his shrewdness to collect the remotest evidence tending to establish that I was an important agent of the secret societies. He endeavoured to impress upon me that all concealment, all denial was useless, and that it was my interest to make disclosures, of which the Commissioners were already in possession, and which sooner or later would be forced from me.

The unremitting strain to which my mind was subjected in order to guess and seize the drift of Salvotti's questions, together with the necessity under which I

was placed of answering in Italian, so much wearied me during this long examination, that I requested some rest. Without paying any attention to my request, the Inquisitor continued the interrogatory some time longer, until, tired out himself, he closed it, saying, "You make light of the Commission, but you will ere long learn that the Imperial Tribunal is not a thing to be trifled with. Take my word for it, this will end by your being hung!"

These words he accompanied with a movement of the hand, which was perfectly in keeping with the anger and malice depicted on his pallid countenance.

"If that is to be my doom, it is hard, very hard; and you have menaced me with it so often that I cannot doubt it. But what am I to do? I can only deplore the fatality of my situation, which precludes me from producing conviction in the mind of my judges, and will send me to the scaffold, though innocent!"

"You will be hung," said Salvotti.

"Hung! be it so," I replied; "but this is a *memento mori* which would have come with a better grace from any other mouth but that of a man who professes to be my advocate as well as my judge. I shall not forget it; I will prepare myself for my fate: before I go, however, I shall ask a favour."

"What is it?"

"A copy of the criminal code."

"Impossible—useless—you have no need of it."

"What! can you refuse me a copy of the code, when I am not even allowed a defender or an advocate? Then I am not to be judged, but sacrificed—I am a victim!"

"A victim! no; but you will be hung:" and he added, with a grin, "You are not now in France, where the blockheads of juries let the greatest criminals escape. The mitigation of your doom depends on yourself, on you alone. Do you understand? You may go."

He rang the bell, and the guards came to fetch me. I returned to my prison harassed and worn out with fatigue and exhaustion.

CHAPTER IX.

THE reflections which pressed upon my mind, when I found myself alone, were not of a nature, as may be supposed, to tranquillise me as to the result of my trial. My fate seemed certain; I could not blind myself to the fact that I was condemned beforehand, and that I had no chance of mitigating the extreme sentence with which I was menaced by Salvotti. However unhappy such a fate might be, I should have been resigned to it, if the experience I had acquired of the peculiar character of the Inquisitor had not justly alarmed me for those whom I so much wished to shelter from danger and uneasiness. The night passed without sleep. The next morning, Riboni came to conduct me before the Commission. As we traversed one of the yards, he said, "We have another Frenchman here, a son of Louis XVI. If he is in the yard when we return, I will point him out to you."

"A son of Louis XVI.! Nonsense! some adventurer. You are trifling."

"No, it is a fact. He has been here these four years, in the custody of the Police."

I had scarcely entered the council chamber, before Salvotti, without giving me time to sit down, fixed on me eyes which appeared to be those of the devil incar-

nate. "Well," said he, "do you return to us any wiser than you went? Have you taken counsel from your pillow, young man, who seem determined on your ruin, spite of all we would do to save you? Do you think that the Commission can view without a lively interest a person mad enough to sacrifice himself, rather than compromise wretches who brought him to the brink of a precipice, indifferent as to his fate? Do not suppose that we are insensible to pity; that we do not lament, in spite of the severity of our office, the fate of a poor stranger, whose mistaken enthusiasm will lead him to ruin. Speak but the word, and you are restored to your aged father, who will otherwise fall a victim to his grief, on hearing the catastrophe which deprives him of a son from whom he expected consolation in his old age."

Salvotti, on perceiving that his words produced an emotion which I could not conceal, exhibited in his features and voice such a degree of compassionate interest, that any one who had seen him then for the first time would have sworn he was the very type of candour and goodness.

"The ground you have taken is untenable," added he; "you have too much sense not to be aware of this. You destroy yourself, and save nobody else. I told you yesterday we know everything that we want to know; and if I again attempt to persuade you to sincerity, it is only because I feel the most lively regret at seeing that, by a miscalculated obstinacy, you cut short for ever a career which your love of study would otherwise have rendered brilliant and useful. Have therefore pity on yourself, your family, your father, all those who love

you, and be certain that anything you say here shall not be known elsewhere."

"I thank the Commission for their solicitude. My fate deserves pity, no doubt, since I cannot see any means of avoiding it, and my life must expiate an imprudence of a few days, an abandoned project. I know now that such is the end reserved for me, and I submit to it without murmuring, as to a decree of God. If I do not second the good intentions which my judge expresses in my behalf, it is neither from obstinacy nor fanaticism, but solely from impossibility."

Salvotti bit his lips, and took snuff. "Will you have it thus? Well, be it so."

He then put his first question, which related to some writings in cipher, and followed it up, during several hours, by many others of the same kind. I answered either evasively, or by declaring my ignorance of the contents of those papers. Indefatigable in his investigations, the patient Inquisitor had read and studied, one by one, the numerous documents, and exhibited them before me with a kind of triumph. There was no sign, no word, no line which he had not keenly analysed, and turned into proofs against me. I solemnly affirm, that I only learnt from him most of the pretended secrets he discovered in those papers, to which I had always attached so little importance, that I had only perused them superficially. Salvotti dwelt with complacency on the oaths, principles, exaggerated opinions, the broad words of republic, death to tyrants, vengeance against traitors, etc. which formed the thread-bare groundwork of that poli-

tical catechism, in which the high-sounding phrases of 1793 were set in the framework of all secret societies.

The subject suited his purpose, and he availed himself of it to overwhelm me with the imputations of revolutionist, atheist, regicide, assassin, enemy to all morality and all society, whose objects and principles need only be published to draw upon him public execration. Taking the whole literally, he had reason to express himself thus; but Salvotti, who had himself been a member of the patriotic associations of Italy, knew as well as myself that those antimonarchical words and meanings were only considered, by the greater part of the recent members of the secret societies, as an exploded jargon or puerile phantasmagory, to be left to the old republicans, or to those who, like them, would sacrifice essence to empty form. What I then told Salvotti, I still repeat now, Never, at any time, on any occasion, did we give the least attention, the least importance to oaths we had not taken, to monstrous opinions we had never discussed, to principles which, if forced upon us, we would have rejected as fatal to the cause we were desirous to promote. With the exception of a few bigoted and powerless old men, who viewed the republic of 1793 as the *ne plus ultra* of social organization, I have never known any member of the secret societies of that period, who would not have thought himself insulted by the mere suspicion of believing in those wild and impracticable theories of government. Nay, every one of them, as well as myself, would have protested against those absurdities, but that they considered them

as mere exploded notions, and ravings, which far from deserving to be adopted as rules of action, were too contemptible to be noticed.

The friends of liberal institutions, compelled to combine in order to defend them from the encroachments of despotism, joined the associations already in existence. They adopted their forms, ranks, and regulations, without wasting their time in changing the articles of a code, whose obsolete maxims were below discussion. Salvotti was not ignorant of this, but it suited his views, and those of the government, to make honest men, wise and devoted patriots, appear demagogues, enemies of order and property. I was obliged, in spite of anything I might say, to let him expatiate as much as he pleased upon this fertile subject.

The examination, which had long dwelt on generalities, then turned upon the persons I was supposed to have known. "How can you maintain," cried Salvotti with anger, "that you do not know the names of those who have written these documents?"

"So it is, however."

"And these letters of introduction without signatures, —no doubt you also do not know who they are from? Well, then, I will tell you myself;" and he named all the Italian refugees he supposed I had met at Geneva.

"You know more about it than myself," I replied coolly, without minding his irritation, or the insulting epithets with which he interlarded each sentence.

"Well then," he continued, beckoning me to the table, and showing me a paper in Buonarotti's hand,

upon which I had myself added several lines, "will you dare to assert that you know nothing of this? You might as well deny your own writing! Just compare it with the letter of Buonarotti to his brother the advocate at Florence; is it not the same autograph?"

"It may be so; but I cannot say."

"What impudence! Never mind, never mind: we can do without your admissions. The thing is clear enough. It will be a bitter day to him if he falls into our hands. Here is another of your letters coming from him. It proves that—"

"I had given up all idea, all projects against the Austrian government; and that it would be unjust to punish an intention no sooner formed than abandoned."

"Oh, you think so, do you? Is that all you know of criminal jurisprudence? You will soon find out that you have a great deal to learn in that science."

"In France—"

"Pshaw! must we tell you every day that you are not in France, but in Austria, which has the power, and is determined to keep down the disaffected? I am in the confidence of the Emperor, and I will prove myself worthy of it by committing all his enemies to the rigour of the law."

"But, sir, I am no more the enemy of the Emperor of Austria than I am his subject. I have done nothing against him."

"Nothing? Oh, then you call it nothing to enter his dominions with revolutionary projects,—to incite his subjects to revolt?"

"That remains to be proved."

"Oh, we shall prove it in good time; we shall do more, we shall make you confess it yourself."

"Never."

"Ah, well, no matter, you will not the less be hung; and those for whose safety you make yourself such a fool will laugh at your expense. You may now return to prison, and pray God to have mercy on you, while you have time for it: there, you may go."

I went away fired with indignation at such a manner of administering justice, and more than ever resolved to defeat the schemes of this ambitious man. Despite his craftiness, I had discovered the value he set on my disclosures; and how flattering it would have been to his vanity, and advantageous to his fortune, to obtain them, whether by stratagem, force, or persuasion.

However miserable and desperate his position, the prisoner will always seize upon the slightest thing which can supply food to his imagination. Notwithstanding my woes, present and impending, I was able to forget the sad reality that stared in my face, and transport myself in thought out of my prison for hours and hours, enjoying, as it were, another existence of my own creation; thus beguiling my anguish of mind, and overcoming the tediousness of captivity. During the long years which I afterwards lingered in a dungeon, I again and again had occasion to thank Providence for this faculty of abstraction. How precious to the prisoner is the gift which enables him to people his solitude, to break his chains and recover his liberty, by a stroke of the magic wand of his fancy!

For two days I had not made any attempts to communicate with my neighbouring prisoners; I now tapped on the wall on the left side, without gaining any reply; on the right—oh, joy! the blows were answered. I gave the *Chi sei?* A *c*, an *o*, an *n*, an *f* were struck; and, oh, how my heart beat!—if it were but Confalonieri! But one blow, two blows, three blows followed;—I cared not to listen, I cared not to count them; my hopes were disappointed.

The other prisoner, not hearing the signal of comprehension, had stopped. Could I have made a mistake? I scratched eagerly; he again began more slowly. The first letters were *c*, *o*, *n*, *f*, the fifth *o*, the sixth an *r*. Then it was indeed not him! The prisoner continued his signals; but so little attention did I pay to them, and so often was he obliged to recommence, that more than an hour elapsed ere the whole name was transmitted. The name was Confortinati. Mine in turn was given. "*Of what country?*" "*A Frenchman, of Paris;*" a reply which he made me reiterate several times, so strange did it doubtless seem to him who heard it. This dialogue, although so troublesome, gave me so much interest, that I could have continued it throughout the day, but it was interrupted by the noise of the continual opening and shutting of the doors near us.

The Counsellor Minghini soon appeared.

"Am I to be called before the Commission to-day?" I asked.

"I do not know," he replied, "but I rather think not. Salvotti is far from being pleased with your conduct," he continued, as the jailer closed the door.

"On what account?"

"He expected you to have been more tractable."

"Why, what more can he expect? Have I not answered all his questions?" Minghini began to laugh. "Have I been wanting in politeness to him?"

"Oh, no! no! nothing of that kind; but he condemns your wrong-headed notions, your obstinacy. Now hear me," he went on with emotion, "I am not sent here to interrogate you; I speak from my own personal regard towards you, and beg of you to alter your course. In advising you to give up this system of denial, I speak for your own good, for your own safety. Salvotti is invested with unrestricted power, and you might save yourself without involving a human being. He has told me as much. I have a great sympathy for you, I do assure you, not only because you are a foreigner, but because I like you personally. Who will be thankful to you for your self-devotion? Who will pity you? No one. The Emperor will grant a free pardon to all those who make the amends required: I assure you he will; I have been Inquisitor myself; but I also know that to those who are contumacious no pity is given: if you do thwart Salvotti thus, depend upon it, it is all over with you."

"But what am I to do, my dear sir?" I replied; "I cannot tell what I do not know. Am I to invent disclosures?"

"You have only to tell that which you do know, under the seal of secresy, and you are free; but if you persevere in saying nothing, the utmost rigour will be used your doom is sealed; I say it, and I say it with regret."

"But when it is proved that I have never offended against the laws in Lombardy, that I had abandoned this imprudent mission almost the moment I accepted it, can they in common justice condemn me to death, execute me, for merely forgetting that I was no longer in Switzerland?"

"You have the means of escaping this miserable fate in your hands: only speak."

"But when I have not the power of speaking, when I actually have nothing to confess, must I be led to the scaffold for not divulging what I do not know? Is this justice?"

"Be calm, be calm; I do wish well to you; your position is very unfortunate; but do not throw away an existence of happiness thus upon wild chimeras. Think, just think of your poor father, and yield to no illusions respecting the future. I solemnly assure you that if you do not submit you will never see your country again."

"If God has so willed it, sir, I have only to bow to his divine will. You have been kind enough to interest yourself in my fate: may I ask you to obtain for me some of my books? this is the greatest solace which you could afford me."

"I cannot do that to-day; but to-morrow, or at the latest the day after, you certainly shall have them, provided it does not come to Salvotti's hearing. In the meanwhile reflect on what I have said, it has been said disinterestedly; do, my dear sir, think upon it."

This conversation had deeply affected me; all my reminiscences, everything which I had to regret, burst

open afresh. The death to which I was doomed,—a scaffold; the anguish it would cause to my dear father and all my family; my young days cut off in the prime of their gladness; the happiness which I had known, and I had hoped to know,—all, all stood before me in their most vivid colours: and one word, one little word, I thought to myself, is all that is required of me! Dear God, support me! ye whom I so fondly love, come to my aid,—unfortunate that I am!—how your tears must flow! what bitterness I have brought on your souls, I that have it in my power to spare it ye all. But on what conditions? On conditions which ye would blush at; and therefore I will submit to my fate: the consciousness that I have acted like a man of honour will be a balm and a consolation in every strait. When Salvotti shall call me before him, he shall still find me immovable.

In vain did I expect a new examination; hours followed hours, and yet my door remained closed. I renewed my conversation with my neighbour; I inquired of him, with a sad and almost reluctant sensation, whence he came, and how long he had been confined. The reply was, "That he came from near Rovigo, and had been a prisoner some four years." I made him repeat the sentence again.

Arrested four years ago! Good God! What can this poor being have committed? My curiosity outwent my lassitude. I applied my ear to the wall on this side and then on the other, to assure myself that the jailers or sentinels were not near, and then struck softly; he

came. "What was your occupation ere you were arrested?" and the interminable phrase took me nearly an hour.

"I was a physiognomist," was the reply.

This I could not exactly comprehend; and the last word was begun four or five times to convince me I had not misunderstood it. "A physiognomist?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And what in the world is that?" I questioned him. He remained some time without replying. At last he tapped, "It means that I had the power of reading the fortunes of people by the lines of their face;" an explanation which took me so long to comprehend, that I could only put another question: "Then you were a fortune-teller?"

"Exactly," he replied.

It would be difficult to give any one a competent idea of the trouble and labour it cost me to master this method of colloquy; no one but a captive could have possessed the patience. I was so wearied corporeally and mentally, that I could not have undergone an examination, even of an hour. This will be better understood on reflecting, that to transmit the word Confortinati, for instance, some hundred and fifty strokes have to be given, supposing no error is made; and that the process was often repeated, five, six, eight, perhaps ten times, during these first essays, in which I had at once the mechanism, the alphabet, and the language itself to surmount. Adding, moreover, the dread of detection, it will easily be conceived that the achievement cost more

toil, and was more important to us, than the deciphering of an ancient manuscript, containing a whole system of history and religion, to an orientalist.

These four years of captivity, together with his profession of physiognomist, excited my curiosity to the highest degree. How many vicissitudes must not such a man have seen! how much he must have to tell! how I longed to know his history! what could he have done to call down upon him so severe an imprisonment! Though it bring on a brain fever, I said to myself, continuing, despite my weariness, my exercises in the grammar of tapping, I will know it; I will recommence the communication to-morrow.

We did recommence, in fact: we began before day, and continued several hours, only relinquishing it on my being summoned before the Commission. With a brain as confused as if it had been employed on the most abstract problems, I was led into the presence of Salvotti and his two associates, which latter seemed to me placed there rather to enjoy the torments he inflicted on the accused, than to take any real part in the proceedings.

CHAPTER X.

CONSIDERING, doubtless, that any preliminaries would be a waste of time, Salvotti began the examination forthwith. It principally referred to the list of names found among my papers, to the letters addressed to Italians, or to those persons I had known in Switzerland. Some ciphers were placed by the side of some of the ill-fated names.

"What do these marks denote?" asked Salvotti.

"I do not know."

"Why, how can you say that? they are in your own hand-writing."

"I do not believe they are." Whereupon there ensued a very warm discussion between us, an interminable and angry struggle, in which both Inquisitor and accused grew firmer and firmer, the one in his peremptoriness and threats, the other in his resolution and coolness. These signs, he would have it, distinguished the actual members of a society from those who were considered eligible. And this point was to him, personally, of immense importance. How many arrests would have followed my admission of his pertinacious demands! how many new trials for his jurisdiction! but above all, what merit would he not have

acquired in the eyes of the Emperor, in thus laying his hands on the foes of the government, on the dangerous spirits whom it was necessary for the good of the state to weed out!

"You fancy, I suppose," he interrupted me by saying several times during this stormy examination, "that you are securing the guilty. They will every one be seized; many of them already are. What you deny to-day they will confess to-morrow; they will tell you—when you are confronted together."

"And I, I shall tell them that I do not know, and that they are all mad."

"No, not mad, my young sir, not so mad as you think; for in pursuing this conduct they know that the mercy of the Emperor may perhaps be extended to them; while as for you, who accumulate on your head the thunderbolts of his inexorable justice—. Do you persist then in refusing us the key to these symbols?"

"It is not in my power, I tell you."

"Capital! lie! lie! lie!" he cried, knitting his black eyebrows; "but I would have you know that the law gives us means of forcing the refractory to speak."

"Flogging! I do know it!" I replied with an indignation which I could hardly suppress. "Apply your torture, I can bear it;" and I threw such a look of scorn on the being who dared even at that moment to fix his cold glistening eyes with a sort of joy upon me, that he was obliged to cast them down to avoid my glance. "You will do as you please," I added; "God has filled my cup of bitterness, and I will drink it to the dregs."

"God!" he echoed, "God!" showing me the rules of

the secret society; "do they invoke his name in the pandemoniums of jacobins and atheists?"

"If they do not invoke his name there, at least they do not violate his most sacred command, by building up their fortune on the ruin of their fellow-creatures."

"Oh, then you have assisted at these meetings?" he briskly cried.

And again were all the documents which established my co-operation with the societies of Geneva passed in review before us; then he reverted to his list, to all that I had done in France, to all the communications I had had with the Italian refugees: a hateful medley of perfidious suggestions and leading questions, of observations apparently casual, but which became the groundwork for fresh interrogatories, or were intended to make me contradict myself, by drawing from me some unheeded word which might be the germ of after and fresh accusation.

Thank God, I escaped his snares as happily as I had resisted his menaces; the examination lasted nearly the whole day. I did not for a single instant lose sight of the aim he had in view, and was thus enabled to defeat all the manœuvres, all the deep schemes, which none but a practised examiner, and one who like him was little scrupulous about the means, could have invented, or would have allowed himself to make use of.

Interrogatories of this nature, despotically and fraudulently conducted, formed the whole of the proceedings. **Upon them I was condemned, without being enabled to discover on what grounds of accusation I had to defend myself, or allowed to complain of the coercive measures used by the Inquisitor throughout my trial.**

Thus in Austria, the prisoner is deprived of all safeguard against arbitrary proceedings, against the ill-will or vengeance of an angry judge; and he can only defend himself by the fortuitous efforts of his talents, or by his presence of mind. All communication, all counsels are interdicted during the period of his trial, until the day when his sentence is read to him. With secresy enveloping him around, the poor captive is exposed throughout to the mental torturings of an Inquisitor, whose wounded self-love often mingles with and makes him forget his peculiar character as a magistrate. He has no chance of escaping the persecution of a man, whose powers are invested wholly in himself, who is answerable to no one, and knows that in treating him as a criminal he will be rewarded.

"Your fate is in my hands," Salvotti would say; "I have uncontrolled power; I may send you to the scaffold, or allow you to rot in your dungeon. There is no authority here but mine; bear in mind that I am in the confidence of the Emperor. If the procedure require ten years even,—ten it shall last. What signifies time? We are above the ordinary law, we are a Special Commission, and I sit as head of it." He made his words good but too truly. And such was the judge the Austrian Government employed to decide the fate of the two hundred persons who languished in her prisons; such were the arbitrary proceedings they were forced to endure!

Whenever Salvotti was wearied of catechising me on the points whereon he trusted to gain information, by putting them in a thousand different lights, he sent me

back to my prison, where my only consolation, my only support was, that I had not breathed a syllable which could be interpreted into a different meaning.

Worn out as I was, I called poor Confortinati to the wall, whose sorrowful story I now began to be acquainted with. The series of his misfortunes learnt thus slowly, blow by blow, inspired me with such interest, and harmonised so much with my own sad situation, that curiosity overcame my fatigue and drowsiness. It was a means of diverting my thoughts from the misery which I felt during my trial respecting the welfare of many individuals, to whom the slightest suspicion might cost years of imprisonment, of torments, and anguish.

Examination after examination followed, multiplying in number every day, and beginning early in the morning, in the evening, or midnight, just as Salvotti might consider the moment favourable to renew his persecutions. At one time they would refer to the acquaintance he had discovered that I had had with some person or other at Milan; from which circumstance he would attempt to deduce proofs that they were connected with the secret societies. At another he would torment me for hours together, on the supposition that the papers seized had been brought to me at Milan, with the view of discovering who had been the bearer. The next day he would revert to Switzerland or to France, asserting what was false, in the hope of eliciting what might be true, and returning again and again on the same scent under different arguments, without ever slacking, without ever despairing to bewilder me or tire me out by the interminable length of his vexatious questionings.

One morning the door of my prison opened; and instead of the turnkeys or Minghini, Salvotti himself entered, and addressed me in the following manner:—

"You are a liar,—I have proofs of it; we have had Colonel —— arrested, and he has confessed all."

"Indeed," I answered, endeavouring to disguise the dreadful sensation this news caused me; "indeed, and what may he have confessed?"

"You will learn in good time; you have a great deal of impudence to persist that you have never plotted with him."

"Impudence! no, sir,—frankness."

His lips curled into an ironical smile; then assuming by degrees a more benign expression, he said, "You do not deserve my pity, I am aware; I have however come to open to you the only path of safety. All concealment, all denial is henceforth useless, as Colonel —— has told all. We are now alone; nothing which you may reveal to me shall be laid before the Commission or any member of it, it will be submitted only to the Emperor; your responsibility will thus be protected; do not let this opportunity escape, for it will never return. All those whom you knew at Milan have been summoned before the Commission; and so many charges hang over you, that nothing but your youth could have induced my compassion to make you this offer."

"I am obliged to you for your advice, sir, of which your kind feelings guarantee the intention, but I regret that I am unable to avail myself of it."

"Then you reject the saving hand which I hold out to you!"

"I cannot help it," said I, wishing him good morning.

"Well, well, your fate then is sealed; I wash my hands of you; it is your own doing; you will now be brought before us, when the depositions of Colonel —— will overwhelm you."

Salvotti, who had an eye to everything, had doubtless calculated on the effects of his words being strongly enhanced by the fear and anxiety which this arrest might give me. My uneasiness, I must admit, was indeed very great, not so much for the thing itself, as for the consequences which might result to the Colonel. The Commissioners knew I had been acquainted with him; but I thought I had warded off all suspicion from him by maintaining, in spite of the obstinate persistance of Salvotti, that he did not belong to any secret society, and that nothing had passed between us which could subject him to the jurisdiction of the Commission. Nothing which I had done produced this perturbation; it arose rather from my feelings for the father of a family, placed at the mercy of this inexorable Court, merely because his name has been found among my papers. What disquiet, what regret this gave me! At length, however, I was relieved from my dreadful suspense: they led me forth to ascertain the reality of what I suspected.

"Do you see this signature?" said Salvotti, as I entered the chamber of the Commission, standing up with some papers in his hand, as though ready prepared to hurl at once and more strongly the blow with which he expected to annihilate me. "Do you see this sig-

nature?" he repeated; "Do you observe? There is Colonel —— at the bottom of each page. It was rather a long examination," he said with a triumphant sneer; "and its results are decisively overwhelming to you. The Colonel has spoken, he has confessed the truth; and if you have the effrontery to deny it, he is within call, and shall be brought face to face with you."

Several moments of silence ensued after this peremptory address; and Salvotti, who had kept his eye on me the whole time, thought I was staggered. He arose, and approached me. "Come," said he, "submit; tell the truth; forgo this silly system of negation; you see it is of no use,—we know everything. Now come, make a clean breast of it; it is the only way left you to redeem—" He did not finish the sentence. "Must we then bring the Colonel to confront you?"

"And if you do," I said at last, "what then? what can he say?"

"That you are," answered Salvotti with sharpness, and re-seating himself, "that you are an incendiary, that you have spoken to him of the secret societies, and have incited him to treason; it is all down here in his examination."

"I claim the right of being allowed to read it."

"You have not the right to claim anything here."

"But sir—"

"I have nothing to do with *buts*,—so it is."

"How can I defend myself, unless I know the charges of which I am accused? If Colonel —— has charged me with anything, I claim, nay I demand, not only that his

deposition be submitted to me, but that we be confronted together, and that immediately."

"Silence! how dare you speak thus: the Colonel knows you well, and has mistrusted the words of a man who—"

"Who never visited him but once, as I have already told you; and then only for a few seconds, and in the presence of his children and two or three other persons. This visit I should have considered too unimportant even to mention, but that his name was found in my list, and that I felt there was a likelihood of aggravating your suspicions by concealing such a trifling circumstance. The Colonel, you say, has charged me with certain things, I again require to see what they are."

"And I again require you to act with more respect towards the Commission."

Sharp words upon this began between us. I protested against the evidence of the Colonel, and insisted upon knowing it; he attempted by blustering, equivocal expressions to put me in anxiety respecting an arrest which had never taken place, and an examination equally fictitious. He closed the interrogatory with his usual farewell,—"You will be hung;" to which I responded as I commonly did, "I cannot help it." I then re-entered my prison, and throwing myself on my knees, poured out my heart in tears, thanking God for having delivered me from this new snare.

In another examination, after many trifling questions and much extraneous conversation, Salvotti all at once

took up the fatal list, and said, "What do you call this name?"

"Mussotti, the astronomer."

"He—good. Well, and what is this cypher at the end of his name?"

"I do not know."

"Oh you don't know! well then I do: you are acquainted with this Mussotti."

"Yes, I saw him at the Observatory, and he was kind enough to show me the instruments there; that is all I know of him."

"You had no conversation together on politics, eh?"

"No, most certainly not."

"Indeed! well, Mussotti has"— He stopped abruptly, to read in my features what was going on within my mind, but he could perceive no alteration. "Well then," he went on, "Mussotti has fled: instead of obeying the summons of the Commission, he has taken to flight, which shows how much he feared being compromised, and proves that he had been engaged with you in traitorous practices."

"This logic is somewhat novel, sir," I replied. "A man takes to flight at a moment when you are every day making fresh arrests, for occurrences which took place prior to my arrival in Milan, and hence you conclude that we are accomplices. Really this is a strange deduction for a man of talent to make; it displays a great desire to find people guilty. If Mussotti has left Milan, I have no doubt he had his reason for it; but as far as I am concerned, he might have remained there for ever without fear."

This, which I then uttered before Salvotti, twelve years ago, I now repeat. Mussotti was perfectly innocent of what he was accused: the mere fact of his name being found among my papers, not inserted by myself, but by some one of the Italian exiles, was the cause of his being summoned before the Commission by the Inquisitor, who could not without most lying exaggerations have formed the slightest charge, the shadow of an accusation from any word of mine.

This attempt having like the others failed, we reverted to indifferent conversation, until I demanded the power of establishing by witness the following facts:—

1st. that I intended to quit Milan for Florence a few days after that of my arrest.

2nd. that my conversation with such and such persons, whose names I gave, would remove all doubt as to my opinions respecting Italy in general, and Lombardy more particularly.

It was a matter of great importance to me that these witnesses should be called; they would have fully corroborated the testimony of Buonarotti's letter, as to the relinquishment of my political mission, and proved that I had not the slightest criminal intercourse with the Italian subjects of the Empire.

I therefore insisted on these witnesses being called; but Salvotti replied, that a political offender was not allowed to call witnesses; and that it rested with the Inquisitor alone to judge whether such a course was advisable or not.

"Then you leave him entirely without means of defence," I said dejectedly; "you refuse him that which the law affords to the greatest criminal."

"In Austria the first thing looked to is to avoid publicity; justice is administered here without any stir, secretly, patriarchally. It is the best plan for preserving the safety of the state—"

"And that of the accused, sir?" I asked.

"That of the accused!—oh," replied Salvotti with a smile, like that of the wolf in the fable, "Oh, that rests in our hands, we are their advocates as well as their judges."

It required all the command I had over myself to control my indignation at this cool piece of impudence; but I contented myself with remarking, "You take then a great responsibility upon yourself, I think."

"Not with you at all events, young sir," he answered: "the simple facts of the papers seized with you, their nature and contents, render you amenable to the utmost rigour of the law."

"Pray, sir, could you apply the punishment of death to any one who, in a moment of mental derangement, had conceived the project of stabbing some person, and on recovering his reason had rejected with horror that offspring of his delirium? Could you condemn him merely for having seized upon him the weapons he had intended to use in his fury? Would he not appeal to the justice of his judges, stating that he had already abandoned his criminal intention? and if he proved his statement, what could be done against him? I am in the same case. You say that the circumstance alone of possessing such papers constitutes treason, and that my continuing to keep them was enough to prove I had not renounced my mission. I answer, that my retaining

such papers was nothing more than an imprudence, and an indiscretion of a giddy youth,—an imprudence in itself sufficient to prove how little importance I attached to them. I answer, also, that I did not even commence the execution of my design, as is proved by the examinations; and that the letter of Buonarotti shows clearly that I had even abandoned the intention. This abandonment I should establish beyond all doubt, if I were but allowed to prove by witnesses my intended departure, and my opinion of Italian affairs. In such a state of things can you, without committing an odious injustice, can you condemn me to death?"

"Can we! you shall see that when you ascend the scaffold."

They then re-conducted me to my prison. It was quite dark. As soon as I was left alone, I proceeded to strike the signal to Confortinati. He gave me no answer. I had always found him so eager to reply, that it seemed as if his ear had been constantly fixed at the wall. What could cause his silence? I tapped again, thinking he might be asleep or ill; but I was not answered, either that evening or the next morning. The loss of his company overwhelmed me with sadness and despair, as if my grave had been for an instant half opened and then suddenly reclosed over me.

CHAPTER XI.

THE account which Confortinati gave me of his sufferings, during the ten or twelve days of our intercourse, made my heart beat with pity and indignation. I shall relate it here just as my memory has retained it.

"I got my living in a quiet way, by telling fortunes and hawking drugs and medicine from town to town; wandering by turns from Ferrara to Venice, from Rovigo to Modena. I thus led a happy life, when all at once, in 1818, I was arrested on suspicion of having acted as a bearer of communications between the Carbonari of the Papal states and those of Venice. It was false, and I denied it: but Salvotti would have it that I knew a great deal, and that I was acquainted with all the Carbonari. In vain did I declare and affirm that I did not: he persisted in pretending that I did, though he had no proofs of it. I was then put on bread and water, loaded with irons, and cast into a dungeon. Every now and then he came into my prison to ascertain whether I would make any disclosures; but what could I say, when I was absolutely acquainted with nothing? The consequence was, that he threatened to make me perish under the scourge, should I persist in refusing to give

up the names of the Carbonari. I replied, 'Do as you will, provided this end.' Month after month however passed without bringing my misery to a close. I hoped that, when the other prisoners were judged, I should receive my sentence likewise, but I was disappointed; my fate remained undecided. I began to despair. At last Salvotti came to me one day and said: 'You want your sentence, do you? Well then, you shall rot in this dungeon; it is just what such a scoundrel as you are deserves.'

"All hope now abandoned me; and with a piece of broken glass I opened a vein in my arm. This was during the night. The next morning I should have been found a corpse, but that my arm in folding itself over my breast closed the wound, and prevented the blood flowing from the gash I had made. When the jailers entered, they believed it was all over with me, and ran off to inform the Inquisitor and the surgeon of the circumstance. They came, bandaged my wound, and restored me to animation. The judge was present, ready to make the most of my feebleness and procure evidence: he cried out that I must have been guilty, since I had attempted to destroy myself; that I was a wretch, a gallows-bird, whom they would have allowed to make away with himself but that I was due to the scaffold. I only answered that my reasons for such an act were that my patience was exhausted, my health worn out by the succession of their tortures, and that I perceived no other way of terminating my captivity. I also told him that I was innocent, and had begun to say that, if the Emperor had been

aware of the horrible treatment I had experienced—when he interrupted me with a sardonic smile, and said; 'If you would like to have pen and ink, to memorialize his Majesty on the subject, I will forward your petition.' I lifted up my lacerated arm, and replied, 'You know, you well know that I cannot hold a pen.'—'You are an infamous liar,' he answered, giving me a push, and added, 'Let some one watch this rascal.' He left the room, and I fainted away. When I again came to myself, I prayed God to pardon me this attempt on my life, and fervently determined never again to commit such a sin. I gradually recovered my strength, but my nerves have never overcome the shock; and my arms, particularly the right, have never been fully cured. This is the cause of my having so much difficulty in tapping the wall, as you may have observed.

"They had continued to annoy me with every kind of vexation during several months after this circumstance, when the news came of the sentence of Silvio Pellico and Maroncelli. The Carbonari who were in prison at Venice were now all tried. I wondered what would become of me,—when my fate would be fixed. 'Come, get yourself ready; it will soon be all over with you!' said my tormentors one day. 'The sooner the better,' I answered. I thought they would take me at my word, put me into a sack and throw me into the canal, or else lower me into one of the dungeons, and there let me perish with hunger. I recommended my dear family to the Almighty: we had not met since my arrest, and I was their only means of support; what has become of them I know not. The wretches dragged me from

dungeon to dungeon, stopping every now and then as if expecting me to demand pardon; but I said not a word. At last they brought me into a room, where they affixed heavy fetters to my ancles,—although my legs could scarcely support me! On this being done, the jailer cried, 'When we take off those garters, there will be mighty little skin on your bones!' I answered, 'It will not be long ere they are taken off; for not even Samson could have born the torments you inflict on me.' 'Take care of yourself, master mountebank;' he resumed; 'and if you should happen to know a nostrum for galled legs, you need only speak, we will get it for you?' My blood boiled, and I could contain myself with great difficulty. They then led me to a gondola, loading me with abuse all the way. I thought they were going to drown me. Two hours elapsed, and my apprehensions on that score were not yet dispelled. I wondered where they were taking me. At last we landed at Palestrina. Where are we going?' for the twentieth time I asked my guards. 'To your destination,' was their only reply."

"I was put into a carriage. 'Surely,' I said to myself, 'they are going to shut me up in some Hungarian fortress, where I shall never more be heard of!' I would far rather have been engulphed in the Adriatic, for an Austrian fortress is worse than a tomb. However I soon found that we were on the route to Padua, and not to Hungary. On arriving at Mantua I was at length told that the prisoners were no longer judged at Venice, and that I was going to Milan. But what I had done, or what I could have to do with Milan puzzled me exceedingly.

"I had been here some time, when one day Salvotti came and said to me, 'Ah! you see I take care of you; wherever I go, you go. Do you mean to be more tractable at Milan than you were at Venice?' I answered as before that I was innocent. 'Well, well,' said he, 'we shall see which will be tired first: so long as the Commission exists you will go where we go; and whenever it may be dissolved, we will find you a lodging in some mad-house or other.'—'God is more merciful than man,' I answered, 'and he will take pity on me.'

"Four years have now worn away, and I am still in suspense as to my fate. Even should I after all regain my liberty, what would it avail me? My livelihood is lost, my health broken, I have nothing to look forward to; and, but for my family, I would pray God to let me end my days in my prison, and that soon: but His will be done!"

This afflicting narrative, which I could only collect at intervals, excited so much interest in me, that I often passed nearly the whole night at the wall in listening to its details. Often, wearied out, and overcome by the efforts I was obliged to make in order to gather the sense of each sentence, with a bursting heart I would throw myself on my bed. Sleeplessness and anxiety soon again made me start, to collect, one by one, the touching words of a story which was but too vivid a presage, too sure a confirmation, of the fate I had to expect.

If they have thus persecuted, I said to myself, a poor wretch merely on the suspicion of his having been em-

ployed by the Carbonari as a letter-carrier, how will they not treat *me*, whom they may plausibly regard, from the seizure of the writing-case, as one of the initiated in the secret societies, and deeply implicated in the plots and mysteries of the disaffected. How dreadful was my position viewed in this light! how much weight it gave to the menaces of Salvotti. Death, death alone I felt was reserved for me: the future was no longer for me to dwell upon, or it was only a future of imprisonment and of persecution; but I consoled myself, like poor Confortinati, by the ejaculation, "Oh God, let thy will be done!"

My examinations had been suspended for several days. The uncertainty and feverish energy with which these stormy and agitating meetings had endued my soul, began gradually to give way to that general exhaustion which ever results from long and laborious efforts. So long as the struggle had continued, and I was kept day and night on the watch to penetrate and counteract the machinations of such an inquisitor as Salvotti,—obliged to collect all my powers, both of soul and mind, to overcome the harrowing inquietude which not only my own fate but that of others gave me—I had been like a brave warrior, who, in fighting for all that is dearest to him, disregards in the heat of action the deadly wound which has been inflicted on him; but who, when all is over, feels how necessary is the enthusiasm of self-devotion to deaden its smart. There was this difference however, that the blow which had fallen on me was without cure, and that I had no compensations for my sacrifice. I stood alone: alone I was doomed to

die! and for me there was none of that inspiring solemnity which gives him who walks in the face of his fellow-men to the scaffold the encouraging conviction that his memory shall be hallowed in their hearts,—that his death, like a martyrdom, will but make new proselytes.

The death I was doomed to was altogether ignominious: there was nothing to soften its severity, nothing to disguise its obscurity; and, even until that death, nothing but a wearisome captivity. A dreary prison stared me in the face,—a scaffold for its outlet; and, to sustain me through the fatal interval, nothing but the voice of my conscience and my honour,—"Thou hast done well, persevere!"

But to lose life at four-and-twenty years of age, and to lose it without glory, was an appalling thought from which my very soul recoiled. There were too many ties between me and the world, too many regrets, too many fond hopes, which my confidence in the mercy of God could not extinguish. But, alas! I knew not the God whom I invoked in the hour of misfortune. I supplicated him, it is true, day after day; I even offered him my own life for the safety of that of others; but my faith, my reliance on him was too slightly founded to do away with the necessity of all other consolation, all other hope. In pouring itself before the Most High my soul obtained a sort of elevation; but it soon again dropped into despondency, and gave itself up to its gloomy apprehensions. What tears rolled down my cheeks when, despite of myself, I contemplated the past and the future! What aching thoughts came over me, when

my imagination pictured all that I had lost, in colours far more beautiful than the reality! Oh, how long, how very long were the days! I was already worn out with their monotony.

My surprise, my joy may hence perhaps be fancied, when one evening the jailer entered my prison, carrying several books. "There," said he, "there are the books you have asked for so often: I thought I would bring them to you myself."

To relieve him of his precious burden, and hastily see what the volumes were, was the work of an instant. "And who has sent me these books?" I inquired.

"The Counsellor Minghini."

"Do offer him my best thanks: I had almost given up all hopes of them." And I turned over the pages, reading a line here and there, entirely unconscious of the presence of the jailer, who remained standing by me, smiling at my delight, to which he seemed to suppose he had not a little contributed.

"Ah! we had some trouble to get them for you," he said.

"I am sure I ought to recompense you then," I replied.

"Oh no, sir; but—perhaps you would like to have a better dinner tomorrow?"

"Yes, yes,—a feast, a banquet; I give you a carte-blanche for that. Good night, good night!"

He at last left me to myself. My books, my dear books were on the table: I kissed them one by one. There were the Life of Alfieri, a Petrarch, a Labruyère,

an English translation of Foscolo's Jacopo Ortis, a volume of Dante, and a little French-Italian dictionary. These were my treasures.

I stood and gazed upon them: they had arrived at the very moment when my heart was weighed down; and now that they were in my possession I could not bring myself to open them. The last time they had been in my hands, I was free!

At last I took up Alfieri, and happened to open it upon the very page and passage which had so struck me on the day of my arrest,—that in which he says, "La fiamma della gloria si avvampante in me tralucea;" "the flame of glory glowing before my eyes so electrified my soul."

My eyes filled with tears; the projects, the determinations with which this passage had inspired me reverted to my mind. I closed the book, and felt more deeply, more bitterly than ever the irreparable change in my prospects. The studious life which I had led presented itself to my thoughts in such colours, that I regretted the loss of the celebrity I had anticipated far more than the pleasures and enjoyments of my youth, or the long years which I might have passed in affluence. Instead of the joy and exultation I had promised myself to impart to my family, I had inflicted a pang upon them which nothing could atone for. I had lost all, sacrificed everything, and for what? for a cause which was not my own.

These distressing reflections banished for the moment any inclination to make use of the books I had so long, so ardently desired. If I did haply take them up, it

was only to open them at random, to gaze vacantly on the pages that I turned over, and replace them on the table with feelings of regret similar to those produced by anything reviving the recollection of a dear departed friend.

My first thoughts the next morning were my books. The painful train of ideas they had awakened the night before was superseded by the gratification I expected from their perusal. I took up Petrarch, and was wholly absorbed in him, when Counsellor Minghini entered.

"What, already at your books!" he cried. "It is not without difficulty, I assure you, that I have obtained them. Salvotti was very averse from it; and he is not aware that you will receive them for several days."

I warmly acknowledged this proof of his kindness.

"My poor friend," he replied, "I am very glad that I have it in my power to alleviate your misfortunes."

Supplied with a tolerable quantity of books, I resolved to resume my studies, as the only means of relieving the tediousness of my captivity and the uneasiness which preyed on my mind. I devoted the morning to Italian authors, intending to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the language, history, and literature of the country in whose cause I seemed destined to perish: I wished to die an Italian. In the evening I read Jacopo Ortis.

The regrets, the sentiments, the impassioned earnestness of the proscribed patriot, all came home to my heart; all his feelings were in sympathy with mine. His love for his country equally fired my soul; and, like him, familiarizing myself with death, I waited its approach

without dismay, as the termination of the agonizing trials I was called upon to sustain. At each of the striking thoughts with which this interesting book abounds, I paused to give vent to my tears, or to plunge into meditations, which often engrossed my mind for several hours.

I fancied I discovered a similarity between my own situation and that of Jacopo,—both deprived of our native land, disgusted with the baseness of men, tired of an existence which could no longer be devoted to liberty or glory, and looking upon death as the end of all sufferings. His hopes and fears, his independence and his love, were expressed in a language which found a corresponding chord in my soul. I identified myself with his griefs, and experienced a sort of solace in perusing his pages full of throbbing eloquence and poetry.

After reading his resolution to lay down his life rather than bow the neck to the yoke of his country's oppressors, I felt more fixed in my resignation, and more determined to suffer all rather than compromise the dignity of my character. His patriotic outbursts on the servitude of Italy re-animated my love for this ill-fated land; and I regretted, like him, that I could not shed the last drop of my blood for her welfare.

CHAPTER XII.

THE man in affliction must have some vent for his feelings; and when in prison, without a friend, he will write them on the walls of his cell, like Tasso, or upon a table like Pellico. I wrote mine with the point of a pin on the margin of my Jacopo Ortis. Little did I think that the book would be taken away and preserved by my sister; and that, after many long years of captivity, it would still help me to call to mind a multitude of sensations, which I never could without such assistance have recollected in all their vivid reality. This outpouring of my heart relieved it, and enabled me to attend more calmly to my occupation of reading.

"Do not let me disturb you," said the Counsellor Minghini to me one morning; "remain at your table. There is a satisfaction at least in giving you books; you do make use of them."

"Ah," I replied, "I would willingly pass ten years in a fortress, and make myself happy there, if I were but provided with books to instruct me, and paper on which to put down my meditations."

"And these you might be allowed here, if you would but be a little more compliant."

"I have told you already, my dear sir," I answered, "that it does not depend upon myself: it lies with

God and my ill stars; do not then, I beg of you, cease your kind offices in my favour."

"You need not ask me that," he said, taking me warmly by the hand; "do you not see that I watch over you as though you were an orphan entrusted to my charge? All the favour my influence can procure you shall have: but over your sentence I can have no control; and I regret, deeply regret to repeat, that it will be a capital one, and will be carried into execution if—" He hesitated, and did not finish the sentence.

"If such be the will of Heaven," I added, as I bade him adieu; "thanks, thanks!"

Before I again betook myself to my book, I wrote upon the margin, "At least I shall die untarnished."

Having been assured by Minghini that I should not be brought before the Commission for some time, I continued my Italian studies more assiduously than ever, and arranged the occupations of the day still more methodically than I had yet done. Regulating my actions by the aid of a neighbouring clock, I had a stated time for everything, just as at Geneva, where I had led a life which seemed almost intended by Providence as a noviciate to that of a prison.

One day—it was about the first of March—I thought I heard strokes on the left-hand wall. I listened: my ear was not deceived: it was indeed the usual signal, struck distinctly and softly. I gave the reply; the emotion of my feelings quickened the beating of my heart. I thought it was the prisoner who had first corresponded with me by the wall. Hush! I counted *Chi sei?* Immediately I gave my name, and in turn I put the ques-

tion myself. "I am the Colonel Moretti," was the answer. I had heard the name several times ere my arrest, and had been told that he was a brave officer of Brescia, who had been dragged to prison in a dying state. My attention, my concern for him rendered my desire of communicating with him more lively than ever. It was exactly with him that I had conversed before; but then, being ill, he could not keep up the correspondence. We sat by the wall each day as long as his strength gave him power. Soon being enabled by practice to speak and comprehend our language, I told him who I was, from whence I came, the cause of my arrest, and all that had happened to me since I had been imprisoned. "My unfortunate companion," he always reiterated when we left off our dialogue, "why didst thou come to our wretched land? Why hast thou not lost thy life gallantly on some glorious battle-field, in the eye of him we have both served?"

When I had completed my sorrowful history he began his own. Its heart-rending details made me often interrupt him, in order to give some truce to the sensations it produced on me.

"I was brought up," he said, "to a different profession than that of arms; but, in the year 1797 I joined the Italian legions which the great man organised soon after his first victories over Austria. Who could resist his appeal? What Italian but felt his heart fired with enthusiasm at his proclamation, at the promises of freedom and nationality held out to us,—to us the degraded slaves of Austrian or Venetian despotism? What a glorious career I went through in my early service! I was a

lieutenant when the treaty of Campo Formio took place. Oh, what a moment of exultation was that to my country! But alas, our deliverer departed from the land of his victories, and Italy again sank under the Austrian yoke. I retreated into Switzerland with the French army under Massena, and our soldiers won new laurels there. Our exile was bitter, but ere long the war-god re-appeared, and a single effort of his mighty genius delivered Italy from her hated oppressors. I fought on the day of Marengo; I was made a captain, and entered the Guard. In 1804 I went to Paris with my regiment, to add to the splendour of the coronation ceremony. At Austerlitz I commanded a company of grenadiers, and was wounded. Those were glorious times! Soon after I became aide-de-camp to General Lecchi, with whom, in this capacity, I served in several campaigns. I afterwards re-entered the infantry, in which I successively attained the ranks of major and colonel, and went through the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814. Oh, what a fine regiment ours was! —it was the finest in the whole army: such discipline, such smartness, such— *He* himself used to admire us, as we passed before him in review.

"In 1814 we formed part of the army under Eugene Beauharnais, a splendid body of men who would have carried everything before them if they had only been well commanded. But Napoleon was betrayed throughout; despite of his wonderful series of military manœuvres in France, he was compelled to succumb: and we were also compelled, after fifteen years of independence, again to submit to Austrian bondage. The

Viceroy, to secure his own millions, signed the capitulation of Mantua, which was only enforced as regarded himself; all the other stipulations were violated. Our army, which was to have remained on foot, was about to be disorganized and disbanded, when some of the generals, together with many of the colonels and superior officers, agreed to rise against the Austrians. I was among the number; we were denounced and arrested. Before an attempt of any kind was made, we were removed into the citadel of Mantua, and there judged by a court-martial. After a long and harassing trial, many of us were degraded from our rank and detained in confinement. As for me, I was taken to Kœnisgratz, a fortress on the frontiers of Silesia; I remained there four years, at the end of which time they set me at liberty.

"On returning to Brescia, my native place, I had to find means of subsistence. I was deprived of my half-pay, and almost without any income. During my imprisonment I had learnt German, and by translating some works in that language I obtained a pittance sufficient to support me. I thus lived on, I may say in comfort, until the events of 1821, which turned every head, and more particularly those of the Brescians. Some of the leading men of the town convened meetings to adopt measures in case the Piedmontese should enter Lombardy. I attended once, and naturally enough said a few words on the revolutions of Naples and Piedmont, and of the possibility of an invasion. I staid but a few minutes: little did I think those few minutes might cost me liberty and perhaps life!

"Austria out-manœuvered us, and persecution began after several months had passed. Frequent arrests, in Milan, Mantua, and in Brescia, put everybody on the alert; I should most likely have fled into Switzerland, had I been aware of any cause of apprehension. One night, when I was fast asleep, my house was surrounded by the police; and in a short time I found myself a prisoner seated in a carriage between a Commissary and two officers. 'It is only as a witness,' said the Commissary, 'that your presence is requested before the Commission.' But I had had to do with the police of Austria before, and knew it well. I said to myself, 'They can only have arrested me on suspicion; some one or other has given information against me; what can it be? I have done nothing; but what passed years ago has left me under a stigma: I shall be considered as recidivous, and in Austria political recidivation is never forgiven. However I may deny the charge against me, avouch my innocence with the greatest earnestness, they will never credit me; I know them of old.' All the horrors of an endless captivity stood before my mind, and I shrunk appalled, unable to face them. It was night: the police had inadvertently overlooked a penknife which I had about me. I drew it from my pocket, cautiously opened it, and made a deep gash in my throat. The blood—"

How Moretti continued I know not; my knees knocked together, I was almost insensible with horror. The dreadful state of his mind at that moment,—the blood—the man himself in the agonies of death—all presented themselves vividly before my eyes. I was so agonised by it, that despite of the intenseness of my desire to learn

the event of this dreadful resolve of my neighbour, some time elapsed ere I could recover myself and again approach the wall.

"The wound was deep," he continued, "the blood flowed in torrents. I soon lost my senses; and this was unfortunate, for my head in dropping on my breast closed the wound, and so prevented the loss of blood. But for this, I should have been spared much suffering. On arriving at Milan at daybreak, my escort, instead of a prisoner, found apparently a corpse. In the greatest consternation, they immediately placed me in bed, and sent for a surgeon and the Inquisitor. When I was brought to myself, a surgeon stood close to my pillow, and at the foot of my bed a man dressed in black, whom I afterwards recognised as Salvotti, though my sight was at first so weak I could scarce distinguish anything. 'You are a great criminal' said he; 'he who had a clear conscience would not seek to put an end to his days. Once pardoned, your pardon has been thrown away; again you have returned to your evil ways, to the fate to which you have destined yourself; but we know all, we have taken means: this time you shall not escape your doom.' I was so weak that I could not answer him; indeed in a few moments I relapsed into insensibility, and remained several days in this precarious state, wavering between life and death. I have learnt since that one of the judges (Salvotti most likely) remained almost constantly by my side, to make notes of any expression, however slight, which might escape me during my delirium; while a jailer always remained near me, to prevent any further attempt I might make on my life by tearing

off my bandages. There was no need of this: I had come to the same conclusion, now that the first attempt had failed, as the great man at Fontainebleau: 'It is not so to be,—I will live!' I had scarcely gained sufficient strength to open my lips, when my examination was begun. Having been led to believe that I had killed myself, my companions had laid all sorts of charges against me in their own exculpation. In Austria, my young friend, there is neither pardon nor absolution for him who does not pay to power its tribute of servility and infamy. Only be base, and they will pardon your having fired a whole province with civil war; but if you are magnanimous and firm, and have but breathed a sigh over the degradation of our unhappy country, they will persecute you to the uttermost. As to my denunciators, I will not imprecate on their heads one pang in vengeance for the misery and the blood they have cost me. I leave them to their own remorse. But with regard to Salvotti, I should esteem it a joy to be broken on the wheel, provided they would first shut him up alone with me, and two good swords: with what ecstacy should I mark the shuddering of the wretch, to whom our corpses will be stepping-stones to honour. Oh, how cursed are we to have for our examiner and judge, a man who tramples under foot everything which conscience has hallowed, a man who makes himself the personal enemy of the unhappy captives if they do not yield to his menaces or perfidious promises!"

This affecting narrative, which I have given here without interruption, took many days to be conveyed

from one cell to the other, letter after letter, word a word, sentence after sentence: but what will not severance achieve?

The unfortunate Moretti, still weak from the effect his wound, was often obliged to pause in order to gain strength. I also often interrupted him to rec my spirits. Our captivating employment was soon ta from us; but we again resumed it three years after the dungeons of Spielberg, where he ended his life.

The days were becoming longer, the weather was showery, the sky less cloudy. Spring was at hand. spite of bolts and bars I felt its influence, and I ope my window to inhale the breeze, which was still ch though tempered by a March sun. With my brow r ing against the bars, I often plunged in those distract reveries in which the soul, devoid of any anchor, wand from grief to grief, and fluctuates between the ea from which it revolts, and the heaven it dares not voke. Sometimes I turned my eyes towards the sm opening through which the light entered, and watc the clouds flitting across the sky: I marked how t assumed different aspects and colours, commingling gether and disappearing. The thought came over that but a few days and I should be like those epheme vapours which display themselves for an instant, a then pass away from our sight for ever. At other ti my attention was drawn to the branches of the will tree fronting my window, which was now beginning bud; and then an inexpressible pang shivered through my frame, on thinking that the beauties wherewith the Almighty covers the earth at the return of spring

were never again to bless my eyes. I turned away from it, and with downcast feelings gazed round my prison.

And this then, thought I, is all the space which is allotted to me, this is my world until the time when I shall be released from life and absorbed into eternity. Here my remaining days will be passed; here, in solitude, without one of my sighs being overheard, without one of my feelings being poured out into a kindred bosom. Oh, that I had but a companion! Oh, that I were with Moretti! It is but a wall that now separates us,—why should I not again try the signal? I gave three taps; I repeated them, but received no answer. I concluded that he was overcome by his sufferings, which was a common occurrence. I betook myself to a book, but it was of no use. After about an hour had elapsed, I again tried the wall, and though I struck it somewhat loudly no answer was returned. I feared that his wound had again opened. But no: we had conversed together only the day before, and whenever he felt too weak to continue our conversation, he gave me notice by a few distinct knocks. I sprang to the window, clung frantically to the bars, and was going to call him, when the voice of the jailer brought me to my senses.

He was coming towards my cell. I listened intently. I heard him open the door of Moretti's cell, and enter. When he went out again, I heard no bolts re-fastened.

What I had feared to think was then too true; my poor friend had been removed from my side, during the night perhaps, or this morning whilst I slept.

I was bereaved of my only consolation! Then I felt as

though the last link that united me to my fellow-creatures had been destroyed, and I had fallen into irrevocable solitude.

There is no sympathy so strong as that between two prisoners who suffer for the same cause, and endeavour by their ingenuity to overcome the obstacles intended to prevent their intercourse. Nothing can give an idea of the consolation which is felt under these circumstances, when a correspondence is once established. Hence I deeply regretted the loss of Moretti. I commiserated and loved him as a fellow-sufferer sent by Providence to alleviate my anxiety. Our conversations had become an essential part of our wretched existence, and their sudden breaking off was a fresh persecution of fortune, extremely painful to endure.

Every now and then, however, I struck the wall, but it still remained mute. I felt that in so doing I was only fostering an illusion; yet I could not resist giving the summons, in the wretched hope that my poor comrade might still be there to answer.

Too sure, at length, that he was no longer near me, I returned to the window more dejected than ever. This distressed my mind with the feeling that nothing was left me but my own reflections; that every tie, every earthly solace, was torn from me; and that henceforth my soul had nothing whereon to fix its hopes, but that heavenly mansion where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The sun, showering down its light, did not raise me from my reveries. I gave myself up to them with a kind of delight, like one who, when his dearest hopes are

blasted, finds a morbid pleasure in his very mourning garments.

The birds, singing on the house-tops and trees, announced the glad days which were coming; but, alas! they sung not for me; they affected not my soul in the least; I was neither more joyous, nor more depressed. Absorbed in grief, the bright earth was to me nothing.

But at four-and-twenty a very slight circumstance is sufficient to revive our attachment to the world. The sound of a female voice, and some light and quick steps which I heard, attracted my attention, and induced me to try to gain sight of her who was in the yard. I clambered to the top of the window softly, lest I should alarm the sentinel, and stood on tiptoe for a while; but the boards with which it was blinded reached above my head. I remained as long as I could in this fatiguing position, and was about to descend, when a bunch of violets, adroitly thrown, fell at my feet. To drop from the bars by which I clung, and leap on the floor, was the work of an instant. It was well I happened to be so agile, for the door of my prison opened at the same moment, and I had scarcely time to conceal my violets before the keeper entered: he was the bearer of books from my friend Minghini.

"Bravo! my good Riboni," I cried, "here is food for the mind, I need not say how much I thank you for it."

"For my part, give me a good flask of Piedmontese wine! What is the use of making one's eyes ache over these things?" he answered, as he laid the books on my bed: "they always send me to sleep, and besides what

good are they after all, one only bores oneself for nothing."

"Well then, Riboni, bring me two bottles of the best wine of Piedmont:—no, no, better than that, of France, of the best quality: you understand."

"Directly, sir."

"And on my birthday, ere long, I will put Cisalpino and his staff on their mettle."

"Come, that is sensible; you speak like a Frenchman now," said Riboni, "you may take my word, that sort of regimen will do you good. I do not know how it is," he continued, "but I have always had a liking for the French, ever since I had to do with them in the military prison where I was head-keeper. And rare fellows they were that I had to do with! wild dogs as ever lived, every one of them; drinking and singing but half an hour before they were going to be shot. Now there was one of them, about your size, who had killed his corporal in a duel. When they came to take him to execution, he whistled like a thrush, and cried out, 'Heyday! stop a minute, I can't go until I have finished this glass: here's to your health, Riboni!' and he drank it off at a gulp. 'I am sorry,' I said, 'to see a fine fellow like you going to die in this way.'—'Fiddle-de-dee,' he exclaimed, as he took me by the hand, 'it is a great deal better to have a dozen balls in one's body, and have done with it, than to drag one at one's ancle.' And with that away he went, walking quicker than the gendarmes. Deuce-a-bit would he have his eyes bound, or kneel down; but he stood straight up, and gave them the signal to fire himself. There was a fellow for you! but he

would not have gone off so resolute, if he had not first of all washed his throat with a bottle or two, I'll swear."

"Well," said I, "without all this drink, let them but take me out to be shot, and not to the gallows, and you will see whether I shall not walk to the place of execution as coolly as he did."

"Pshaw! what nonsense it is talking in that way; you ought to make yourself happy. I will go and fetch the Burgundy,—the right stuff; and in the meanwhile you can amuse yourself with looking over the books."

"In the French prisons they were allowed to sing, remember," I said; "but in the Austrian"—

Riboni shrugged up his shoulders. "You must have patience," he hastily added, closing the door.

Hardly was I alone, when I took out the pretty bouquet, addressing in my heart warm thanks to the compassionate girl who had taken pity on an ill-fated foreigner; for I had no doubt she was the charitable being who had thrown me the flowers. My spirits revived, my dejection was overcome. A fondness, a love for life re-awoke within me. I inhaled with delight the sweet fragrance of the violets, and then I carefully searched the bouquet in the hope of discovering a letter. When I found none, I was as sad as if I had had any cause to expect one; as if this mark of attention could have arisen from more than mere politeness. How wildly, how boundlessly one's imagination soars within prison-walls!

I returned to the window; I again clambered up, with the violets on my lips; I listened eagerly. The sentinel's iron-shod foot tramping the sand was the only

sound. The young girl was gone then; but her vision stood before my eyes; I pictured her to myself beautiful, and my soul re-animated and full of gratitude, divesting itself of the gloomy thoughts which oppressed it but a few moments before, gave itself up unhesitatingly to the delightful sensations which this incident had produced.

Providence had sent it to make up for the loss of my poor Moretti. I thanked God for it, raising my eyes with confidence and love towards the brightness of the blue heavens, and almost fancying that He had made them thus brilliant to give me an omen that ere long better days were in store for me.

Consoled by this, after placing my violets next to my heart, I turned to the books brought me, and which I had not yet opened. I took them up one by one, turning over the pages, and rejoicing in the anticipation of the long hours of delight their perusal promised me. Then again I took out my flowers to inhale their perfume, and give way to the contemplation of the charms with which my fancy invested the giver.

My softer emotions were dissipated by Riboni, who with some of his men brought me dinner and the wine.

"Let us see what sort of liquor this French wine of yours is," said I merrily; and I filled some glasses.

"Your health, sir!" said the keeper. "Your health!" echoed the others, emptying their glasses at a draught.

"Well, what do you say to it?" asked Riboni, smacking his lips: "is not that wine, eh?

"We shall be better able to form a judgement after another glass," said I, filling again.

"And you,—you my lads," said he, turning to his comrades, "it is not often you drink such wine as this."

"The wine of Palazuolo"—one of them began, but Riboni interrupted him saying, "Away with your wine of Palazuolo! anybody can see you were never out of your own nest; but one must pardon such as you, who have never travelled and can know nothing. Now if you had been in France, like me— But come, let us leave the gentleman to his dinner." And then turning to me: "Drink a few glasses of this wine of your own native land; it will do you good when you are depressed; and, take my word for it, it does no harm at any time. Now then, come along, come along, Cisalpino will be wanting us."

This man's compassion, the interest which he took in me, I had remarked more than once; for though he strictly adhered to his duty, he took care to soften its rigour. He often, by some kind remark, produced the calmness and resignation which my soul lacked, and I should have thought myself guilty of ingratitude had I not acknowledged his humanity.

When I found myself alone, I put the little bunch of violets into water, and, with hope at my heart, finished my solitary repast for the first time without weeping over it. The wine of my country had revived my spirits; the evening passed away rapidly in comparative comfort.

The following day I re-opened my window, as on the evening before, in the hope of another nosegay; but the hour passed by, and the day also, without any step being heard beside those of the sentinels and the

jailer's. "She will not come," I said with a sigh, closing the window, which, despite of the cold breeze that chilled me, I had kept open nearly the whole day: "tomorrow perhaps I shall be more fortunate." But day after day wore on and she returned not.

On the 18th of March Riboni brought me, as I had requested, an enormous bunch of violets; they were beautiful, odoriferous, but the heart which gave a sentiment to the others was wanting. I laid them by coldly, without even smelling them: I was sad, and overcome by the memory of the past, when the flowers and presents which my relations usually showered upon me on that day filled me with delight. I wrote in my book: "Never, never more shall I look forward with joy to my birthday! no more kind surprises, no more unexpected trifles, no more of those effusions of friendship that reunite hearts which the merest nothings will sometimes disjoin. Ah me! when this anniversary next recurs, the grass will be green on my grave, and oblivion have effaced my name from the recollection of the living."

I remained for some time under the influence of these saddening thoughts, for which my chief remedy was reading. Whenever my spirits became low, I betook myself to the employment of learning by heart some passages of Dante, Tasso, Petrarch and Ariosto. I never quitted them until they were perfectly mastered; and then, by repeating the verses I had learnt the day before, and cultivating this mechanical art of memory, I endeavoured to subdue the gloomy visions of imagination and the deeper pangs of my heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE latter end of March had arrived, and I had not been again called before the Commission. The hours lapsed silently and miserably. In vain did I strive against the sadness and depression produced by the conviction that none of the friends dear to my heart would be present at my last moments. This dreadful feeling returned again and again to overwhelm me with sorrow. Vainly did I attempt to fix my thoughts solely upon my Creator, and on a future existence. My faith was not vivid enough; my hopes, my religious convictions not sufficiently rooted to detach me altogether from the affections of this world. I did not, it is true, murmur against God; indeed I invoked him,—I called upon him to succour me: but these outbursts, these appeals to his mercy, did but little toward imbuing my heart with that submission to his decrees which a true Christian only can attain. I had not yet that feeling of fraternity with the Saviour of the world, that confidence in our Redeemer, whereby we can throw ourselves before him, and pour all the anguish, all the deep sorrows of the bosom, into his ear. I was not yet taught that in this world our lot is that of suffering, but

a suffering which becomes a species of joy, when it is supported by a reliance on the love of a God whose word and whose promises are not of today or of yesterday, but for ever.

I was calm, patient, prepared for death: but my soul was gloomy; and if sometimes the hope of a future existence entered my thoughts, it was only as a transient flash, which disappeared without producing a glow of warmth, a shadow of conviction.

I prayed, fervently prayed; but the healing balm of prayer is only bestowed upon those hearts which have long been knit to the Saviour and put their whole trust in him, or on those who have been suddenly struck by the light of the Gospel, and in their new fervour bless the ills which have opened their eyes to its eternal truths. But to those whose belief in God is a sentiment, a poetical feeling rather than a faith, prayer is but a cry of anguish,—the forced utterance of a soul which, overpowered by the weight of its afflictions, seeks relief in the great First Cause, and again falls a prey to the torments of uncertainty. My religion was the religion of misfortune. The time was not yet come when my sufferings were to overpower my courage and my determination.

The hours dragged slowly on, the days were long and wearisome, the dreariness of captivity began to subdue me. Sometimes, still clinging to the future, I passed hour after hour in drawing presages from the first words or sentences which presented themselves to my eyes on opening a book at random,—an innate superstition,

which in the ordinary circumstances of life is dormant, but which in adversity developes itself and acquires irresistible power.

One morning,—it was the second of April,—I as usual cast my fate in this manner, and all was favourable. The state of my mind became less gloomy, and I read with more application. I opened my window, and enjoyed the glow shed by the sun over the vault of heaven. The tree, which I had not observed for several days, was now clothed with leaves, and I delighted to gaze on its fresh green, the harbinger of spring—to observe its slender branches, its graceful movements as the wind blew it to and fro.

Its young foliage presented to my soul a favourable augury. It was an emblem of hope, a celestial message bringing light to my heart in the depth of its gloom. My feelings assumed a healthier tone; and looking at the renewal of nature after the long and dismal winter, I said to myself, 'Who knows but that God, who preserves the vital germ of the plants under the cold snow, until the sun shall have strength to foster them, may not also rescue me from the tomb, to restore me to life and happiness!'

I long watched the branches of the tree, as they waved: they bent to the soft breeze so regularly, so calmly, that it reminded me of the still breathing of a child asleep, without a dream upon its soul. But suddenly I caught a sound; oh, how happy it made me! It was the quick, light step of the young girl. I held my breath to listen; it was, it was herself! She bounded to and fro, she walked slowly and approached my window,

darting off whenever the sentry approached. Twenty times was I on the point of giving her a sign that I was there; but I knew that the slightest thing might awaken suspicion, and I restrained myself.

She continued to pace backwards and forwards, and sometimes passed so near my grating that I could catch the sound of her breathing; and my heart beat so quickly that I was obliged to hold by the bars to remain immovable. But she heard me: the dear girl had convinced herself that I was still there; for after remaining a moment or two without moving,—perhaps to watch the time when the sentinel was not looking,—she threw me another bunch of violets and went away. Heaven reward her for her kind remembrance of me! If ever these pages, written in my own country, in the bosom of my family, with the sister who saved me by my side, meets her eyes, let her be assured that the poor prisoner has never, never forgotten the emotion which these marks of her compassion produced. Let her know that during the long weariness of his captivity he often invoked the blessings of Heaven upon her head; and that at this moment he would find a happiness in the expression of his gratitude.

These flowers, the gift of youth, of a kind and tender heart, served to renew my faith in the future. I felt a glow throughout me; and a presentiment, a hope that some good was about to happen cheered my heart. Thus the day rolled on; night came, and I returned to my books.

I was reading the Life of Alfieri. I had not dared to look into it for some time; but attracted, overpowered

by the energy of the style, by the vigour of the thoughts, and the deep impression of truth which the narrative bears, I devoured with inexpressible pleasure the history of this wayward and unbending man, whose thirst for glory, and determination in the attainment of knowledge, had always inspired me with a desire to imitate him.

Often struck by an eloquent passage, by the avowal of some weakness, the account of difficulties his perseverance had overcome, I rose from my chair and reflected on all that man may effect, if he will,—all that I might have been enabled to do, if God had but pleased to grant me a longer career. Then turning my eyes from a futurity not in store for me, I again took up my book,—soon, however, to quit it; for every striking idea, every noble thought, was a burden to my soul, and forced me again upon myself and my wrecked hopes.

These reflections were dispersed by the appearance of a huge spider, which crawling down the wall unmindful of my presence, came and sat himself on my book. I did not drive him away, I did not destroy him, for the old woman's saw—

> "A spider at night
> Brings hope in sight"—

which I had so often laughed at in my days of prosperity, recurred to my mind, and I seized upon it with avidity and confidence. Inspirited, I long gazed on the hideous insect with delight, in the hope that it came to bring me tidings of happy changes; and I allowed it to return unhurt to its dark hole.

Had I several months before been told that I shou one day put faith in this old woman's adage, I dare s I should have laughed outright; but now, under t influence of imprisonment, solitude, and the anguish suspense, my mind was accessible to those silly supe stitions which reason rejects, and from which our hap days are free.

I had an impression, however, that the anticipat good was at hand; and no reasoning, no reflection cou stagger my faith. These happy illusions kept me up great part of the night. At last, weariness drove m to bed, and I went to sleep, reckoning much on th morrow.

My slumbers, which at first were composed an peaceful, were soon interrupted by a dream which, eve at this instant, is as vivid in my memory as when awoke. I dreamt that I saw the Alps with their snow and glaciers; and that in a narrow slippery path, bris ling with dangers, I perceived the friends of my hea advancing: I saw their sledges, I heard the sound of the bells of their mules.

The excess of my transports awakened me in tears, and almost choked me. Long, long did my agitation prevent me from again closing my eyes, and when at last sleep did overcome me, the dream came again; it was the Alps, nothing but the Alps, and the tinkling of the mule-bells ringing in my ears.

The next morning the door of my prison opened quickly, and Minghini with a smiling and eager countenance entered with a letter in his hand. "Read, read!"

said he abruptly. I took the letter; but I had scarcely begun to read ere I fell on my knees crying, "My God, my God, I thank thee!"

Minghini, respecting this first outburst of gratitude, allowed me without interruption to read the letter, which was from my sister, announcing her arrival with her husband and daughter. When, on rising, I perceived tears in his eyes and threw myself into his arms, he did not repulse me; but superior to the fear of compromising himself, he pressed me to his heart with as much warmth of feeling as if I had been his friend or his brother.

"They are arrived," repeated I, sobbing; "but is it true, is it quite certain?"

"Your sister herself," said Minghini, "wrote this note; I have this instant seen and spoken to her."

"O God of mercy, how little I imagined such a joy was reserved for me! I thank you, sir, for the kind interest you have taken in me: pray extend it to my family, to my sister, who must have suffered so much. May I see them soon?—immediately?"

"Today or tomorrow at the latest, if it were in my power," said he; "but you are in the hands of Salvotti: it depends on him; to him you must address yourself, and I fear the result."

"Will he refuse? What! can he have the barbarity to deny me an interview with my family, who have travelled six hundred miles, braving the dangers of the Alps in this season, to comfort me? No, I will never believe it; such cruelty belongs not to this age."

"I wish it were so," said Minghini; "I advise you

to see Salvotti immediately, to prevent his sending back your relations."

"Send them back! it would be infamous; he has not the power."

"Do not trust to that, my friend; he can do a great deal, and whatever he does is sanctioned by the Emperor. Your fate is in his hands, and I repeat to you that, if you wish to see your family, you must apply to Salvotti this day: he will be flattered by it."

"Well then, since it must be so, since you think it indispensable, please to request him to call me to the Commission. I hope God will not permit so much affection to go unrewarded,—will not permit any man to cause us so much grief. It will kill them to be sent back without seeing me."

"You know that Salvotti is all-powerful; but should he refuse—even then do not despair; I will do all I can for you. Meantime, rejoice to know they are here. I could hardly have hoped they would have obtained passports for Milan. It is a favour, and will not be the last, if it rests with me."

"A thousand thanks," said I, in a voice that betokened all my emotion. "You are an excellent man: God will reward you."

"I leave you," said he: do not indulge the hope of seeing your friends immediately. Days, even weeks may elapse. Farewell! I am glad to have been of some comfort to you. But I forgot: here is a letter from your father; keep it as well as your sister's, and return them in an hour's time to the jailer." And he left the

room without giving me time to thank him for this new favour.

My heart was so full of joy and gratitude that the thought of God and prayer alone relieved it. I threw myself on my knees on the same spot where I had so often uttered grievous sighs and shed such scalding tears. O merciful and powerful God, I thank thee! I was alone and forsaken, Thou hast sent my sister, my guardian angel!"

CHAPTER XIV.

At the appointed time Riboni came in haste to reclaim the letters. Two minutes had hardly elapsed when the door again opened; it was Salvotti. He smiled, looked friendly, and even prepossessing. "You have asked for me; here I am," he said; "what have you to communicate? Are you not delighted to hear of the arrival of your family?"

"On that very account I have sought an interview, sir, to beg permission to see them. Pray grant us this favour."

"It is not in my power; your trial is not over, and the law requires that you remain in solitary confinement."

"I can imagine this in ordinary cases, but does not our peculiar position as foreigners justify an exception?"

"To obtain special favours you must at least deserve them. Listen to me, my young friend: you love your family, you are glad to have them near you. They deserve your gratitude, do they not? Well, you know the proverb: 'Where there is a will there is a way.' Let us speak frankly. Forget my judicial character, and look upon me as a friend, come to consult with you on the importance of your case and the means of your extrication. You wish to see those who have shown you

so much attachment. Nothing is more natural and more proper. But tell me, have you done anything to entitle yourself to the indulgence of the Commission? Have you shown towards us the least docility or deference? Do you really believe that we can be satisfied with your obstinate silence and refusal to give the information we require? And what right have you to hope that we will soften the rigour of the law in your favour? It depends on you to exchange this rigour for the mildest treatment. One word will bring your brother and sister into your presence; if you will not speak, they must speedily return to France without seeing you."

"O my poor sister!" cried I.

"She is much to be pitied, without doubt," added Salvotti with a compassionate air, "for she must feel that you are the sole cause of her grief, a grief which you can at once change into joy. She is within ten yards of you; she expects you: in one moment she may be in your arms."

This was more than I could endure:

'Then both my hands through anguish did I bite.'

"Listen to me, my friend, your situation grieves me; consider whether I take a correct view of it. You are a youth full of vigour and courage, who have been led to take part in political intrigues by the influence of events and the circumstances of your position. You are full of honour and good faith, and to these notions you sacrifice your fondest hopes and your life. It is worthy of an exalted character and noble mind; and every man of feeling, whatever his nation or his politics, must needs admire such a devotion, and seek the friendship of him

who is capable of it. I do justice to your generous principles, but in this instance I think they are misapplied and thrown away. I know as well as any one that honour has laws and duties which cannot be infringed; but in exaggerating its obligations you commit the error of those who, by carrying too far the practice of piety and the exigencies of religion, fall into all the littleness of bigotry and superstition. What is required of you now? You have promised not to betray the secrets confided to you, to compromise no one, and you consider it a sacred duty to keep your word; nothing can be better, provided you do not endanger your life for what will profit no one. To maintain his honour untarnished is the first duty of any one who wishes to be respected in society. It is natural that you should have preferred, in France, to lose your head on the scaffold rather than give way in a political trial, because in your country that would be required by the publicity of the proceedings. Before your assize-courts the young enthusiast, who became a conspirator perhaps in a moment of aberration, cannot prove by his repentance that his error was only the fruit of an excited imagination, without losing his reputation for ever. He is obliged, under the pain of infamy, to persist in his opinions, to brave the rigours of the law, to remain for ever the enemy of a Government who would have been glad to show him consideration and clemency. This is the sad fruit of your liberty of the press and the publicity of debates so eulogized by the liberals. Here fortunately we have not to contend against that dreadful scourge; the Government can, without the fear

of being taxed with weakness or of seeing their intentions misinterpreted, afford to the accused the means of amending his position without endangering his honour, by giving proofs of good-will and repentance."

The eyes of Salvotti, which had constantly been fixed upon me, now assumed an expression of goodness, interest and persuasion, which gave to his fine face such a stamp of seduction as painters are wont to attribute to the tempter. He paused for a moment, and offered me a pinch of snuff with an appearance of frank good-nature: then he resumed:

"The only favour, the only happiness to which you now aspire is to see again your family, your sister. What should you say if I promised that you will soon be allowed to see her, and to return with her to France? I shall not speak to you of your studies, of the literary and political career in which you were destined to excel."

I looked at Salvotti without speaking.

"I pity your youth; I know the capacity of your mind, and your blind obstinacy does not prevent my appreciating your character. What will be the effect of all this? it will bring you to the scaffold; and, I may add, prevent you from embracing your relations. To escape the scaffold, to spare them this grief, and obtain your liberty, what should you do? Reveal what you have done in Italy, or give the Commission the names of those with whom you had interviews? Not at all: we are now convinced that you have not had time to conspire with the subjects of his Majesty. You are only asked to give the

Imperial Government all the information you possess on the secret societies of Switzerland, Piedmont, France and Germany; to name all the most influential members of the Carbonari and other associations in those countries; to discover the plans and intrigues of the Italian exiles, pointing out those among the latter who still continue to form conspiracies. On this condition I engage, in the name of his Majesty, that within twenty days you shall be allowed to set out for your native country in the company of those you love so much."

As he spoke these words, Salvotti sought to read on my countenance what was passing in my soul. "Well then," he resumed after a short pause, "you do not answer! you do not seize with solicitude, with transport, this means of salvation! What can detain you? The fear that your giving such information to the Government should become known? Through whom could it become known? With us everything remains an impenetrable mystery: the secrets of state are never divulged by the indiscretions of the press. Do you fear that the persons you might mention should be disturbed by their respective governments? You well know that is impossible in Switzerland and France, and that all the authorities can do is to watch them. If therefore no one will be imprisoned, no one prejudiced, what can still detain you? The point of honour? Honour! I conceive that people may sacrifice their affections and even their life to it when they are certain that by violating its laws their memory will be cursed, and by observing them they will acquire celebrity and glory. But con-

sider, young man, this is not the case. If you yield to our advice, your honour is safe; whilst, on the contrary, if you refuse it, it may be endangered."

I made a sign of horror.

"Yes, endangered," he continued calmly, "for you are in our hands; and we may if we choose blot your memory, and represent you as a weak man, however heroic you may have been. The proceedings are secret, and we can describe your conduct as we please, without any fear of being contradicted. It is therefore at the shrine of a conventional divinity that you offer yourself as a victim. Listen to the voice of nature: it bids you to reconquer your liberty in order to devote it to the happiness of your father, sister and brother,—to the happiness of a family which you will otherwise fill with grief and desolation. True honour, like true religion, consists in not injuring any one. By speaking, you can injure nobody; by continuing silent, you will plunge in despair the dear persons who are come to give you such a proof of tenderness and devotion. Choose then, I repeat. If you listen to the voice of reason, if you are desirous of sparing your old father and family the most horrible sufferings, if you perceive that you sacrifice yourself to a chimera for individuals who care nothing for your fatal position, and who would not make the least effort to obtain your liberation, I have no doubt you will do homage to truth, and give his Imperial Majesty proofs of submission and good-will. If so, I promise you solemnly, that you shall in less than twenty days be allowed to join your relations, breathe the air of your native country, and console your aged father. Consider also,"

he added in a stronger tone, "consider that it will soon be too late for you to obtain such a favour so cheaply. When the papers of the proceedings against you are no longer in my hands, but in those of the Senate of Verona, then your position is changed: the affair can no longer be treated either with the same secrecy or the same facility; and the mercy that might be granted to you in consequence of your confessions, will certainly be lessened proportionably to your obduracy. The information which may now be of some importance to us will be much less so in a few months, when Spain, the last stronghold of jacobins and anarchists, is restored to order. Weigh all these things in your mind before you answer; I know you are too enlightened not to do justice to the truth of my words and the honesty of my intentions."

Shortly after, seeing that I continued silent, Salvotti said abruptly: "Well! do you not understand me?"

"But too well," said I, repressing with the greatest difficulty my painful indignation. "To point out to the unfortunate man who is drowning a saving branch which he cannot reach, is only to increase his despair at the fatal moment. If my cruel destiny prevents me from seconding your kind intentions, have pity—"

"You then continue deaf to my counsels?" he resumed with the tone of irony to which he was accustomed; "you refuse your life, your liberty, and all that his Majesty would in his generosity do for you? Like a madman, like a wretch without feeling, you will condemn your relations to see you die on the scaffold?

You will deprive them of the consolation of embracing you?"

"In the name of heaven, say no more, sir, say no more! What you require of me is not in my power. Spare me these tortures, a thousand times more cruel than the death with which you continually threaten me. If I cannot clasp to my heart the unhappy ones who have come so far to sustain me in my affliction, it will indeed be very bitter to me; but I shall pray to the Almighty that my trials may plead for me at the day of judgment. More merciful than men, He will distinguish imprudence from perverseness. Treat me as rigorously as you please; nay, plunge me into the deepest dungeon; still I shall implore neither mercy nor mitigation. But in the name of pity and of justice, do not inflict upon my family any part of the misery which ought to fall on me alone: do not employ your power to drive them from Milan, or deprive them of the hope of embracing me once more. I supplicate you in the name of the Emperor, whose goodness is too great to sanction such a proceeding."

"His Majesty," answered Salvotti, whose pallid face had resumed its expression of audacity and wrath, "has no pity for those wilful culprits who, like you, persevere to the last in hardened impenitence. Good morning! you have to-day put the seal to your death-warrant. If your father dies with anguish, if your brother and sister are distracted with grief, no one is to blame but yourself. I have tried to save you, and you have prevented me: justice must now follow its course."

During this cruel interview I had undergone such constraint, that the re-action was dreadful. My limbs trembled with indignation. "Honour! a wretch like him to talk of honour!" I cried. "O Heavens, have ye not heard it?" I darted rapidly to the door, and shook it violently. At that moment I would have given up life for the pleasure of seizing Salvotti by the throat and strangling him in my grasp, as one would crush a loathsome reptile. I almost despised myself for not having done it, and upbraided myself with cowardice and want of spirit. In the wildness of my mind's agony I called on the Almighty to give me the joy of revenge, were it at the cost of everlasting torments. I raved more and more, until my fury became such that it vented itself against the furniture of my cell. At length, feeling quite exhausted, I threw myself down upon the mattress and blankets which I had scattered on the floor, and frantically tore everything within my reach.

The thought of my sister brought me to myself from this paroxysm of rage, at the moment when in my culpable excitement I complained that I was abandoned both by God and man. I recollected that she was there, near me; and my tears gushed forth so abundantly, that my heart was relieved of its deadening weight. Calmer ideas returned, and I felt somewhat ashamed of my frenzy. "Heaven forbid," I exclaimed, "that by my acts I should cause her yet more sorrow; that I should, by the slightest imprudence, retard even for a day the happiness of our meeting again. Oh, if I could

but once more see her with her daughter and my brother—clasp them in my arms—return home with them! It might perhaps—"

The words of Salvotti appeared at this moment less perfidious, less hateful; his sophistry about honour assumed some speciousness. I began to think that there was nothing very unreasonable in his remark that I immolated myself to a chimera of imagination rather than to any real point of honour, as no one could be injured by my speaking. "And for whom," said I to myself, "for whom do I thus sacrifice my youth, my heart's affections,—everything? For men who have perhaps already forgotten my very name,—men who would be as imperious and tyrannical if their cause were to triumph, as those whom they now seek to overthrow. Shall I, for mere scruples like these, yield up my life on the scaffold,—nay more, my very name to ignominy? For who will penetrate the gloom of the dungeon, or the mystery of these proceedings, in order to retrieve my honour? who will care for it? who will have the power? On the contrary, if I yield to the solicitations of Salvotti, I shall at once be restored to the world and my favourite studies; tomorrow my sister will be near me, with her Louise and my brother; and in a fortnight I shall again see my beloved father, and perhaps revive his declining health. Nature, gratitude, and love make it my duty,—it shall be done!"

Thereupon I sprang to the door, and knocked loudly several times: the sentinel came. "Call Riboni—Salvotti," I shouted,—"Salvotti—" But this name, in striking my ear, caused such a sensation of recoil,

that I can only compare it to what must be felt by a wretch who calls up a demon from its infernal abode. A cold perspiration stood upon my brow; and as I sat gazing fixedly on the door, awaiting the dreadful apparition, I shook with an indescribable feeling of terror and disgust. By a sudden flash of thought my mind opened to a sense of shame which curdled my blood. I buried my face in my hands, to hide the blush that burned on my cheek. I was saved! Conscience caught me on the brink of a precipice, and restored to me all my firmness and self-possession. I hastened to put my room in order, lest the jailer should remark any traces of my disgraceful fit of rage; and he soon came running up almost out of breath. "Well," said he, as he entered, "what is it you want, sir?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered, "except some ink and paper, as I wish to write: did not M. Minghini tell you?"

"Right, right, he did, but I had forgotten," he replied. "When Counsellor Salvotti visits the prison, I always half lose my wits. You shall be attended to immediately. The Counsellor paid you rather a long visit," he continued, with an air of curiosity, though perfectly respectful. As I did not answer, he went on: "How well he does talk to be sure! I think he would make a stone wall speak to him."

"Oh, you do, do you? But where is my paper all this time?"

"Your pardon, sir; I will run for it."

In two minutes he brought it, saying, "We are ordered to remain by your side while you write, and you

are only to be allowed a quarter of an hour; but I am too busy to stop now. I will leave you the pen and ink with some paper; lose no time: I will return directly."

Hardly had I begun to write to my brother before I burst into tears. Joy and sorrow at once agitated my soul. I could not express what I so deeply felt. "Thanks, thanks, my friends, for your goodness and devotion!"—I could only repeat this again and again; it was the cry of gratitude and welcome; the utterance of the heart, which in moments of deep emotion has not words to express what glows within, and pours itself out in incoherent exclamations, intelligible only to such as read them with feelings similar to those under whose influence they were written.

True to his word, Riboni came for the letter. It consisted only of a few lines, but I folded it up. "What," said he, "in tears! and your friends just come,—your sister too!"

I told him they were tears of joy.

"Ah, I see; all will be right. Tomorrow, if you like, you can write to your father; Counsellor Minghini has ordered it. Keep up your spirits: all will go well. But it is getting late: now I think of it, you have eaten nothing all day; I will send you something directly;" and he disappeared.

The next morning I awoke long before day. Consolation and hope were in my soul. The feeling that I was no longer alone, that I could at any time correspond with my friends,—perhaps even see them,—superseded every other, and I enjoyed this boon of Heaven with unmixed pleasure.

CHAPTER XV.

About noon Minghini came into my prison, and I welcomed him warmly. "Well," said he, "how are you to-day? your heart is a little lighter by this time, I hope. Have you got over your emotion yet? I have just left your friends; and your sister, to whom I delivered your note, sends you this in return;" and he handed me a letter.

"How can I express my thanks to you?" I replied, as I eagerly tore it open; but Minghini, seeing how much I was affected, stopped me, saying, "You will read that with more comfort when alone; only please to return it to Riboni when he brings you paper and ink for writing to your brother and sister."

"What! to my sister as well? How much I have to thank you for! Oh, how happy my dear friends would be if they could obtain the favour of seeing me!"

"That is rather difficult, particularly since you have incensed Salvotti against you. I did hope something better from the interview, but I am afraid you are still too intractable."

"You are mistaken, sir; I am only unfortunate. Of what has Salvotti to complain? He requires things of me which are not in my power: a judge ought not to

give way to passion and anger against a prisoner; and Salvotti yesterday subjected me to a torture which no laws could authorise: that which he made me undergo in pure malice is beyond description."

"It was for your own good."

"For *my* good indeed! say rather to serve his own ends. The system he pursues is disgraceful to a magistrate, and if the Emperor did but know it—"

"He does know it, you may be assured of that; nay, he approves of it, and has invested him with unlimited powers to sift the truth to the very bottom."

"Then what appeal is there for the poor prisoner, when he cannot look for protection either from the laws or from the head of the state? when he is thrown into the hands of a man who has none of the attributes of a judge, but those of an accuser,—a man urged by ambition, not to find out truth, but to seek out or create victims?"

Minghini made no remarks on these words, a circumstance which confirmed my opinion that he had but little sympathy with his colleague. "Whatever may happen," I continued, "I do trust that for the future Salvotti will spare me the excitement of similar scenes. They can do no good; they cannot aid him one atom in the conduct of my trial; and the only effect they produce is to lower him more and more in my estimation."

At this Minghini smiled, with an air that seemed to say, 'Salvotti, my dear fellow, with all your cleverness, this time I fancy you will be baffled; and I shall not be sorry for it, for your arrogance is unbearable.'

"As to his preventing my family from seeing me"—I added.

"We will see, we will see," he replied quickly; "do not despair. I will talk about it to the President of the Commission. You are situated very differently from the other prisoners; the rules which apply to them should not apply to you. I will do everything I can for you, depend upon it. Farewell! I will leave you to read your letter, and I promise you that you shall be allowed to receive two every week."

According to the orders of Minghini my lusty jailer soon appeared, bearing pen, ink, and paper. "I have two letters to write," I said: "will you have time to wait for them?"

"Oh, never mind: I suppose I may leave you alone. You have only two sheets of paper after all."

I began with my letter to my father, entreating him to forgive the anguish I had occasioned him, and returning my warmest thanks for his kindness. I begged of him not to be alarmed, and to rest assured that I should soon return home to solace his old age. While I traced these words on paper, I was overwhelmed with the dreadful certainty that never, never more would he clasp me to his bosom. But I endeavoured to conceal this heart-rending feeling, by affecting, both in this letter and in that to my sister, a buoyancy of spirits which I did not possess. I soon however felt in reality the light-heartedness I had assumed; I indulged more confidently in visions of the future, and gave myself up to them the more fondly from the circumstance of their proceeding from my sister. I had

no idea of what she was doing, and what trials she was undergoing in my behalf. This I only learned ten years afterwards, and then only by means of a journal which she had kept, and from which I shall now give a few extracts.

"*April 1st.*—My husband and I immediately went to the French Consul, Monsieur de Maupertuis, to whom we had been strongly recommended. He accompanied us to the Director General of Police, Count Torresani, who received us with much politeness, and gave us the required permission to sojourn in Milan. From thence we went with the Consul to call upon Count Pactha, the Government-Secretary, by whom we were most obligingly received. He spoke very kindly of Alexander, and promised to use his interest with all those on whom his fate depends. Count Pactha was exceedingly attentive, and I feel delighted with the invitation to dine with him the day after tomorrow at the Consul's. My husband has also seen the President of the Commission, who has told him that we cannot be allowed to see my brother, but that we may write to him.

"*April 4th.*—I am in better spirits to-day: we have dined with the Consul, and Count Pactha has been so very kind that I have come away quite consoled and re-animated. He seems to take the deepest interest in my dear brother's fate. He assures me that I should put every confidence in the Emperor's mercy, who always extends his pardon to political offenders, and that the sentence can only be a few months' imprisonment. This is hope indeed!

"*April 5th.*—How happy I am! We have just received a letter from dear Alexander. His spirits seem quite buoyant at the idea that we are near him. The jailer brought it to us at eleven o'clock, and we are to return it to him as soon as we have read it. Oh, how transported he seems! his joy almost amounts to delirium. The words are nearly blotted out by his tears. I read it myself to my husband and daughter, and we all wept over it. My poor Alexander! we have given him some consolation: all our fatigues and toils are recompensed by this thought. He begs us to call upon Counsellor Minghini, who has the charge of the prisoners. We shall call tomorrow morning.

"*April 6th.*—I have not been so delighted for a long while as I am at this moment. We went to the Justice-Hall at eleven o'clock to see M. Minghini, and were received by him with the greatest kindness: he seemed to enter into our feelings before we even opened our lips. He does not speak a word of French, although he understands the language. My husband not knowing Italian, the conversation devolved upon me. Minghini told me that yesterday on receiving my letter Alexander cried for joy, and cast himself on his knees to return thanks to Heaven; then throwing himself into the Counsellor's arms, his sighs prevented his speaking: he could only reiterate, 'They are here, they are here!' As Minghini related this touching circumstance to us, his eyes filled with tears. What a kind-hearted man he is! He tells us that my brother studies twelve hours a day, and that every book he may require is allowed him; that he is perfectly calm and

resigned. 'After this,' added the Counsellor, 'he will be quite cheerful: write him a few lines, madam.' We seized the opportunity with inexpressible joy. M. Minghini also tells me that he has throughout given the most particular attention to my brother, because he was at a distance from his family; that in about a month the first stage of his trial will be terminated, and that then we shall be allowed to see him, but not before, such being the law. I have put the question to him whether my daughter, from her youth, would not be exempt from these restrictions, and might not be granted the favour of seeing her uncle. He has promised to mention it to the President of the Commission, and give me an answer tomorrow. During this first stage of the trial we shall be allowed to send letters through his hands every Sunday, and sometimes on a Thursday. I have taken leave of this good man very much relieved, and with a heart full of gratitude for his kindness.

"*April 7th.*—The answer of Alexander came to us at eleven o'clock. This letter is even more tender than the last. Poor fellow! I am so glad that his spirits are growing lighter. M. Minghini sent word with the letter that my daughter would be admitted to see her uncle tomorrow, and that she must be brought to the prison at eleven o'clock. Happy, happy Louise! but her youth renders her incapable of appreciating this delight. My husband and I have paid a visit to the Counsellor Salvotti, who conducts my brother's trial, and is, I hear, all in all at the Commission. He received us with politeness. His features are handsome, but their expression

cold and austere: his conversation is that of a man of superior mind. While I was in the presence of this dreaded Inquisitor I could not get rid of the thought that my dear brother's fate rested with him, and my heart palpitated so violently that I could scarcely breathe.

"*April 8th.*—The weather this morning is nearly as gloomy as my own thoughts. I took Louise to the prison, where I found M. Minghini awaiting me. 'Now then, come with me,' he said, taking her by the hand. Her poor little heart beat so quick that she could not reply. Minghini led her away, and when I was left alone I burst into tears. I waited about half an hour: Louise returned, and I went away without being able to articulate one word of thanks to the Counsellor, who seemed himself very much affected. The dear child has told us that she was taken into a room, into which, a few minutes after, her uncle was brought, guarded by two gendarmes. On seeing her, he sprang towards her, pressed her to his heart, and covered her with kisses and tears. She could hardly recognise him; and even he might have had some difficulty to remember in her the child of nine years old whom he left four years ago. His emotion was so great that he could only send us a few remembrances by her, and he kept sobbing and exclaiming, 'Louise, my Louise!' all the time. Poor Alexander! what will he not feel when he sees us again!"

The arrival of my family at Milan produced in me emotions so deep, so overpowering, that nothing else

could find entrance into my mind. In vain I endeavoured to return to my reading, or divert the course of my thoughts. In spite of my efforts, they reverted continually to the cherished objects of my love. One moment, touched to the quick by their affectionate devotion, by their actual presence,—at another, alarmed, overwhelmed at the anguish awaiting them, if they remained in Milan till the execution of the sentence,—I determined to use every persuasion to induce them to return to France before the fatal moment. Then again, though fully convinced I ought to act thus, the mere idea that I might soon enfold them in my arms scattered at once all my resolutions. To see them again was my ruling desire, the only happiness for which my soul then yearned. On that were centred my hopes and fears,—that enabled me to live through a state of disquiet and agitation, the torturing anxieties of which ceased not with the close of day. Shall we meet—shall I see them again? was the only thought of my weary sleepless hours.

With worn-out spirits and hopeless heart I was one day lost in gloomy reverie, when Minghini came to announce that he had taken on himself to admit a visitor.

"My brother?" cried I.

"No, not yet; but your niece; she is waiting."

"I shall return to her: Riboni will lead you to her in a moment."

"Ah, sir, what do I not owe you?"

"Don't waste time," said he, on leaving the room; "you are only shortening the few minutes granted you."

This favour was so unlooked for, so unexpected, that

I was still in doubt as to its reality, when the jailer exclaimed, "Why, sir, you are not dressed!"

"Instantly, instantly, my dear Riboni; I am ready; now let us go;" and I walked so fast, that the two gendarmes by whom I was escorted could hardly keep up with me.

"Stop, stop!" cried the huge Riboni, some way behind; "I wish to accompany you myself."

But I paid no attention to him; directed by the gendarmes, I soon arrived at the chamber where was my poor little Louise. I was happy to find her so tall, so improved; still her presence much affected me, and, alas! my heart beat heavily at the thought that I must for ever resign the delight of seeing her grow up under my eyes. My tears, which I could not repress, trickled down upon the hair and dress of the poor girl, who, trembling and hardly able to breathe, regarded with astonishment and compassion her uncle, whom she had not seen for so long a time, and whom she now found immured in a prison.

"Dear Louise! you must have suffered much in crossing the Alps," said I, putting her little hands in mine; "and your mother especially, whom cold affects so easily. Is your father in health?"

The poor child answered not; or, smiling sadly, uttered words interrupted by sighs and tears.

"Tell them, my Louise, that I bless them; that to them I owe the only consolations that I can henceforth look for in this world. Be calm, my dear girl: the tears which I shed are tears of tenderness and gratitude. Say also that M. Minghini has loaded me with at-

tentions and kindnesses; that I owe him much; that it is in him I rest my hope of one day embracing them."

Louise turned her eyes towards Minghini, and burst into tears.

"You must not weep, dear child!" said he: "that will injure you, as well as give pain to your uncle."

She then dried her eyes, and forced a smile.

"This is not the last time you shall see him," added he, striving to conceal the tear that moistened his eye: "keep up your spirits."

"But perhaps you will not like to return hither," said I; "for a prison is a dreadful place."

"Oh, no, uncle, to see you."

"You will have, dear child, the encouraging reflection that you are doing good, that you are comforting the prisoner!"

"I shall not fear, uncle; be easy; I will not weep again; and then mamma will come, will she not, sir?" Minghini made no reply.

"Tell your mother to be tranquil; assure her, and your father too, that your presence here is the greatest happiness God could grant me."

Minghini drew out his watch. "Is it already time to part?" I asked. He made a sign that it was.

"Come hither, my Louise, upon my knees,—nearer to me, that I may look at you well before we part. In prison we live on recollections; and I wish to impress your sweet features on my memory, that I may not be without consolation in your absence. Let us not give way to weakness, let us not weep! Providence will watch over us. Offer up prayers to God, my child, for your

uncle; he has suffered much. Pray for me, dear innocent; God will hear you."

"We must go," said Minghini.

"Hold! give these kisses to your father and mother, and tell them I love them. Adieu, adieu!"

Returned to my prison, I remained long under the impression, at once tender and painful, of this first meeting, which had awakened so many recollections, excited so many regrets in my heart. This child, whom I had left so young, so little, and now found advanced to adolescence, reminded me how much time had already passed since I quitted my native country. Thence my thoughts, leaping over years, darted forward to the period of her marriage; and bitter was my grief at the idea of not being present to participate in her happiness and that of her mother,—a grief which augmented in proportion as my imagination figured to me the good and the deep enjoyments which might have gilded my life.

At the close of this day, so fruitful in emotions, I wrote in my book: "O my God! how can I endure my captivity with patience, how can I quit life with resignation, if I again meet those who render it so dear to me? Nevertheless, I feel, if I am forbidden to fold them once more in my arms, death will be a thousand times more painful."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next morning the jailer came, and said, "The Commission requires your presence." A shudder crept through my frame.

"I will follow you," I answered, "in a few seconds."

The examinations which I, completely occupied with thoughts of my family, had forgotten for several days, now returned to my mind fresh and vivid as at the first moment of my arrest. I was overwhelmed with doubts and fears, and dreaded lest Salvotti should have discovered anything, or managed to decipher in my memoranda some characters which I deemed wholly unintelligible; and this gave me great anxiety for those who might thus be compromised. Bitter reflections these, but rendered doubly so by the idea that upon my interrogatories would probably depend the line of conduct adopted towards my family. However I had happily sufficient command over myself not to betray in my looks any sign of agitation or trouble. I presented myself before the Commission as usual, with a calm demeanour, and prepared to sustain the new attacks of Salvotti.

"Sit down," said he drily: "some weeks have elapsed since you appeared before the Imperial Commission.

We hope that this seclusion will have inspired you with better feelings; that you now re-appear before us more wise, more sincere; in fact, that you have learned that veracity is your only safe course." While pronouncing these words, Salvotti, with papers in his hands of the importance of which I was well aware, fixed upon me his piercing eyes, as was his custom. Far from lowering mine, I fastened them on him, and we remained thus eyeing each other for several minutes, until, losing all patience, he cried out, "Happily we possess means wherewith to subdue this impudence! At the moment we are speaking, the Helvetic territory is purged from all conspirators and from all dangerous foreigners; to effect which, there only needed a note from our ambassador to the Diet. Austria, you see, young man, has four-hundred-thousand bayonets always ready to insure obedience to her irrevocable decrees: Austria will save Europe from the invasion of revolutionary ideas."

To these grand words, which Salvotti delivered with emphasis, for the purpose either of intimidating me, or of giving himself an air of importance and power, I listened without the least sign of assent or doubt. Finding however that I made no reply, he proceeded to his examination, the object of which was, for the most part, to show me that I must have received large sums of money for my travelling and other expenses connected with the political mission on which I was engaged in Italy. It was easy to penetrate all the cunning, and to baffle all the artifices with which he strove for several hours to obtain his end. But this was only one of the accessories of the proceedings, and, ap-

plying to myself alone, did not much trouble my mind. It was not so however, when Salvotti, after the extraneous conversation with which he invariably interlarded his interrogatory, referred to some dangerous papers or other evidence which might enable him to establish an appearance of connection between the Milanese and myself. Then I lent my whole attention, pondered each question word by word, watched every movement, and scarcely breathed, till by my replies I had averted the danger with which such suspicions would have threatened those on whom they fell.

Notwithstanding the assertions of Salvotti, I saw that all his investigations had been useless, and that the trial remained just in the position in which we left it six weeks before. It was in vain therefore that he strove to alarm me by threats, or to drive me into his nets by perfidious suggestions. I was master of the field, and thenceforward rejoiced in the certainty that I alone was in peril, that I alone should suffer. This victory, which gladdened my inmost soul, was not very satisfactory, as may be conceived, to the ambitious and crafty inquisitor, who usually triumphed over his unfortunate prisoners by means of the snares with which he entrapped them, and the unworthy manœuvres he used for the purpose of making them succumb. Wherefore, the examination being over, he vented his anger in a volley of reproaches, repeating his accustomed words,—

"You shall be hanged! you shall be hanged! But before coming to that, we have some arguments to induce you to open your mouth, which you will not find it easy to resist. You shall learn, young man, that

the justice of the Emperor is not to be thus trifled with: such obstinacy, in the face of convincing proofs, is unexampled. All these papers, all these letters, all these names, do they signify nothing? Strange infatuation! do you imagine we shall be content with evasions like these? No, indeed, your obstinacy shall not overmaster the law: you shall speak, you shall divulge your secrets."

"But for that, sir, it would be requisite to have them."

"Just see what impudence!" cried Salvotti, showing the two judges the oft-mentioned papers.

"Impudence!" replied I; "no, sir, no."

"Those who thus make a sport of truth," continued Salvotti, "deserve not the slightest consideration. You shall not be allowed to see your friends; they shall be ordered to quit Milan immediately. You shall no longer be permitted to write, and your books shall be taken from you. No indulgence to hardened culprits; such is the will of his Majesty, whose clemency it will henceforth be vain for you to entreat."

"I had hoped, sir," said I to Salvotti, "that, my examination once concluded, I should be permitted to see my relations."

"Ay, but we will not bring it to a close yet; I can, if I choose, protract it for two years longer. But be not alarmed," added he, with the bitterest irony, "you shall have your desert before that; the gallows will be ready for you quite soon enough."

What struggles it required to repress the indignation, the fury this language aroused! "We must learn to

bear the ills of our fate," said I, trying to console myself as I returned to my cell. About a quarter of an hour after Minghini made his appearance.

"Why, what have you been about, my dear fellow?" said he; "Salvotti is furious; he accuses you of more obstinacy and falsehood than ever; he declares your trial shall not end yet for a long while, and is determined to send away your relations. He even reproaches me for being too indulgent to you. How will all this end? I ask you. In no good. Your friends, in despair, will be obliged to quit Milan, and you will be shut up in some narrow dungeon, without books. Indeed it seems to me you are trifling with your own existence, as well as with the peace and happiness of your family. I had hoped soon to procure you a meeting with your sister, but until your trial is finished that is impossible; you will be kept in close confinement. Think of this, I conjure you, for your friends' sake,—think of it!" And before I could open my lips to answer he had disappeared.

The extent of my sufferings at this fatal moment Heaven alone knows. The thought of being the cause of the immediate expulsion of my poor sister and brother, come so far and with so much affection to administer to my comfort, was insupportable agony. I considered that I had brought misery enough upon them; that my trial, if still longer protracted, would be a frightful prospect, a continual source of anxiety and cruel fears; and that, in lengthening out such an investigation, Salvotti, who was so cunning, might discover something. My mind then became absorbed in grief, and throughout

the day my imagination brooded in torture over such apprehensions; but I sought no more to avert the evil, neither did I see any remedy.

Deep was my wretchedness, till the idea occurred of cutting short the charge of obstinacy by avowing to Salvotti that the papers had been confided to me by Buonarotti, and by him alone. But this was no sooner thought of than rejected, as weakness, and a violation of my word; and hours passed away before I recurred to the expedient. "Why," said I at last, "why should I longer scruple? was not Buonarotti's letter to his brother signed by himself, and in the same handwriting as that of the most important of my papers? what I can say will add nothing to that which is already known,—undoubtedly nothing! And will Buonarotti be injured? no, for he is safe out of the clutches of Austria, and they have done him all the mischief they could in driving him from Geneva. What then should prevent me? He himself, were he present, would advise this course, in order to make the most in my defence of the letter he addressed to me at Milan, and from which it is clear that I had abandoned the mission he had charged me with." These reasons were just and conclusive, but it was long before I yielded to them; not till after long mental struggles, and painful hesitation, did I at last determine to obey the dictates of prudence.

Summoned the next day before the Commission, I felt more excited and agitated than on any former occasion. In vain did I try to be calm, or to shake off the impression, that my dignity of character might

be compromised; a state of most painful perplexity, from which I was only released by seeing Salvotti take up some papers, affecting the safety of a multitude of persons, and upon which he had already tortured me so much. Mustering all my resolution, I declared with a trembling voice that Buonarotti, knowing my intention to pass a few months in Italy, had asked me, a short time before my departure, if I had sufficient love for this beautiful country to labour for its independence; that he had admitted me without formalities into the secret society, whose regulations were contained in the documents of the prosecution, and had given me at the same time those papers, stating that he would subsequently inform me of their destination. To this I added, that, drawn into such a position by the esteem and confidence Buonarotti's character had inspired, I had without any fixed purpose undertaken a mission of which I knew not the perils, and which, I repeated, had neither caused nor influenced my determination to visit Italy. I assured him that I had attached so little importance to what had passed between Buonarotti and myself in our two or three conversations on the subject, that, as soon as I arrived in Milan, I wrote to him announcing my resolution not to mix myself up with any political intrigues,—a positive fact, the proof of which was to be found in Buonarotti's reply, now in the hands of the Commission.

Salvotti, whilst listening to this, first shrugged his shoulders, then looked at the other judges with a smile of incredulity. "Is this all you have to say to the Commission?" cried he, interrupting me. "Upon my ho-

nour, you must have a very poor opinion of us, to come and announce with so much solemnity what we know just as well as yourself. Have we not already before us written proofs that Buonarotti was at the head of your society, since the most important documents are in the same hand-writing as the letter of recommendation to his brother, and signed by him? Really this is abusing our patience too much! I ask you again, is this all you have to declare to the Commission?"

"Positively all; it is the truth."

"The truth! and whom will you persuade that you have been merely initiated into the secret societies? All your mysterious journeys, these various writings, letters, and names, prove evidently that you have been long connected with these pernicious associations, that you are acquainted with all the members, that you have been in communication with the Italian refugees, that in short you are one of the most accredited, most dangerous agents of the revolutionists."

"That remains to be proved, sir; I have stated what I know; I cannot invent, to gratify you."

Salvotti's irritation was increasing; the epithets 'lying,' 'perverse,' 'obstinate,' burst forth from his lips; then, collecting himself for an instant, he recommenced by the interrogatory a new struggle, in which he no doubt hoped to come off more successfully than on former occasions. But his perseverance and inquisitorial skill were defeated this day, as on those which followed, by a resolution still stronger than his own. All his manœuvres were useless, all his attempts ineffectual, to extort from me one word more.

After whole days of altercation, after examinations whose interminable length was calculated to wear out the mind, to throw all the ideas of the prisoner into confusion by a prolonged tension of his faculties, Salvotti could learn nothing, discover nothing but what the Police were previously acquainted with and the papers themselves declared. Such a result was little gratifying to the conceit of a man not less proud than skilful, who flattered himself he should acquire fresh claims to the favour of his master, by making my unfortunate case the pretext for filling the prisons with new victims, and establishing other political prosecutions as important as those now on hand. What wonder then that I, a poor foreigner, should be sacrificed to his disappointment? and who would be surprised at hearing, from the mouth of so passionate, so partial a judge, words such as those which commenced or concluded each examination,—"Say or do what you will, you shall not escape the gallows!" This satanic threat still rung in my ears: I entered the court where I had tried to discover the young violet-girl. The jailers, instead of leading me as usual to my prison, made me take a different direction. We ascended a staircase, and stopped at a door, which they opened: "Go in, go in," said Riboni, pleased, "this will be your room now; you will be better here than downstairs; go in."

The chamber before me was spacious, and doubtless would have engrossed my attention, if my eyes had not immediately rested on a man of about forty, who advanced towards me and offered me his hand. This was a prisoner, with whom, as I afterwards learned, I was

placed, to leave the ground-floor clear for the reception of others.

My first impression, on finding myself, after so long a solitude, suddenly introduced to this unknown fellow-sufferer, was a sense of joy, which showed itself both in my face and manner during the presence of the jailer, who congratulated us on our meeting. But scarcely had Riboni left us, when I was assailed by a feeling of anxiety and doubt as to the real character of the individual with whom I was thus coupled. 'Who knows,' thought I, 'but that this is one of those treacherous villains usually employed to find out the secrets of captives? such a proceeding were well worthy of Salvotti. I will be watchful and guarded in every syllable.' But this distrust could not continue long with such a man as Rinaldini, whose heart was on his tongue. Within a few hours I knew all the particulars of my companion's life and family; by what catastrophe he was now in confinement, how long he had been arrested, and what had happened to him since his imprisonment.

I in my turn told him through what caprice of fate I was then a state-prisoner at Milan.

"What!" cried he, "are you the Frenchman whose arrest made so much noise?"

"The same."

"Ah, *Corpo di Bacco!* who could have supposed two months ago that I should be fellow-prisoner with the young foreigner of whom so much was said? Some represented him as the nephew of Benjamin Constant, others as the son of Lafayette,—an emissary from Paris,—one, in fact, who knew everything."

"Indeed," said I, "did they imagine all that?"

"And many things besides."

"Then you were at liberty at the time of my arrest?"

"Certainly," replied my companion, "I was free; yes, but so ill at ease, that my liberty was hardly better than imprisonment. Listen how this unfortunate business came to pass.

"I was living at Brescia, happy as the mountain-bird, enjoying the day, anticipating only pleasures for the morrow,—beloved by my family, my mother, my sisters. I loved them also, especially the youngest sister, Ghitta, who was on the point of being married. And my mother, my poor mother!—I was saying, that my life was a happy one. Every hour was appropriated; the morning was passed within doors; after luncheon I went out for a walk; at ten minutes to four I returned, and as the clock struck four we were seated at table; after dinner, an hour's nap; then to the Countess's box at the theatre. Poor creature, how dull it must be to her, if she goes there still! but no, she does not go, I am sure; her poor Angelo is in prison.

"Such a life, my friend, would please for a hundred years, it was so sweet and tranquil!—a life of paradise, especially for me who had wasted years in the service of the French Government; and there was my misfortune; for when the revolutions of Naples and Piedmont broke out, they caused more agitation in Brescia than in any other town of Lombardy. The Brescians are proverbially hot-headed and noisy. At that moment of excitement my friends came to me:

'Well, Rinaldini, great doings these! Do you not burn to be in action for your country,—you who have served under the French? How glorious it would be to drive out these dull-headed Austrians!' I listened in silence, a little embarrassed I confess. What was I to do? they were intimate friends who addressed me thus. In spite of all my prudence, instead of going to the theatre, I bent my steps to one of their meetings.

"Such deeds were to be done! Oh, the talk there was about 'Italian independence,' 'patriotic devotion,' and so forth! Then, I was to be captain of the national guard, to take the lead in case of any stir. I did not refuse, and you see what is come of it. From that time, I heard scarcely anything of the subject. Then followed the disasters of Piedmont and Naples. In the north, as in the south, every one returned to his pursuits, and forgot his longings for independence. The Austrian Government, however, does not so easily forget; and, though in Lombardy there had merely been a sentry-box knocked down, a year after all was over the Police began arresting, first at Milan, then at other places, and afterwards at Brescia. Good Heaven! judge of my alarm, when I was told one morning, that Counts D—— and M—— were in prison.

"At this news I felt as if seized by the throat, I could hardly breathe. I might have escaped to Switzerland, as others did; but I said to myself, 'What have I to fear? what have I done? nothing; and my friends will not betray me. I may be easy; the storm will blow over.' Some months passed away, and I began to feel re-assured, when one evening I was called out from

the theatre; it was the Police. I have plenty of colour, have I not? well, I turned as white as one of the marble figures in the cathedral. *L'amica,* happily, suspected nothing of the matter. From the theatre they took me home to examine my papers. That was the most trying moment. What a blow it would have been to my poor mother! To avoid so terrible a shock, I begged the officers not to make any noise. They attended to my request, and the search was made in silence, so that the family had no idea of what had happened. But, alas! it was all known the next day; my mother, at the time in bad health, was cut to the heart, and now perhaps— Oh, 'tis horrible to think of!

"At length they put me into a coach, and carried me off that night. How great was my agitation during that unhappy journey, you can easily imagine. Arrested, dragged before this terrible Commission, the very name of which made me tremble even when at liberty, I thought certainly my head would be cut off; and when they took me out of the carriage and thrust me into one of those holes below, I confess my breath stopped, and my brain was in a complete whirl.

"Well, I know not how long I had been there, when that fat Riboni brought me something to eat. A fine time for eating, by my faith! I did nothing but shed tears; so he took the dishes away. The next meal I again refused to eat; but one of the turnkeys having said, 'Oh, if he does not choose to eat of his own will, he shall soon be compelled!' I took a few morsels, in order to prevent the idea that I wished to starve my-

self. Then they talked of chains and dungeons. All this was not very encouraging, but my imagination made it worse, and the whole night was passed in tears. I called aloud on my mother, my sisters, *la mia dama*; I bade them adieu,—gave myself up for lost, and, as the time of appearing before the Commission approached, I became so weak that an infant might have thrown me down. At first, however, I thought of denying; but what good could it do? they knew all; the others had confessed.

"My friends had hardly done more than myself; so that I could not understand how we could be accused of high-treason for holding a few meetings without purpose and without result. The Inquisitor however thought otherwise, for he told me my case was clear, and that if I did not candidly confess the whole, nothing could save me from the extreme rigour of the law. He showed me interrogatories, where my name appeared at full length. What could I do? He talked to me of my mother and sisters, till my heart nearly burst. 'Since they have admitted all,' cried I, 'I will not contradict what they have stated.' I thought thus to cut the matter short; but I was mistaken: the examination lasted through that day, was renewed the next, and continued so long a time that my ideas were thrown into utter confusion. Question followed question in endless succession, as if state matters constituted the Inquisitor's principal source of amusement. When he had thoroughly exhausted the subject, he sent me back to my cell, still quite uncertain what was to be my doom, for

I put no faith in his fair promises. At length, one fine morning, a few days ago, they removed me from my den to this large room, where I was dying of ennui; but my days will glide on much more pleasantly now that my good angel has united me to you, for whose cruel fate I grieve with all my heart."

CHAPTER XVII.

RINALDINI was a sensitive and kind-hearted man, but certainly not made to take an active part in politics. His qualities, however, were of such a nature as to render it a pleasure to live in the same prison with him. With a uniform good-humour, invariable politeness, and an exact regularity in the arrangement of the day, his company was often agreeable, never tedious. We soon became much attached to each other, and it was with unfeigned sincerity that I expressed my thanks to Minghini for having given me such a companion.

The society of a fellow-prisoner lessens the disposition to give way to melancholy. Instead of silently brooding over the future, conversation diverts the mind, restores calm to the heart, and brings back sleep to the eyes. My days therefore were less agitated, my mind became more elastic, and my natural gaiety would now and then return.

One day, when I was in one of these merry moods, the jailer came unexpectedly and conducted me to my niece. I laughed with her, as in the bright times of my youth. We talked of her childhood, and the little tricks I used to play her. Not a tear moistened my eyes, while portraying to her the affectionate care with which her mother had tended her: no sadness oppressed my heart

while inquiring into her amusements, studies, and affections. The sense of my misfortune had yielded to the impression of the present charms and bright future of this child, whose figure and beauty were those of an angel. I delighted in the idea that she would become a source of joy and happiness to all around her. The sight of this dear girl, her youthful appearance, her artless language, her innocent caresses, infused into me great consolation and hope. It seemed to me as if the divine grace had re-animated my soul, and gloomy fears had been dispelled for ever. With light heart and cheerful countenance I returned to Rinaldini, who congratulated me on my pleasing interview.

"Gentlemen," said Riboni one day, with all the gravity imaginable, "I am directed by the Commission to inform you that, should either of you wish to perform your devotions, a priest will be in attendance to-morrow and the following days. Will you require his services? The Commission have desired me to put this question to each of you. What answer, gentlemen, do you return?"

My companion, on whom Riboni had fixed his eye, immediately replied, "Oh, yes, yes! I am ready to meet the good priest; I should wish it."

"And you, sir," said the jailer, turning to me with a sort of smile on his face, "will you require him also?"

"I! oh, no."

"But shall I put you on the list?"

"By no means: I am not in a state of mind yet for fulfilling this religious duty."

"Very well," he answered, making a slight bow as he went out; "I shall report accordingly."

A few hours after this had occurred, Minghini came in, much concerned; and, taking me aside into a corner of the room, he said with an air of wonder, "Why, what is this that I hear?—is it true that you have refused the sacrament?"

"Certainly, I have."

"But all the other prisoners have agreed to receive it."

"Very likely; but this is a sacred observance,—a matter of conviction; and my conscience—"

"I respect your sentiments," he said, "but just reflect: would you wish to have yourself stigmatised as an infidel, an atheist?"

"Should I then prefer," I replied firmly, "a hypocritical compromise with my conscience, which would cover me with shame?"

"Stuff! nonsense! scruples of this kind are unworthy a man of sense. I tell you again that this proceeding will have a very bad effect, not only as regards your judges, but with his Majesty, who looks upon the fulfilment of these duties as a mark of submission."

"What!" I exclaimed with surprise, "does the Emperor employ himself upon details like these?"

"Have I not already told you," said Minghini with animation, "that frequent reports are sent to his Majesty on the conduct of each of the prisoners, informing him of their slightest actions, their most trifling expressions? You may depend upon it that he will

be sure to hear of this. The Emperor, I am certain, will be offended at it, and irritated against you, and will consider you as a self-willed young man, deeply infected with jacobinism, without religion or belief. The Emperor is religious himself, and chooses that every one else shall be so as well, more especially the state-prisoners. This circumstance, I warn you, will have a fatal effect when he is called on to confirm your sentence: 'This is a hardened reprobate whom nothing can affect,' he will say, as he signs your death-warrant. Come, give way a little in this instance; it is nothing after all;—every one does it."

"I am thankful to you, my good sir, for your kind intentions towards me; but to do what you require would be contrary to my principles and manner of thinking. Not that I blame those who act otherwise, nor that I reject the comforts of religion: far from it! but I am not now prepared to fulfil a duty which I cannot look upon lightly. If I were prepared, if I felt myself in a fit state to approach the holy table, I should from a motive of religion accept it as freely in prison as at liberty; no human authority, no personal considerations would have the least weight on my mind. The Emperor, far from attributing my refusal to the hardened obstinacy of the atheist, will only see in it the praiseworthy and honest scruple of a conscience which feels that in matters of religion no compromise is allowable."

"Do not deceive yourself," said Minghini; "the Emperor looks only to the facts before him, not to their causes; or rather, he will be convinced that you, a

Frenchman, are a revolutionary agent who merits no pity. Shall I again remind you of your family, of the sister who so dotes on you? Think but of the affliction you are causing them."

"Spare me, spare me, my dear sir, your kind interference; and rest assured that it is painful to me to be thus unable to follow your advice."

"Well, well!" cried Minghini, "it is your own affair, you know, not mine; and all that I have said on the subject was solely for your own good."

"No one could feel that more deeply than I do. Let me, however, beg of you not to refer to it again."

"Say no more; nothing is so sacred with me as the liberty of conscience. Gentlemen, I wish you good morning."

Fully persuaded of the rectitude of my conduct in this matter, I remained during the rest of the day immutably resolved not to see the priest, who was desired to attend us on the morning; when a new idea, a suggestion of my cooler thoughts, modified both the view in which I had seen it, and the determination to which I had come. To persist in my refusal to confess and take the sacrament was a necessary and natural result, both of my principles respecting religion, and the position in which I stood; but my declining to see the minister of the gospel, or to speak to him, seemed a fanaticism that could only give occasion for a feeling respecting me which I did not deserve. I was quite willing to incur the displeasure of the Emperor, but it seemed to me a sort of duty to show myself to the con-

fessor, and in his ear to declare myself (as I really was) full of faith in God, or rather full of respect for revealed religion, neither a sceptic nor a materialist.

I consequently resolved to be conducted into the presence of the ecclesiastic after my companion.

It happened as I had wished; when my turn was come, I left my cell, and was escorted by gendarmes through a double file of soldiers, to the court which led to the prisons wherein I had passed three months in solitude. One of these was fitted up as a sort of chapel, hung with black, and lighted by a few wax tapers. I entered, and the priest arose at my approach.

He was a man of a middle height, whose placid and benevolent features at once told me that he knew how to sympathise with the unfortunate beings whom he was called upon to solace and advise. He came up to me, took me affectionately by the hand, and bade me sit beside him.

"Some time perhaps has passed," he said with almost paternal kindness, "since you have attended to the duties of religion? The wildnesses of youth, and the enticements of the world often, too often, lead us away from our Saviour, and divert us too much from the practice of those pious instructions which we may have imbibed in our childhood. This, alas, is the fate to which a young man favoured by fortune, and exposed to the seductions of society, is liable. In the oblivion of that which is most important to him here below, his future and eternal welfare, he revels on thoughtlessly through life, even to its verge, unless God in his great mercy pleases to remind him of his fearful state. Happy are

they who wait not to be called unto the manna of the Saviour until they are awfully warned like St. Paul. But happy also are they, who, like that great Apostle, recognizing the divine hand in the adversities to which they are subjected, shut not their eyes to the light, but seek in the bosom of the Lord consolation for the ills of the present, a holy reliance in the time to come. Let me, oh, let me have the gladness to hope that you are one of the elect of God," said he, adjuring me with a look of deep solicitude; "let me but hope, O my son, that a calamity so heavy, a solitude so unbroken as yours, has led back your heart to our holy religion; and I will with you give thanks to God for having permitted adversity to afford you that joy which passeth not away."

He said this with such pious earnestness, so much heart-felt emotion, that the suspicions I had at first entertained that he was an instrument of the Commission gradually lessened, and at last my mistrust was entirely dispelled.

"Allow me," I said in French, "to speak in my own tongue, which you doubtless understand."

"Yes, my son, speak in French. The inward thoughts, the outpourings of the heart, are never so vivid when expressed in any other than our native language; and I have the happiness of being able to enjoy your admirable Bossuet, your divine Fénelon, in their own tongue."

"I had at first determined," I said, "to have refused coming to you; but, on reflection, I changed my resolve, and I do not now regret it. I was afraid, to tell

the truth, that this proceeding, in the peculiar position in which I am placed, might be construed into an act of weakness, a cowardly concession to the force of circumstances."

"Then, my child, a false shame would have prevented you from fulfilling your duty of rendering that homage to the Almighty which is his due."

"No, my good father: such a consideration would not have influenced me if I had been convinced of, if I had deeply felt, the truth of the religion I profess; but, alas! I have no faith."

"Rather say, my son, that you want more."

"I believe in God, in his power, in his goodness; I look forward to a future state; I respect the revelations of the Christian religion, and admire the morality of Christ."

"And yet," replied the worthy priest with a sigh, "you do not admit either the divinity or the truths of the Holy Scriptures! And do you fancy yourself religious because you are conscious of some natural aspirations towards the Almighty? because you invoke him in moments of emotion and of trouble? Oh, no, this is but a poetry of the heart and the imagination, a mere deism, with no other base, no other solidity, than that instinct of a future existence which God has given us, but which is inefficacious against the sophistry of scepticism, the pangs of adversity."

"It has however sufficed to make me bear with resignation the doom which awaits me."

"Ah, my son," he replied, in a voice so touching that it thrilled to my heart, "I well know that in a cha-

racter like yours its energies are aroused, its intrepidity strengthened by the very imminence of the crisis. But when the trial is protracted, when the irksome monotony of a prison follows the excitement of the prosecution, this exaltation of mind gradually relaxes. Then, that belief in a Supreme Being, those outpourings to God, which had supported you at the moment of danger, begin to cool, and you are left unarmed, unaided, to battle against the regrets of the past, the wretchedness of the present, and the uncertainty of the future. Not that I mean," he quickly added, "to infer that any such fate attends you. No, my son, God forbid! If our Saviour, Jesus Christ, give ear to my prayers, in softening your heart and leading you again into the bosom of our holy church, he will also restore you to liberty,—that blessing of which none but captives can feel the value."

"I have already told you, my good father, that I respect the holy church; but at this moment, and in my present situation, it is too late to inquire into its truths. Were I to disguise my feelings, and approach the Communion-table in the present state of my mind, would you not be justified in accusing me either of hypocrisy or of levity? I cannot lie to my conscience, nor degrade myself by assuming the appearance of a belief which I do not possess; and if I do injure myself in the opinion of the Emperor, I shall at least have preserved my own self-esteem."

"Oh, what, my son," he answered, "what are these but trifles in the balance against your eternal welfare? If this religion which you profess to respect, is true, if

we can alone be saved by believing in it and practising its precepts, what will become of your soul should God have doomed you to the last fatal trial,—ere long remove you from the world?"

"If I am wrong, and I perish, good father, God will have pity upon me; he to whom all hearts are open, knows that it is from no contempt that I refuse the observances of the Catholic religion; he will judge my intentions, and cover them with the shadow of his mercy."

"You will return to him, young man, you will return to him; there is too much piety in your heart; and you will be accounted by our Saviour as one of his beloved ones! Oh, I supplicate you, cast all human considerations underfoot; what are they compared to the eternal blessedness alone promised and assured to us by Revelation? Take the sacred Scriptures, which you know not; read them, meditate over them, and you will there find wisdom and truth; you will learn humility, patience, repentance: and in seeing that this divine morality, this wonderful language, could not have come from man, you will recognise therein the hand of God, who has sent his Son to ransom our sins by his blood, and open to us the gates of everlasting life. Then your mind, which is now in utter darkness, will be enlightened; your heart, which strains against adversity, will support its misfortunes with joy, because it will support them in the love of God! Then you will be ever in readiness to die if you are condemned, to sustain with resignation the evils of a lengthened captivity, or, if restored to society, to edify your fellow-creatures by

the uprightness of your life. With religion, in all situations, at all times, you will be resigned, happy, and full of hope; without it, you will meet with nothing here below but disappointment, regret, and grief; which after all will not purchase that eternal joy promised by Jesus Christ to those who put their trust in him and who suffer for his sake. You will return to him—to this merciful Father—the first and only source of consolation and truth! and when by his grace you shall have tasted the joys of a lively faith and a sincere conduct, you will bless the day when our heavenly Father, in condemning you to these trials and afflictions, endowed you with the highest happiness this earth possesses, the belief in his holy word, and the hope of meriting hereafter eternal life."

"I do return thanks to God, reverend father, that he has mercifully sent to me in prison one who so well fulfils the mission of peace and consolation with which he is charged towards the unfortunate captive. Your words, I believe, have sunk deeply into my heart; I will think over them, I will reflect upon them: and if ever conviction come to my mind ere my last moments, I hope and trust that I shall be allowed to have your guidance on my passage to eternity. If I now decline to perform the duties of a Christian, you will exonerate me from being actuated by any contempt of religion, by obstinacy, or atheism. My heart may have strayed from the right path, but it is not hardened: it is sincere in its sentiments, and, in a case where conscience is paramount, it would part with life rather than make any compromise. Thanks, good father," I said as I

rose; "thanks for your forbearance and kindness: whatever be my fate, I shall remember with pleasure, and I hope with profit, the interview of this day. Do not conceive too unfavourable an opinion of a young Frenchman, whose political sentiments are not more extreme than those he has on religion, and whose only crime has been too deep an attachment for your unhappy country."

At these words I kissed the good priest's hand, and as I departed I caught sounds of his ejaculation, "May God have pity, poor misguided one—"

Thus ended my interview with this worthy man, whose pious exhortations had deeply affected me, without however doing much towards my conversion. That was reserved for an after period, when my deistical principles, which had braved the threatened scaffold, were sapped by a long continuance of captivity. When my eyes first began to open to the light, the words of the worthy priest reverted to my memory, and produced the fruits he had wished. May he one day know that the recollection of his piety, so accordant with the pastoral character, served as an antidote to the disgust with which I was afterwards inspired by the conduct of the priest appointed by the Emperor to be our confessor at Spielberg! May the thought, that his kind and soothing words were one of the causes of my return to the way of truth, be sweet to his heart!

The effect which the foregoing conversation produced upon me even then was so great, that for several days my mind was solely occupied on the important and difficult questions of religious evidences. At one period,

my infidel notions were so shaken that I should have requested books on the subject to be allowed me, but that I feared my conscientious desire for truth might be looked upon as resulting from personal considerations. This feeling, in conjunction with my trial and the composition of my defence, which I wrote down soon after, prevented my going deeply into this subject.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SALVOTTI finding all his artifices vain, before closing the series of interrogatories and giving up the papers connected with my trial, resolved to examine my poor sister, who had so generously hastened to tender me her consolation and aid.

Little did she expect that our affection, and the brotherly confidence which I had in her, would cause her to be summoned before the Imperial Commission as a witness. The manner in which this arbitrary examination was conducted, I give in the following pages from her own journal, merely to afford a more exact idea of the Austrian mode of procedure in matters of political offences.

"*Thursday, 22nd May.*—This has been a dreadful day for me. Just as we were going out to take our Thursday letter to the Hall of Justice, the jailer arrived with a message from M. Minghini, begging me to come instantly before the Commission. The thought immediately struck me that I was to be put in the witness-box,—that perhaps I should even meet my brother. Alas, I will not boast of more courage than I really possessed; during the time I was dressing, my agitation

was so great that I could hardly prevent myself from dropping to the earth.

"On arriving at the palace, I found there the old judge Pissini, who scarcely gave himself the trouble to notice my entrance. The kind M. Minghini took the letter from me, and while he was occupied in reading it, I sat absorbed in the apprehension of what was to follow. 'My dear madam,' he said in a low voice, 'come and take a seat by me, and do not be cast down. Salvotti is going to ask you a few questions: he will be here in a moment; I thought it was better to write to you myself, lest you should be alarmed. Keep up your spirits, madam, keep up your spirits.'

"M. Minghini then left me, and went to deliver my letter to the unfortunate prisoner.

"After waiting nearly a quarter of an hour Salvotti appeared, attended by another young counsellor. Two judges are always obliged to be present when a witness undergoes an examination, and a clerk takes down both the question and answer. My calmness sufficiently showed that I dreaded nothing; but the interrogatory was scarcely commenced, ere Salvotti was summoned by the President of the Commission, and I remained for some two hours along with Pissini and the young Counsellor. We talked in Italian about France, of my daughter, of education in general.

"Salvotti, on his return, apologised for having made me wait so long, and sitting down near me seemed trying to read the very bottom of my soul with his piercing glance. Upon this I took off my bonnet, and said to him, 'I trust, sir, that nothing will now prevent your

having a full view of my face.' The Inquisitor then insisted on examining me upon everything that he thought me likely to know respecting my brother's life during the last twelve years,—on his sojourn and connections at Geneva, his opinions, his travels in France, &c. 'He seems,' said Salvotti,' to have been a dissipated young man, and to have given his father much trouble.'

"'You must have been very fortunate, sir,' I replied, 'if during your youth you did not commit some errors; the faults of youth cannot be called dishonourable.'

"'I have nothing, madam, to reproach myself with, even during my youth.'

"'Then, sir, you are very fortunate,' I repeated; at which the young counsellor smiled.

"Salvotti continually interrupted the examination by speaking of my father, and eulogising his merit; at last after many questions, each more unreasonable than the preceding one, he began to explain to me that we ought to return to France, and that our stay at Milan could be of no use to my brother, who himself wished our departure. I at once answered that our duty and affection for Alexander made it imperative on us to remain.

"The Inquisitor at this became furious: 'If you expect the same indulgence to be granted him as the other prisoners, and that you are to see him once a month, you nourish a vain hope; it has been decreed by the Commission that you shall see him but once, and that on the eve of your departure.'

"'These are not the promises which have been made to us,' I said. 'But no matter; if we are to submit to this, we must; it does not follow that we are to leave him.'

"'How can you suppose, madam, we can allow you and your husband to write such a quantity of letters? do you think the counsellors have nothing else to do but to read them? Perhaps you indulge the hope of seeing your brother at liberty, and of taking him back with you to France, or imagine that in the course of a few years he will be set free. You are very much mistaken, I assure you.'

"'I have no idea of what he is accused, sir, nor for what you are going to punish him; how then can I know what I have to hope or fear? If we write too much, it rests with the Commission to set bounds to our privilege.'

"I said this in so firm a tone that Salvotti was convinced it would not be easy to intimidate me, and this only the more irritated him. The other judges remained the whole time in profound silence. After this the interrogatory was read over, as it had been taken down by the clerk, and I affixed my signature to each of the pages. This examination lasted from ten o'clock until three, and was conducted throughout in Italian, in which language also I gave my replies. By a good fortune which I cannot account for, the task seemed as easy to to me as conversing in French. Once only, during this long investigation, the thought that it might be injurious to my dear brother came over me and chilled me to the heart; but by a violent effort I shook off this dreadful impression, which, if it had been encouraged, would have divested me of all fortitude and presence of mind.

"On my dismissal Salvotti asked me not to mention to any person my having been called before the Com-

mission and interrogated. I gave him this promise without hesitation, and will keep it so long as we remain in Milan.

"When I returned home, where my lengthened absence had caused much alarm, I gave a free vent to my indignation and anguish. The words of Salvotti, '*If you expect him to be set at liberty for several years to come, you are very much mistaken,*' recurred to my mind, and drove me to despair."

Minghini, as he had promised my sister, brought me himself the letter with which she had intrusted him. "Poor lady," he said almost in a whisper, "what must she suffer at this moment!"

"In the name of Heaven," I cried, pale with affright, "what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing to be alarmed at, my friend; nothing more than that she has been summoned before the Commission."

"Before the Commission!" I cried: "how barbarous a proceeding, to examine a foreigner, a sister too, upon facts of which she can have no knowledge, and which affect so near a relation,—and this after refusing me the witnesses I had asked for! It is shameful, I repeat, it is a shameful, an unwarrantable abuse of arbitrary power. It is one of those vexatious measures, those malignant arts of torture, which no one but Salvotti could have been capable of. I am indignant at this last act of persecution. And after all what does he gain by it? a clue which, after four months of search far and near, he has been unable to discover? And ought he,

on that vague hope to have inflicted on a suffering woman, a sister already worn out with anxiety, all the agitation which the mere name of the Commission justly inspires? I have supported patiently and with resignation all the injustice he has practised towards me; I have listened, without giving way to anger, to all the injurious epithets and menaces with which he has loaded me; but now, since he has dared, without respecting her situation, both as a Frenchwoman and a near relative, to expose my sister to this cruel trial, I will no longer repress my feelings, but I will tell him—"

"Ah!" interrupted he, "I beg of you to say nothing that may let him suppose I have informed you respecting this circumstance; I should be compromised, and moreover you would render your relations liable to be sent from Milan, which Salvotti is desirous of doing."

"I know it, I know it well."

"Then be cautious on this point, and if Salvotti should mention the interrogatory which your sister has undergone, restrain yourself; for if you should break out against him, he will take the utmost advantage of it, to remove your family. Promise me now that you will."

"I will, I will, whatever it may cost me. You know pretty well how I can restrain myself. But tell me, will this examination of which you speak be the last?"

"I have every reason to believe it will; at all events they intend giving you notice to begin writing your defence."

"Heaven be praised! then at least my dear friends will be allowed to see me."

"If I might hope," said Minghini in his usual affectionate manner, "that you would follow my advice in this instance better than you have done heretofore, I would counsel you—" He stopped.

"Speak, my dear sir, speak!"

"Well then, I would suggest,—but you must give me your word of honour."

"Speak on," I answered, "I promise you never to breathe a syllable of what you say."

"I would advise you to declare to the Commission that the papers were not in your possession when you crossed the frontier; that they had been brought to you only a short time before your arrest. This was the fact," he continued; "but it is of the utmost importance to you to state, besides, that they only came into your hands after you had announced to Buonarotti your relinquishment of the mission. This will necessarily make it apparent that you not only had done nothing towards the fulfilment of your undertaking, but that you had abandoned all thoughts of it long before entering the Austrian dominions. Well, what say you? this will be of essential consequence to you; if Salvotti has not touched upon the subject, it is because he knew what an additional weight it would give to your defence. What is there to prevent your doing so? the individual who brought you the papers cannot be involved, I am positive, because he is most probably unknown; and as to the person at Bellinzona, who had intrusted them to him, he is already too well known to the Police for you to have any scruples on his account. Reflect upon this," he added, as he left me, "it is the advice of a friend; in a few days, nay

perhaps in a few hours, it will be too late: turn it over in your mind."

I reflected on it, recognised the importance of the advice, but did not act upon it.

Within a very short time I was summoned before the Commission. From the solemn tone in which Salvotti pronounced the first questions of the interrogatory, I saw plainly that either a new mode of attack was meditated, or that this was the last sitting, in which it was intended to work upon my imagination, and try to stagger me.

"Well," said he triumphantly, suspending his questions, "the Spaniards, on whom the revolutionary party rested such hopes, have been defeated by that very French army in which it had been attempted to excite rebellion and treason. Ha! ha! these indomitable patriots, these haughty republicans, who would die to the last man in defence of their independence, have fled at the first shot. Everywhere they have been beaten by the troops of the Duke d'Angoulême, who in this short campaign has acquired immortal glory. The Cortes is dissolved, the revolutionists are silenced; Spain, which, according to men of your stamp, was to be the downfall of the Bourbons, as it had been of Napoleon, has again submitted to her legitimate king. The last spark of jacobinism has been put out; and Europe," added Salvotti, with malignant pleasure at the pain he knew he was giving me, "Europe is henceforward purged of those pretended constitutions, which are in reality nothing else than schools of anarchy. The insolent flag of revolt and impiety has everywhere fallen before the

sacred banner of religion and legitimacy. Order and submission are restored, and France, I hope, will soon be delivered from a charter which her too generous king ought never to have granted. We have fought hand in hand, and the good cause has obtained a decisive victory: all resistance is now useless; your party is lost, crushed: all but fanatics and fools can see that, and none but they would refuse to bend to the force of circumstances."

I had listened to Salvotti without suffering him to perceive the painful emotions produced by this disastrous news from Spain, and silence was my only reply to his reiterated exhortations not to suffer my life to be sacrificed. The calm self-possession which I had maintained under all circumstances during my captivity, rather puzzled Salvotti, whose inquisitorial tactics consisted in either affecting even to tenderness, or rousing to indignation, the prisoner whom he could not alarm by threats; in order that some involuntary burst, some unguarded expression, might suddenly reveal what otherwise would have been kept secret. But this stratagem, so often successful, failed on the present occasion; and he was consequently thrown into a state of agitation which, ill according with the sagacity of the inquisitor and the gravity of the judge, placed him in a false and disadvantageous position with respect to one who had preserved the dignity of innocence, together with the modesty becoming the party to whom crime is imputed. Now, as on former occasions, Salvotti lost his temper, and abused me freely previous to recommencing his examination, which did not relate to anything of import-

ance. When however he had vented his spleen, and asked me a few more questions, he said, "You have three days to prepare your defence; all that you have need for here shall be brought to you in your room."

Then no one is betrayed, not one! was my first thought on hearing these words; and my heart was so filled with joy, that for a moment I could hardly contain myself. "My defence!" I exclaimed, after a time, "but for that it is requisite I should know the principal charges brought against me. I demand, therefore, that my interrogatories may be read over to me, that what has been said and done in the course of so long an investigation may be present to my mind; without that, my defence is impracticable."

"Then you must do without one," quickly interposed Salvotti, for your interrogatories will not be read to you."

"In that case I shall not write."

"That is the best course you can adopt, young man. What can you say, in fact, in extenuation of your crime? Nothing. You are guilty; and to divert from your head the avenging sword of the law, you have but one plan to pursue. As you have refused that, you must take the consequence."

"But, sir," replied I earnestly, "a prisoner cannot surely be condemned without being informed on what grounds the charge against him rests. That is taking from him all means of defence, depriving him of the possibility of proving his innocence, if he is innocent, or of advancing palliative circumstances if guilty. You have denied me the criminal code; you have refused to

bring forward my witnesses; you have accumulated against me all the probable evidence, all the suppositions and conjectures imaginable; and now the examinations are come to an end, when a difficult trial, which thanks to you has lasted months, is about to finish, you tell me I am allowed three days for my defence; but against what, I repeat, am I to defend myself? I, who am entirely ignorant both of your laws and your penalties,—who ought to have the aid of counsel, and an advocate to plead my cause,—but who have not been able even to get a sight of the laws, whose interpretation may be so important and whose operation so fatal to me. What protection is there for the accused? where are his defenders?"

"Have I not told you," cried Salvotti in a rage, "that I am not only your judge, but that I am also your counsel?"

"You my counsel! You are my accuser: and is it possible that an inquisitor should be impartial in his judgement, or that he could defend the accused with the same zeal and perseverance with which he strove to prove the guilt? What would they say in France if—"

"You are in Italy, young man, in Lombardy, remember, and not in your revolutionary France, where authority may be insulted and conspired against with impunity. Here things are in a better state, offenders cannot elude the arm of justice."

"Does not true justice in all countries, sir, require that the accused should be allowed the greatest possible liberty in his defence, and that he should not be exposed to be judged by those who are most anxious to find him

guilty? I repeat my demand for the reading of the interrogatories."

"And I repeat that your demand will not be granted. All you can say will avail you nothing; you are lost; you will be hanged."

"If you are in a state of mind as calm and impartial when called to decide upon my fate, it is certain—"

"Silence! do not hasten your punishment by an aggravation of your offence. You are a madman: the Commission ought, in compassion to your want of common sense, to withhold the permission to write your defence. Go, and remember that mere words will have no effect with us."

I was about to reply, but Salvotti had rung; the guards came, and I was reconducted to my prison, where the jailer soon brought me some sheets of paper, numbered.

It was long before I could determine to begin a defence that seemed to me but a bitter mockery. I had the satisfaction of knowing that no one else was compromised. That end was gained, and what mattered the rest? Was I not aware, from the first day of my arrest, that it was all over with me? I was delighted at having escaped the snares of Salvotti, and at having saved from his clutches so many poor Italians, whom one incautious word from my lips might have rendered lastingly miserable; and I revelled in the thought that in time to come some friendly heart, learning how much I had sacrificed to the cause, to my word, and my honour, would do that justice to my memory, which was its due. Happy in the

testimony of my conscience, and thankful to God for having granted my prayers, I forgot that, after having fulfilled the sacred duty of saving others, it was equally imperative upon me to defend myself from impending destruction. The recollection of my father and my beloved family reminded me of this, and enabled me to surmount the disgust excited by so shameful an abuse of the most sacred words and things.

I therefore wrote my defence, which I prepared with the greater care as I understood from Minghini that it would in all probability be read by the Emperor himself. In a firm and moderate tone I endeavoured to exhibit in its true light an affair that had been grossly misrepresented. First I stated that it was quite accidentally that I became charged with the political mission which had led to my arrest. I next pointed out that the object of this mission was not the Austrian provinces merely, but all Italy. I then arranged the facts in a manner to prove that I had not plotted with his Majesty's subjects, and had even abandoned my intention, as was evident from the reproachful letter addressed to me by Buonarotti, and other documents. To these circumstances I earnestly appealed, as freeing me from all culpability with respect to the Austrian Government; the simple retention of the papers not being sufficient to constitute me guilty of high-treason. I concluded by throwing myself upon the justice of the Court appointed to determine my fate, trusting they would find the whole affair to amount to nothing more than an act of imprudence, already too severely punished by the miseries of a long imprisonment and the affliction of my family.

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"And I repeat that your demand will not be granted. All you can say will avail you nothing; you are lost; you will be hanged."

"If you are in a state of mind as calm and impartial when called to decide upon my fate, it is certain—"

"Silence! do not hasten your punishment by an aggravation of your offence. You are a madman: the Commission ought, in compassion to your want of common sense, to withhold the permission to write your defence. Go, and remember that mere words will have no effect with us."

I was about to reply, but Salvotti had rung; the guards came, and I was reconducted to my prison, where the jailer soon brought me some sheets of paper, numbered.

It was long before I could determine to begin a defence that seemed to me but a bitter mockery. I had the satisfaction of knowing that no one else was compromised. That end was gained, and what mattered the rest? Was I not aware, from the first day of my arrest, that it was all over with me? I was delighted at having escaped the snares of Salvotti, and at having saved from his clutches so many poor Italians, whom one incautious word from my lips might have rendered lastingly miserable; and I revelled in the thought that in time to come some friendly heart, learning how much I had sacrificed to the cause, to my word, and my honour, would do that justice to my memory which was its due. Happy in the

testimony of my conscience, and thankful to God for having granted my prayers, I forgot that, after having fulfilled the sacred duty of saving others, it was equally imperative upon me to defend myself from impending destruction. The recollection of my father and my beloved family reminded me of this, and enabled me to surmount the disgust excited by so shameful an abuse of the most sacred words and things.

I therefore wrote my defence, which I prepared with the greater care as I understood from Minghini that it would in all probability be read by the Emperor himself. In a firm and moderate tone I endeavoured to exhibit in its true light an affair that had been grossly misrepresented. First I stated that it was quite accidentally that I became charged with the political mission which had led to my arrest. I next pointed out that the object of this mission was not the Austrian provinces merely, but all Italy. I then arranged the facts in a manner to prove that I had not plotted with his Majesty's subjects, and had even abandoned my intention, as was evident from the reproachful letter addressed to me by Buonarotti, and other documents. To these circumstances I earnestly appealed, as freeing me from all culpability with respect to the Austrian Government; the simple retention of the papers not being sufficient to constitute me guilty of high-treason. I concluded by throwing myself upon the justice of the Court appointed to determine my fate, trusting they would find the whole affair to amount to nothing more than an act of imprudence, already too severely punished by the miseries of a long imprisonment and the affliction of my family.

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On hearing my defence the good Rinaldini said, "And is that all? After the noise that has been made, I expected—"

"That I had revolutionised one third of Lombardy at least," said I.

"Yes, my dear fellow; and can this be all?"

"That *all* however, which seems to us so trifling, and would be really nothing before upright judges and under less arbitrary laws, will cost me my life. The decision of the Tyrolese wretches forming the Commission will be determined, not by what I have done, but by what I have refused to tell. My head will be cut off, because it would not bend."

Rinaldini clasped his hands and said, "Poor fellow! my poor countrymen!"

On the third day I was summoned to the Commission, and presented my defence to Salvotti. Whilst reading it in an under tone, his habitual ironical smile played upon his lips, and frequent shruggings of the shoulders, with looks of insulting pity cast on me, betrayed the annoyance and dissatisfaction the perusal caused him.

"And you think, do you, that all this fine composition will aid your cause?" said he, eyeing me with a look of contempt. "This declamation will not hide from view the nature of the offence; there are the facts."

"The facts, sir! can you advance a single one? Except the possession of these unfortunate papers, what have you to adduce against me?"

"More than is requisite to bring you to condign punishment."

"In your opinion, I believe; but perhaps my other judges may not agree with you."

Salvotti, smiling at his associates, replied with a self-sufficient, unfeeling air, "You will soon learn that the decisions of the inquisitorial Commission are uniformly confirmed by the higher tribunals."

"Why then have different gradations of judicial authority, if all is determined here, and none of your decisions are ever set aside? why subject the unhappy prisoner to the torture of hope? why direct me to write a defence which can neither be precise nor complete? I have composed it, but only in obedience to that love of truth, and to that instinct of self-preservation implanted by God in our hearts, which prompts us to defend our name and life, even when we know that our words will be disregarded."

"Enough, enough!" cried Salvotti, with a gesture of impatience; "you have no one to thank but yourself for your misfortunes. Write," said he to the clerk; and he proceeded to dictate in Italian the defence I had drawn up in French, which he translated with exactness and elegance.

"Have you any observations to make upon this translation," said he, after the clerk had read it to me.

"None," replied I.

"Then sign it, as well as the other sheets of this interrogatory. It is the last; but if in the solitude of your prison you should feel any regret, and shrink from so early a death, I shall be always ready to listen to you, and to intercede for you with his Majesty, who had hoped from you more docility and submission. By-

and-by, when your trial is no longer in my hands, when I am no longer your judge, perhaps you will come to me; but it will then be too late. I had wished, for your father's sake, for your family, for your sister—"

"They will, like myself, sir, be resigned to the terrible affliction Providence has ordained."

A few minutes after, I was again in my prison, where I found my poor companion quite uneasy at my long absence.

"I began to fear," said he, "that they had removed you from me. Is your examination concluded? is your trial ended? and what effect did your defence produce?"

"None: could you expect otherwise?"

"Ah, the mercenaries!" cried Rinaldini;" and these men are judges!"

The next day Minghini came to see me. "I have read your defence," said he; "it is ably written, very; perhaps too much so, for unfortunately that will only do you injury with the Emperor."

"And how should it have been, then?" demanded I.

"How? more humble, more submissive."

"Cringing, say rather."

Minghini shook my hand at parting, and showed signs of genuine pity.

CHAPTER XIX.

My trial was brought to a close. Emancipated from the fearful anxiety of compromising the safety of others, I breathed more freely. The consciousness that I had discharged my duty honourably, restored my buoyancy of spirits, which was enhanced by a sort of pride I felt in having been able to triumph over the insidious attempts of Salvotti.

On seeing me return gay and talkative, my companion was quite delighted, and said, "Well then, I see you have great hopes that your trial has concluded favourably. Counsellor Minghini has whispered good news in your ear, I am sure." And he shook me heartily by the hand to express his joy. "Three months hence, I am certain you will be living happy and contented in France. God knows what will then have become of your poor Rinaldini!"

"No, my dear friend," I answered with a sigh, "I have not the most distant hopes of ever returning to France: henceforth, no France for me!"

"What then makes you so joyous? I have never seen you so before. If I had but four years of *carcere duro* to apprehend, I assure you I should go mad with the thought."

"If that was all I had to fear, I should return thanks to Heaven for bestowing such mercy on me: I should hail it as a boon."

"Four years of *carcere duro* a boon! Do you not know that you would be treated like a galley-slave, and stabled in straw with fetters rivetted to your ancles?"

"Well, what would that matter? what is that, after all, so long as I have my books?"

"Why," cried Rinaldini, lifting up his eyes and clasping his hands together, "the mere thought of it makes my hair stand on end! A fine consolation, in faith, are these books of yours to bear up against an empty stomach, a bed upon hard stones, and a heavy chain to drag! I will lay a wager now that Minghini has told you something about my affairs."

"You are right: and from what he has said, I have no doubt but that you will be treated mildly."

"Indeed! but after all, so it should be, for I have never taken any prominent part in politics. How could they have the conscience to condemn me? I have not done so much as would bring punishment upon a child. As to you, if they condemn you, I must say that they judge men and not actions."

"My dear Rinaldini, do you not know that with them justice is an empty word? Whatever be the fate reserved for me, I am prepared for it; and nothing, I trust, will from this time disturb my tranquillity and resignation."

In fact, the disquietude produced in my mind by the continual interrogatories, and the uncertainty of their result, had been succeeded by a profound calm. Hav-

ing no longer to fear for any one but myself, I was able to gaze steadily on my approaching fate, however terrible it might be. Sometimes, it is true, the remembrance of all that I had lost, of the dear ones I so fondly loved, threatened to shake my fortitude; but I did not allow it to take possession of my soul.

Informed by Minghini that Salvotti was trying to expel my relations from Milan, I daily expected to receive the news of their departure. Great as my own sorrow was, I grieved infinitely more on account of my poor friends, if they should be compelled to leave Italy without having clasped me to their hearts. All the interest of their acquaintances was used to induce the Viceroy and the Governor-General to put off the evil moment. At last they succeeded, and the Director of Police granted them a further permission to remain for fifteen days.

"At ease upon this point," writes my sister in her journal, under the date of the 6th of June, "I called upon Mr. Minghini this morning at eight o'clock. He reproached me for not having gone to him for consolation, and expressed the most lively solicitude in our behalf. He exhorted me to trust to his endeavours and not to fear Salvotti, and gave me hopes of seeing my brother in a very few days. I returned a thousand thanks to this excellent man, and promised him that we would implicitly follow his friendly counsels. We are now much more tranquil; we are satisfied that the severity he displayed towards me the other day before the Commission was assumed to avert the suspicions of

his colleagues. He has begged of me, whenever we have an interview with the prisoner, not to give way to our emotions too much, not to weep, lest it should unnerve him. I promised that I would be very firm. But may we really indulge the hope of again embracing him?"

"*Saturday, June 7th.*—We shall see him tomorrow: how my heart throbs when I think of it! At five o'clock, while we were at dinner, we received a letter written this morning by Alexander, and on the back of which Mr. Minghini had added, 'The relations of M. Andryane are requested to be at Santa Margarita tomorrow morning at eight o'clock.' How much we are indebted to Mr. Minghini! I read my poor brother's letter aloud: it was written in a tone of calm, sorrowful resignation: we all wept over it."

"*June 8th.*—We have seen him: we have enfolded him in our arms! It was a dreadful trial. We had no sleep during the whole night, from the thought of the morrow. On entering Santa Margarita my agitation was so extreme that I could not speak. The jailer awaited us at the first door, and immediately conducted us into an apartment, which I recognised as the one in which my daughter had seen her uncle. Mr. Minghini was already there, and showed us his usual benevolence, but I was too much overcome to utter a single word. I approached a cradle, in which a little child was asleep, to conceal my tears. Scarcely had a minute elapsed when I heard a heart-rending voice cry, 'Louis, dear Louis!' It was that of my brother, who was embracing my husband. I turned, and Alexander sprang

into my arms. None of us could articulate a word; but our tears spoke for us. Such a moment would have affected the most insensible soul; as for Mr. Minghini, he did not attempt to disguise how deeply harrowing it was to his feelings. He has begged of us not to mention to any one that this interview has been granted to us, because he has permitted it on his own responsibility, and without the consent of the Commission. To him alone, then, do we owe this intense happiness: may Heaven reward him for his many kindnesses!

"I can hardly recall what passed during the half hour we were with my brother. Our feelings were so excited, that we could not collect our thoughts or utter two sentences coherently. At last, at a signal from Mr. Minghini, two gendarmes came forward to remove Alexander. He placed himself between them, with a smile upon his lips, and left us in a kind of stupor. His image has been before our eyes ever since: our ears still ring with the tones of his melancholy voice, as he said, 'Do not weep for me; do not weep, my dear ones! The trials of this world are but for a time, and God will have pity on us. I am calm, you see, and the joy of this meeting will be a source of much consolation to my soul. The crisis is now past; I must and will be resigned!'—I listened to this without comprehending its meaning. Could he have had any serious fears respecting his fate which are now dissipated? Alas! all is a mystery, which his half-broken words did not serve to clear up."

"Have you been before the Commission?" asked

Rinaldini, on seeing me return in a state of great agitation.

"No," I said, after a pause; "I have just had an interview with my sister and brother."

"Indeed! that is a good sign: and yet you return so sad and afflicted?"

"Do not, do not talk," I interrupted him; "I want to be left to myself." The good creature took a book and began reading, almost holding his breath lest he should disturb me.

The Almighty had granted my prayer. I had once more seen my relations and clasped them in my arms. But, alas! it had been but for a moment; and anguish at having so soon been severed from them now weighed doubly upon my soul. After one or two interviews more, said I to myself, I shall have to leave them for ever: a few minutes passed together in tears and restraint will be the only consolation we can henceforth hope for. Then will the fatal moment arrive, when our hearts must be nearly broken; when, in spite of all our courage and resignation, our features must wear that anxious expression of agony so well depicted in the painting of the "Last adieux of a victim of the revolutionary tribunal!" How many times, with tears in my eyes, had I gazed on that dreadful scene,—admired the firmness of mind displayed in the countenance of the poor condemned,—bewailed his unfortunate wife and her young children, clinging about him, as if to divert the impending axe of the executioner!

This affecting print, as well as the places where I had

been accustomed to see it in my early days, started up so vividly before my memory, that on lifting up my eyes methought I beheld the fearful picture hanging against the walls of my cell. Then the persons of this melancholy drama assumed features which were familiar to me. The disconsolate mother, even then unshaken in her fortitude, was transformed into my sister: the innocent girl, so full of tenderness for the prisoner, became my niece, my pretty Louise: the men whom my excited imagination raised in the background, were my poor father and brother, both in tears; and the condemned, the object of so much love and regret, was converted into myself. I then felt that to preserve a calmness and resignation in such a moment was an admirable act of fortitude; but I felt also that the trial was the most cruel, the most poignant grief that man could experience in this world. After remaining for some time absorbed in this gloomy contemplation, I suddenly started from my seat, thinking that it was really necessary my friends should depart ere the fatal close,—that it would be a proof of insensibility or selfishness on my part not to require them to leave me.

The wretched looks, the miserable situation of the figures in the picture, still however haunted my mind. Almost unconsciously I took up a fork, which lay on our table, and began to scratch upon the wall a sketch of the group which stood lifelike before my eyes. I had scarcely traced half a dozen lines when, with surprise, I heard two or three slight taps, indicating that there was a prisoner in the next cell who desired to communicate with me. I answered the call,—gave my name,—and

listened breathless, until the strokes on the other side formed the name of *Monpiani.*

With joy in my heart, I turned to Rinaldini, who, sitting up in his bed, had been watching me with an air which seemed to express a doubt whether I had not lost my wits. "Monpiani," I cried, "your townsman, the good Monpiani is there, in the next room."

"Nonsense, impossible!"

"He has just told me so himself," I said with increasing exultation. Rinaldini, upon this, stared at me with open mouth; and did not exactly seem to know whether I was mad, or dreaming with my eyes unclosed. "Have I not told you often and often," I went on, "that there is a means by which prisoners contrive to correspond with each other in spite of walls and fetters? Well, it is by this means that I have learnt the news."

"Are you really in earnest? I thought it had been only a joke, or a wild scheme of yours; but how can it be done?"

"Come here; put your ear close to the wall and listen." I then struck several blows, which were immediately answered from the other side. "Now pay attention; I am going to tell Monpiani that I have a companion, Rinaldini of Brescia." After giving the necessary number of taps I stopped.

"And are you certain he understands you?" asked Rinaldini with an incredulous air.

"Hush! you will hear; he begins to reply—listen! 'Give him my best regards,' were the words I collected, to the astonishment of my comrade. "Well, will you believe it now?"

"Good Heavens! why this is a thing I should not have found out in ten years; what an invention!"

"What an invention!" I replied, shaking him by the hand. "*Che invenzione! che invenzione prelibata!*" and both of us at once struck up the duet in the Barbiere di Siviglia, repeating again and again "*Che invenzione! bravo, bravo, in verità.*" This burst of gaiety was so much in contrast with the sorrow which had overwhelmed my soul but a few minutes before, that I could not help recognising in it the hand of a good and merciful God, who pours balm into the wound of the sufferer when his strength is at its ebb.

"My poor Monpiani! my glorious Monpiani!" exclaimed Rinaldini every now and then; "it is a consolation however to know that you are near me."

"Monpiani is then an individual of great worth?" I asked.

"Monpiani!" answered Rinaldini in a transport; "he is the very best of men; the most pious Christian, I will not say merely in Brescia, but in all Lombardy. When they arrested him our consternation was universal; no one thought himself safe when a Monpiani was dragged off to prison,—a man whose whole life and fortune were devoted to the education of poor deaf and dumb children, and other works of charity. Every one trembled, nor without reason; for the Dugos, the Martinengos, the Dossis, and several other men of the highest rank and character, who formed the pride and honour of Brescia, have since then fallen victims to the same fate.

After I had told Monpiani a few words respecting

Signora L——, who spoke of him with so much interest and friendship, our talk became unreserved, as though we had known each other for years. A few sentences sufficed to convince me that he was one of those warm-hearted beings whose kind sympathy consoles and solaces persons labouring under affliction. I should have been delighted in that first day of our intercourse to have passed many more hours at the wall, in spite of the fatigue this occupation produced; but Rinaldini grew more and more impatient, and I was obliged to desist.

"What a strange language is this!" exclaimed my companion; "I thought you would never have done; Monpiani must have told you a great deal. Has he said anything about his trial? does he think that he will be condemned? does he hope to recover his liberty?"

"How you run on," I replied; "do you suppose one can converse in this way with as much facility as by word of mouth? A single sentence of two lines will take nearly an hour."

"Then what can such a language be good for? the utmost one could say by it is only 'How are you?'—is it not?"

"That depends on the disposition of the interlocutors; some may be satisfied with a mere salutation, while others will carry the conversation further, and prolong it for hours."

Every day I now passed a long time in communication with my worthy neighbour, whom Providence seemed to have sent to teach me moderation and patience. How kind were his words! what piety did

they breathe, instilling hope and consolation in those to whom they were addressed! Never did a hasty or angry syllable against the authors of his sufferings escape him,—never a complaint, a murmur! His submission to the will of God was only disturbed by the thought of his aged mother, and the poor deaf and dumb children.

"Were it not for them," he said, "I should sincerely bless the hand which tries me by such a tribulation. But my heart fails me, I confess, when I think of my poor mother whose days may be shortened by the calamity that has befallen me. My resignation deserts me too, when I reflect on the friend of my bosom, Confalonieri. His sad fate is to me a continual cause of regret and tears. Poor Frederick! who would have fancied, when I sat watching him night after night during his illness, that two short months after we should both be arrested?

"The assistance I gave him in his malady was the pretext, the only pretext for my imprisonment. The Inquisitor insisted that I must have been aware of his designs, and must have aided him in his patriotic attempts. In vain I represented that I had only known Confalonieri in his domestic character, and with regard to the philanthropic projects in which we were associated. Salvotti was inflexible, and kept me fifteen months in prison to make me admit my connection with a political plot. Heaven had placed me in his hands, and he could do what he pleased. If he keep me here ten years longer, I can only say, as I do at this moment, that I am innocent.

"If however the tortures to which I have been exposed could have been of service to my poor friend, in saving him from the malice of his enemies, I should not repine. But, alas! it is too certain that they will make him an example, and by the sacrifice of his liberty, perhaps even of his life, avenge on him the fears which the progress of public opinion in Italy has of late years given to Austria. The unfortunate man must succumb; he will be condemned by judges who trample under foot all that is hallowed by justice. My country will lose the noblest of her citizens; I, the best friend that God has granted me in this world, where sincerity, truth, and self-devotion are but seldom found.

"What a mind is that of Confalonieri! No one has had better opportunity than myself of appreciating the frankness and generosity of his character. He improved himself daily by study and reflection; and had Italy been free, he would have been her pride. Endowed with a profound and comprehensive understanding, an unerring judgment, a warm and upright heart, a prodigious activity, and a firm, powerful volition, Confalonieri wants nothing to rank him among the greatest benefactors of mankind, but a proper field whereon to exercise his admirable qualities.

"Superior to all those by whom he was surrounded, it was difficult for him to avoid making his superiority felt. Perhaps also he did not sufficiently tolerate the apathy and meanness of many of his countrymen. Hence the severity and dishonesty with which his public and private actions were judged. Having failed, in 1814, to obtain the independence of his country, he did his ut-

most to bless her with useful institutions, and put her in the way of amelioration and advancement. The Austrian Government took offence; and those who ought to have applauded such generous efforts, accused him of haughtiness and ambition. Such is always the fate of good men upon this earth,—the guerdon reserved here below for those whom Providence has gifted highly, to scatter its blessings among their fellow-creatures.

"If men have judged wrongly of him, if they have too long misunderstood his character, it has arisen from not having known all the circumstances of his life, from not having watched him as I have done on a bed of sickness, and listened to the outpourings of his heart and conscience. In talking of him I almost consider myself paying homage to one whom Providence alone can save from the perils in which he is involved. I have a sort of consolation in the thought. Oh! that I could lessen the torments he has to undergo! The most bitter of all is the affliction of his fondly-loved Theresa, whom he adores as the best of women, with whom he lived so happily, on whom he had centred all his hopes and affections. And then to be torn from her! Oh, the decrees of the Almighty are sometimes terrible! but let us not murmur at them. Who knows but that this dreadful shock may have been sent to awaken his mind to the truths of religion, and endue him with what is far superior to all earthly honour,—belief in Revelation?

"Scarcely recovered from his long sickness when he was arrested, he has suffered a relapse, and has been exceedingly ill ever since. I made an application to be placed with him, to attend to his wants; but it was re-

fused, on the pretence that we only wanted to come to an understanding with each other. Heaven take pity on him, poor victim, for they have sworn his destruction!"

On concluding our laborious conversations, we always made our adieux by whistling alternately some tender and pathetic air. At sunset every day, one gave the first part of the romance of Desdemona, and the other replied. By this melody, so deeply touching, we expressed our mutual sympathy; and often, in the sweet tones of dear Monpiani did I fancy there breathed a pious exhortation, a fervent prayer. Then my heart would swell, tears would come into my eyes, and the consciousness of a future existence would rise in my mind, and make me more submissive and resigned to the dispositions of the Most High.

Whenever these moving colloquies, in which our hearts reciprocated their sentiments, were interrupted by the jailers, I felt as if I had been prevented offering up my habitual prayers to God in company with a brother. This became a daily solace, of which the deprivation left me gloomy and desponding throughout the rest of the evening. How often since, during the long long days of my solitary confinement, have I recalled with deep emotion the salutary words of good Monpiani!

CHAPTER XX.

RINALDINI, my fellow-prisoner, was a man as punctual and exact as the most plodding official. With him, everything had its stated time, which was his greatest resource against the weariness of confinement. "Thanks to my system of order and regularity, both in business and pleasure," he would say, "my days were one unclouded series of tranquillity and happiness, until the fatal moment when I was deprived of my liberty. Many people will laugh at such a simple and methodical life, and compare it to clock-work. They may laugh as much as they please: I know the good I derived from the plan: each day I found more content in it: at peace with all the world, caressed by my mother and sisters, I asked for nothing but the continuance of such a state of existence. Now, take your own case," he would continue, seeing the smile which curled upon my lips; "do you not think you would overcome the irksomeness of your captivity far better if you had stated occupations for stated hours, than by your everlasting meditations and irregular studies? It does not look so fine, I admit, but it is much more certain. Follow my example; you will find the benefit of it."

"Would it answer in the *carcere duro?*" I inquired.

"For Heaven's sake do not talk about that. The mere mention of it makes me shudder; not with fear, understand me; but because a man submitted to that infamous system cannot call his very soul his own. But the hour is come for me to return to my favourite occupation."

This was to work a hole through our thick door, opening upon a prison directly opposite ours, and a gallery through which all those confined in our part of the building had to pass. Rinaldini had such an acute ear, that, keeping watch at our door, he could distinguish all that passed in the neighbouring cells. Not a judge, not a jailer came into the corridor but he recognised their peculiar step.

Curiosity is more than ever the mother of industry when under bolts and bars, and it has then full time to satisfy itself. To hear was something,—to see, would be a great deal more. With this idea, Rinaldini subjected every plank, every nail of the door to a severe scrutiny, but without success for several days: there was not a chink, not a crevice. At last, when he was about to give up all hope, he discovered a little plug of wood, covered over with wax, which, he was positive, penetrated the thickness of the door. To work he went, and, partly with a fork, partly with a piece of wire torn from the window, he succeeded in loosening the peg. The moment it yielded to his patience, I sprang to the door, and pushed him away, to put my eye in turn to the aperture. "I can see through!" I said with rapture.

"To be sure, perfectly; tomorrow in full daylight we shall distinguish better. All that occurs in the gallery, all that is done opposite us, we shall know; nothing shall escape us."

"Capital! but how shall we prevent its being discovered?"

"I will always keep the peg in my hand, or rather the wax which covered it; and in the twinkling of an eye, before they can open the door, all shall be right. Now let us congratulate ourselves."

During the rest of the evening we were in fact as gay-hearted as if this opening, gained with so much toil, had been the prelude to an escape. A prison-life is so restrained, so dismal, that a man becomes a child again, and will seize with joy and eagerness the most trifling event calculated to break its monotony.

This mysterious observatory was an immense resource to furnish us with conversation, and divert our minds from the contemplation of the future. How we used to delight when we discovered anything, and with what a feeling of pity did we view our unconscious keepers! Continually on the watch, Rinaldini kept me on the alert with his exclamations of "Attention! look, look! it is Bolza, with his unpropitious visage.—Look, look! it is Salvotti; mercy on us! I hope he does not come here.—Here is a prisoner: how pale he is! good heavens! it is Moretti, I think." I jumped up to see, but he was gone by. "They told us the Colonel was dead. Poor fellow! he is lost: he will never recover; but if one of my fingers could procure his safety I would cut it off. He was one of the handsomest and most valiant men in the Italian army."

One morning a great noise was heard; my fellow-captive ran to his post, and cried, "Can I believe my eyes? It is General Zucchi they are locking up. This

is the second time he has been arrested. The scoundrels! are they going to put all our brave officers into fetters?" Pre-occupied with what he had just seen, Rinaldini was so taken by surprise on hearing the key put into our door, that he had hardly time to run away from it. "Signor Rinaldini, you are to come with us," said Riboni, on entering our cell;" the Counsellor is waiting to see you."

"To see me?" echoed my companion.

"Yes, sir, make haste; there is no time to lose, though the days are pretty long."

Poor Rinaldini was obliged to go, much to his dismay. When he returned, the colour was quite fled from his face; his eyes were downcast, tears rolling down his cheeks. "What has happened, my good friend?" I cried, springing towards him, even before the jailers had closed the door. "Have you been before the Commission? Is it on account of this unfortunate hole?" He made no reply. "Tell me, pray tell me what it is. Have you heard bad news? are any of your friends put under arrest?" He still held his handkerchief over his eyes, and said not a word.

At last, in a voice broken by sobs, he said, "Why, oh, why have they come to me? I shall never see my mother again: my imprisonment will be her death. Why have they come? It is all over! They told me that she was very ill; and now I am sure she is dead! and I, who had never, never quitted her, to be absent from her pillow,—not to have her dear hand in mine! Never had I caused her a tear, during the forty years I lived under her care. Oh, how much in her last mo-

ments she must have felt the bitterness of my absence! Miserable that I am!" and he sobbed as though his heart would break.

"Perhaps you are mistaken," I said to him with sympathy.

"Mistaken! oh, no; I saw it but too surely in the manner and words of my friends. Ah, my dear, dear mother,—I shall never see her again! when I return home her chamber will be tenantless, our house a desert. The loss of a mother is always dreadful; but when the feeling oppresses us that we have perhaps shortened her days, the spirit is borne down by the weight of its grief."

I tried everything to calm him, but he let me speak on without heeding me. Indeed I doubt whether, in the shattered state of his mind, he could well understand me. Seated on his bed, he buried his face in the pillow, now weeping, now murmuring prayers, as if he had been at his mother's side. Deeply affected myself, I thought it best not to disturb him, and remained in profound silence. My thoughts naturally reverted to my own situation: sensible of the poignant anguish of my relations, I resolved to use every effort to remove them from Milan. For several days I was wholly employed in consoling Rinaldini. Surely never did son so mourn over the loss of a mother. A long time elapsed ere he recurred to his old occupations; but at length, by degrees, yielding to my exhortations, he betook himself to them again; and although they did not perhaps afford him comfort, at least they gave him calmness and resignation.

Convinced more strongly every day that it was my duty to spare my friends the wretchedness of suspense, and the lacerating pang of a last adieu, I took the earliest occasion of writing to entreat their departure; but my letter was not attended to; I was even reproached for it. They accused me of unreasonableness, and finished by urging fondly that my father had ordered them to stay in Milan. I yielded, begging of them to forgive me. In truth, I felt happy that I had not been listened to, and that I could still say, "They are near me!"

"How is this? Monpiani has not whistled this morning as usual," said Rinaldini one day; "it is now ten o'clock, and we have heard nothing of him."

"That is true; but perhaps he may have forgotten, or may have overslept himself; I will call him." I whistled two or three notes;—no reply. I repeated them, but without success. "There is some one with him doubtless; let us wait awhile."

At the end of a quarter of an hour I began whistling the romance of Saul, which Monpiani never allowed me to finish without answering: I now went on to the last note, and that was almost inaudible, so much was my heart agitated. "He must be gone!" I cried. I ran to the wall and hurriedly gave the usual signal,—but no; I repeated it several times,—all was silence.

Again and again, and louder and louder, I renewed the summons, refusing to believe what I feared might have occurred. "Softly, softly, I beg of you," cried Rinaldini; "you strike so loud that they will hear you." But I cared not for his caution; I continued to tap as though Monpiani must still be there. I could not bring

myself to resign the pleasure of those conversations I had so enjoyed. At length, however, I was compelled to give it up in despair, and to cease from calling him; and I wept over his loss as that of a consoler sent from God.

Too depressed to sit down to my books, I passed nearly the whole day at the window, whistling with absent mind the airs which we had so often repeated together. Vainly did Rinaldini strive to reanimate me; vainly did he talk of better times, when the friendship of the prison might be renewed; I continued my song sadly and unheeding. The circumstance seemed an omen to me, that all things dearest to the heart, the warm out-pourings of friendship, the more intoxicating effusions of mutual love, were to be allowed me no longer.

A dejection came over my spirits which nothing could relieve: my destiny seemed to glare upon me, and I could not withdraw my mind from contemplating it in all its horrors. In vain did I seek aid from reason or from prayer: the fit was too strong, and I sunk under it.

"I suffer so much from this sudden separation," said I to Rinaldini, "that I cannot bear it; it makes me ill, my heart is torn by it, my head is throbbing with heat. Ah, how terrible is a prison!"

"No one feels that more than I do," sighed Rinaldini; "my poor mother too, she felt it."

"If I should fall ill," I said, "and we should be separated, promise me that you will inform Monpiani how deeply I was affected by his removal: you may see him perhaps again; I never shall."

"Nonsense!" replied Rinaldini, assisting me into

bed; "you are young: life is long enough, and a few years in prison are soon over."

I smiled faintly, and lay down in bed, where I was soon attacked by a fever, slight at first, but increasing momentarily in virulence. I was now dreadfully ill; an intense dry heat seized upon my whole frame, my head ached violently and began to wander. Fearing that delirium was coming on, I called Rinaldini: "What is it?" he said, taking me by the hand. "Mercy upon us!" he cried, with a start; "what a dreadful fever you are in! why did you not wake me before? I will go and knock instantly, and call the keepers; you must not be left in this state."

"Do nothing of the kind, I beg of you; only give me something to drink; I am dying with thirst."

"I have nothing but water here; do let me call for assistance."

"No, no, do not call anybody: just cover me with the clothes; and do give me some water; my throat is on fire."

Without waiting to dress himself, my kind comrade sprang up, brought me some water, supported my throbbing head, put my bed in order, paid me every attention, and watched beside me.

My malady increased, every word which I articulated gave me excessive pain; my ideas began to lose their coherence, and phantasies the wildest and most unaccountable, scenes the most monstrous and ridiculous, took possession of my brain.

"I am very cold, Rinaldini; cover me over with everything you can."

He heaped all our clothes, all his bed-furniture over me. I was nearly suffocated.

"Water, water! bring me, do bring me some water!"

"There is no more," he answered sorrowfully; "you must wait until tomorrow."

"Oh, I cannot,—I cannot; I shall die."

"Hush! hark! some one is coming," he cried: "ah, I had forgotten, it is the night visit."

My mind had already begun to wander again. The moment the jailer and his underlings entered, Rinaldini sprang towards them to tell them how ill I was. "My fellow-prisoner is ill, very ill, he has a burning fever, and I have nothing to give him to drink."

"Poor fellow!" said Riboni: "I thought there was something the matter when I saw him today. Here, run quick below, and bring up a lemon and some water, —some lemonade will do him good."

While the Hungarian soldier was gone to fetch what Riboni had ordered, I sat up in my bed, and began trying to whistle the romance of Desdemona; now and then calling Monpiani, or putting my ear to the wall to listen. Rinaldini was upon thorns.

"What the deuce is he at?" said Riboni; "why, one would think he was calling some one."

It is more than probable that, on receiving no reply, I should have tapped at the wall, as a signal to Monpiani, but my companion seized me suddenly and forced me down under the clothes.

"What is it?" I shrieked, looking at him wildly.

"Here is Riboni, come to see how you are."

"Ah, Riboni! tell him I am doing very well: 'tis nothing. Oh, I am all on fire! do have pity on me!"

The soldier, who had almost flown to the kitchen to fetch what was required, now came up to my bed, and eagerly poured out a glass of fresh water for me; compassion glistened in his eyes: and never have I seen him since without perceiving the goodness of his heart depicted on his countenance.

When we were left alone, Rinaldini began to tell me how I had frightened him; but I was unequal to it. Worn out by the fever, and under the immense heap of clothes piled on me, I scarcely breathed; and in this state of feverish exhaustion I remained until the next morning,—my companion every moment, and with reason, expecting the most fatal consequences. At length, thanks to the strength of my constitution, the fever abated, leaving me however much weakened, when Minghini, accompanied by the physician, came to see me.

"You have, I believe," said the physician, on learning the treatment I had undergone, "you have escaped a very severe fit of illness; but there is nothing more to fear."

"So much the worse," I muttered to Minghini, who was bending over me to inquire whether it would be desirable to mention this attack to my friends. "I would rather all might have finished in this way; but God's will be done!"

I fell asleep soon after they left me. On re-awaking, my eyes rested on my kind fellow-captive, who had never left his post by my bedside, and had watched over

me with all the tenderness of a doting father. I extended my hand to him, and attempted to sit up and embrace him. "Take care, take care!" he cried: "the doctor has given orders that you should not be exposed to the air. Here, here is something to wet your parched lips with."

"Do let me thank you for your affectionate care of me," I replied: "without you, in what a dreadful state I should have been! sick, and deprived of all succour, I must have sunk under it."

At these words poor Rinaldini threw his arms round my neck and burst into tears: "Alas, my dear friend," he said with a sigh, "God knows what awaits us in the future; but I own to you that the mere thought of being reduced to such a condition,—that should I fall ill, no friendly hand would be near to afford me so much as a glass of water,—is enough to overwhelm me with a grief worse than death itself. I, who never had the slightest cold, the most trifling head-ache, but my mother and sisters watched by my side, and anticipated my every wish,—alas! what would become of me in that gloomy dungeon Salvotti spoke about? If I were to be put there by myself, it would be all over with me:—its tedium, my regret and despondency, would prey upon my mind,—I should die."

"Hark, hark, my dear Rinaldini," said I, interrupting him, "is not that Monpiani?" We put our ears to the wall for several seconds, but we could hear nothing. Too debilitated to whistle myself, I begged Rinaldini to give the signal instead; but he was no whistler, and it was all in vain that he tried; he puckered up his lips, he

puffed out his cheeks, and made such comical faces in the attempt, that I fell back on my pillow, ill as I was, in a roar of laughter. My melancholy thoughts were all at once banished by the pleasant ideas this circumstance occasioned. Rinaldini joined in my mirth so heartily, that our despondency was for a moment driven away, my health seemed revigorated, and we both said, "Well, if Heaven has bestowed such light-heartedness upon us at a time like this, it will not fail one day or other to restore us to our families and happiness."

CHAPTER XXI.

"I AM not mistaken this time," I suddenly exclaimed one day; "those are Monpiani's sweet notes,—but at a distance. I will not interrupt him; I will let him pour out his whole soul;" and both my comrade and I remained devoutly listening to the good and pious man. I was too much moved to express immediately all that his appeal had wakened in me; at last I began, and never did the song of a devoted lover express a more tender attachment.

Monpiani let me whistle a long while ere he took up the strains: when he did, the tones were so faint, that we could hardly hear. "Doubtless," said Rinaldini, "he is below, in one of the cells on the ground-floor: if it were not for those cursed boards, we might perhaps see him."

"The boards do not reach to the frame of the window: there is nearly the space of a foot left; if I could but climb up to it, I am sure I could see something. Suppose I were to mount upon the stove."

"What are you thinking of?" cried Rinaldini: "it will break down with you."

"There is no danger of that, it is fastened with iron. Come, help me; cross your arms, and stand against the wall,—just so." In a few moments I attained my object.

"I can see into the court beneath us: at the end of it there is a high wall, and, beyond the wall, houses without bars at their windows,—a balcony covered with flowers. Oh, how happy the prospect looks! how refreshing!"

"But Monpiani," cried my companion, "can you not discover where he is?"

"No: all the windows on the ground-floor are still more blinded with boards than our own, and I can only see the upper part of them. My head is quite against the ceiling, yet I can see nothing more,—it is of no use."

"Then come down, my friend; come down at once."

"Not yet," I answered; "let me enjoy the cheering sight of these houses a little longer; it is so many days since I have gazed on anything but signs of captivity. Besides I breathe here so much better; the fresh breeze of evening comes over my face sweetened by all the flowers on the balcony. Oh, how delightful it is!"

Absorbed in the pleasure I experienced, I forgot the fatigue of my hazardous position, and that I might be surprised any moment."

"They are coming, they are coming!" cried Rinaldini; "for heaven's sake—"

At the risk of breaking either my head or the stove, with his good help in less than two seconds I was again on the floor. The door was turning on its hinges: one instant later, and we had been caught.

"Do you think they will come any more?" asked Rinaldini, as soon as we were left alone.

"No, certainly; but what matters that?"

"Why, I should very much like to enjoy a sight of the balcony myself."

"How would you climb up there? You would risk your neck: to scale that, you should be quick and agile."

"And who told you I am not so?

"But look at your size; think of your forty years of age."

"Presumption of youth! Ingenuity will supply the want of agility. I shall place the table at the foot of the stove, a chair upon the table, your books upon the chair, then—"

"Yes, but if any one comes in, how shall we put all these things out of sight?"

"*Per Bacco!* you are right; tonight however there is nothing to fear;" and up he went.

A moment after he exclaimed, "I see the balcony! I see the balcony—the flowers! My eyes are good; I have a long sight. I can see also—"

"What can you see?"

"A harp, a sofa, in a room that opens on the balcony. Look, look! I perceive something white: it is a woman,—she comes on the balcony. How young and beautiful she is! Her eyes are turned in this direction!"

"Come down, come down, Rinaldini, my good fellow! let me mount." But he would not stir.

"Come down, or I will upset the whole."

"In the name of Heaven, do nothing of the sort. She is gone back into the room. Here she comes again, her eyes still upon our window. What has she in her hands?

It is growing dark; I can hardly distinguish. Good Heaven, I am not deceived! she holds coloured ribands, little flags: no doubt they are signals."

I leaped upon the table, seized Rinaldini fast by the leg with one hand, and with the other clung hold of the bars. "Mercy! mercy!" he cried, "I shall fall if you come any further." But I paid no attention, and was mounting up higher, when the whole came down with a terrible crash. A very little more and I had dragged in my fall Rinaldini down with me, for I caught in his clothes. "Ah, Madonna! I hope you are not hurt," said he anxiously, from his perch up aloft.

"Oh, 'tis nothing; only a bruise or two, that 's all," I replied, jumping up again instantly.

"That is well, that is well; but this clatter will alarm them; the turnkeys will be here. Be quick, I beseech you, that I may come down."

I then raised my eyes to Rinaldini; and the sight of him, with his head down, his body huddled in a heap, and perched upon the top of the stove just as if he were going to make a dive, was so ridiculous, his posture so grotesque, that I burst into a fit of laughter, and for several minutes I was unable to reply to his lamentations and cries of alarm. "Pooh, pooh!" said I at last; "stay there and watch the fair unknown."

"The devil take the fair unknown! Do you want me to break my bones by jumping to the ground?"

"Certainly not; only get up again, and look once more on the balcony. Is the lady there?"

"How is it possible for me to distinguish? it is quite dusk."

"Well, never mind; I have made the scaffolding all safe again: come down."

"Catch me there once more, and I will give you leave to put me on bread and water for six months," said Rinaldini on finding himself on the floor: "I am quite exhausted, my limbs absolutely ache; the perspiration is running from every pore; I shall certainly be ill, and compelled to go to bed."

"A good night to you, Rinaldini! sleep well, and take a good rest: I will try to discover this angel of consolation, the sight of whom must be such a blessing to the poor prisoner she loves."

I mounted again with great difficulty upon the stove, on which, in great fear of falling, I just rested my foot, whilst my hands, clinging hold of the bars of the window, supported the whole weight of my body, which was greatly inclined on one side. In this painful position I remained a long time awaiting the happy vision with which the more fortunate Rinaldini had been favoured. But in vain did I fix on the balcony my eager and longing looks: there was nothing to be seen. Only now and then, when a flower waved in the wind, or a curtain moved, my eyes strained, and I cried in ecstasy, "There she is!"—illusions which I only resigned through fatigue, and in the hope that the morrow would compensate for the sad disappointment.

Few hours the next day had passed before we had wearied ourselves with interminable conjectures respecting this lady; but until evening, and after the last visit of the jailers, we dared not hazard any attempts to

satisfy our doubts; each was therefore obliged to check his curiosity and impatience.

"Really," said Rinaldini, after we had been shut up for the night, "I began to think these rascals would never have done. Now to work!"

"Are you serious? I thought you were tired of such dangerous climbing."

"I was out of humour just then, and fatigued. I am another man now; and, on my soul, to see such a beautiful face, I would risk no little inconvenience. Shall we draw lots to see who is to mount first?" continued he with a resolute air.

"No, faith! for when up there, I think you will find yourself so comfortable that you will refuse to come down again."

"You go up first then. I saw her yesterday, it is your turn today."

I willingly gave way to this argument, and attained more readily than the night before the difficult position from which to see the balcony. The window was open, but the room seemed to be empty: nothing moved: "She will not come today," said I in a low voice to Rinaldini, who was listening at the door to prevent danger. "I cannot stop here any longer; my hands are growing stiff: just come and hold the table that I may get down. There, the post is free now: will you mount?"

"No, I will wait. I am afraid lest that cunning Riboni should take it into his head to return."

We walked about for a quarter of an hour, when the sound of a harp fell on my ears. "Hush! stop! Rinal-

dini, don't you hear?" Some notes reached us more distinctly. "'Tis she," cried I: "Rinaldini, let me mount, I entreat you."

"Go, go," said he: "I shall have my turn by-and-by." I could have embraced him, but for my haste to see the charming creature, whose light fingers were running so softly over the chords of the instrument. "How unfortunate I am!" exclaimed I: "the curtains are drawn. It is decreed that I am not to see her."

"But you can hear her, at all events," whispered Rinaldini, with a smile. I did in fact hear, without daring to breathe, entrancing strains which enraptured my soul, and gave it a foretaste of the ecstasy felt by the elect of Heaven, when at the last moment they are blessed with the music of angels.

The longer these sweet and mysterious sounds continued, the deeper and more absorbing was their impression upon me. It soon even pervaded so thoroughly my whole being, that my emotion became of most painful intensity; nor could I have longer endured it, had not a copious flood of tears afforded me some relief. Intoxicated with delight, interpreting in my heart each modulation, each tender strain into thoughts of love, I forgot the pain in my fingers, aching against the bars of the window. I felt,—I heard nothing but this enchanting music.

However after a time I came down, and was pacing the room with long and rapid strides, when, "For Heaven's sake be quiet!" said my companion, whom curiosity had emboldened to mount to our observa-

tory. "You make so much noise, I can't hear a note; when you were up, I was silent as a monk at his prayers."

"Well, well," I replied, "I will not move,—not stir a finger."

"Enough, enough!" cried Rinaldini, at the end of about a quarter of an hour; "my fingers are cut through by these confounded bars. But see! the curtains are opening. The white dress—the same lady—in the same place as yesterday, and her eyes directed this way. And I must come down! Help me, help me, or I shall fall headlong through mere fatigue." In less than a minute Rinaldini was down, and I in his place.

The light was so dim, I could scarcely distinguish her. She was motionless, her form leaning upon the balcony, and her head supported by one of her hands, whose whiteness, even at that hour, contrasted with her black hair, like an ivory figure on a ground of ebony. There was a graceful melancholy in her posture. Grief had visibly spread its cloud over this young flower; and when, rising, she placed one hand upon her heart, and with the other pointed to the skies, she seemed to me an angel of love, faith and hope, about to take her flight to her celestial abode. The shade of evening grew deeper; she was still there, but I could scarcely see even the reflection of her white dress.

Some minutes after I heard the sound of a window closing near to mine; and on turning my eyes again towards the balcony, the lady had disappeared. They had beheld and understood each other, and that was enough for them; but not so for myself. What regrets,

what pangs did those tokens of love, that language of the heart arouse in my bosom! I passed the whole night in anguish: nevertheless, the next day and several evenings after, in spite of the maddening pain it gave me, I watched those mute interviews, contriving to hide myself from the sight of the fair consoler.

Who this happy couple were I knew not; what they said I never tried to discover, though Rinaldini pretended that some of their signals were intelligible. By penetrating the secret of their passion, I should have destroyed the charm of a mysterious recollection which still floats in my thoughts like a heavenly apparition. No, I would not have drawn the veil on any account. One day, when I beheld her surprised and chagrined, because her appeal had not been answered, the enchanting creature seemed to me like a desolate dove who had lost her mate. I did not show myself, or try to make her understand that her beloved was no longer near us; for the error of one moment, a single sign she might have given me, would have been in my eyes the profanation of a feeling, of which I knew too well the exclusive essence, to appropriate to myself the slightest, the most insignificant of its emanations. The sight of her was however become a habit, a blessing too indispensable to my soul, not to cause the loss of it to leave in my time and thoughts a blank which nothing could fill up.

"Did you hear," said Rinaldini one morning, "those sounds of persons coming and going, that noise of doors and bustle?"

"Certainly."

"Well, 'tis our neighbours opposite, who are just re-

moved elsewhere; but the cage will not long be empty, for the jailers are cleaning it, and re-making the bed. How I wish I could see the poor bird they are going to bring! Who knows? perhaps it is a Brescian."

Half an hour passed, and no one came; but at last we heard footsteps. Rinaldini was at his post. "I saw him," exclaimed my comrade, without removing his eye from the opening. "I see him again, but not his face. Bolza is with him, and seems to be trying to console him. How he weeps and sighs! do you hear him? He has thrown himself on the bed,—he is up again. Poor fellow! his grief redoubles: he comes to the door. That is exactly as I was. Oh heavens! I have not forgotten it.—He hides his face in his hands."

I had drawn near my companion, and could hear the suppressed groans and broken accents of the unhappy man. "My children!" cried he, in a tone of agony that pierced my very soul.

"I have seen him somewhere," said Rinaldini,—"at the house of Count D——."

"His name?"

"I forget it."

"My children! my children!" repeated the poor victim.

"Bolza is telling him to be silent," said Rinaldini. "That Judas! if any one accused him of selling Christ, there is not a soul who would deny it! It is enough to break one's heart!—They are going to shut the door."

"Alas!" said I; "how miserable he must be at this moment!"

Rinaldini rose up and took me by the hand. "The

hair of my head stands on end at the mere thought of what I suffered. I felt stunned, lost, as if one blow had driven all the blood from my veins."

"As the father of a family he must endure a great deal more than you did: why are we not permitted to comfort him? But some one is coming again; I should like to peep now, Rinaldini, and see him."

The door was opened. He was sitting opposite me, on the edge of his bed, in an attitude of despair. His face, sun-burnt and care-worn, exhibited nevertheless a character of mildness and goodness which greatly augmented the interest he inspired me with. His bushy black hair indicated strength; his age seemed about forty. At the sight of the jailers he raised his tearful eyes, as if to convince himself of the reality of his condition, of the remediless nature of his case. He looked at them without moving or speaking; and when they left him, his head fell again on his chest, and again we heard, "My children! my children!"

This cry of paternal distress so deeply affected me, that I was on the point of calling out, "Take courage!" when Rinaldini stopped me, with, "In the name of heaven, be quiet! the jailers are within two steps; I can hear them; there they are."

We remained some minutes in silence. "They are coming again," continued my companion in a low voice: "Ah, ah! they have opened his door, and are standing without. There is a Counsellor amongst them,—Minghini perhaps."

"Minghini?" said I, drawing up to his side: "cannot you perceive that this is a new victim for Salvotti,

and that at this very moment he is torturing the heart of the poor father, in order to wring from him some confession?"

"Come, come, let us banish these gloomy thoughts; the more they arrest, the fewer will be punished. They will only take the great fishes; the others, the little fry, may escape through the meshes of the net."

"And you calculate upon being of that number," said I. "As for myself,"—and here I stopped; for the last words of my companion cast a darker gloom over my thoughts, which the sight of the new prisoner already had saddened so deeply.

For several days I was under the influence of a melancholy depression, which paralysed my mind and my strength. The desire to see my relations became more active and pressing; the time for me to live might be so short, alas! that every night I said to myself, "Who knows if I shall ever embrace them again?"

Thanks to their repeated applications, this pleasure was at last obtained on the fourth of August. My sister thus describes in her journal our second interview:—

"*August 4th.*—Every day we have taken measures to baffle the schemes of Salvotti, who, if he could, would drive us by main force from Milan. The good Count Pactha has taken a lively interest in us; he has told me with what violence the Inquisitor urged the Governor to compel us to quit Milan; but Count Strassoldo, offended at his audacity, desired him to confine himself to his duties as a judge, and not to interfere with the Police. What a mortification for Salvotti!

"We went to the Palace this morning to find Minghini; he informed us that Alexander was about to be removed from Santa Margarita to Porta Nuova: 'It is for his benefit,' added he. 'There he will have the opportunity of walking up and down a long corridor, and will be better in health.'

"I mentioned to him the extreme anxiety we felt to see my brother, saying that for a week past he had encouraged us to hope for that favour. 'That is true,' said he; 'but to day, I don't know,—I cannot. There 's Salvotti; perhaps you will—'

"I replied emphatically, that we could never consent to ask Salvotti, who had treated us with so much cruelty; and I added, my tears flowing fast, that I feared the fate decreed for my brother must be very terrible, since, contrary to the regulations concerning the families of the other prisoners, we were refused permission to see him even once a month. 'The reason, no doubt,' added I, with grief, 'is that we are foreigners.'

"'Ah! do not think so, Madam,' replied Minghini, who appeared touched by my tears. 'It is Salvotti—'

"'Yes,' said I, interrupting him; 'it is he who has tried to send us back to France; but we have found protectors as powerful as himself.'

"'Madam,' quickly interposed Minghini, who seemed pained and mortified at my just reproaches, 'be at home at mid-day. I do not promise anything: I would not raise fallacious hopes, but I will make another attempt, and perhaps you will see him today.'

"We were in a state of suspense difficult to describe, when at mid-day a note was brought us from the excel-

CHAPTER XXII.

MINGHINI had told us several times that he hoped soon to move us to a more commodious quarter, where we should have more air, and might be enabled to walk in a spacious corridor for an hour. But I always answered, "No, let us remain in the place to which we have now moulded our habits: a prisoner will become attached even to such a place as this. The chamber we occupy is sufficiently healthy: we are satisfied with it." For some time he yielded to our wishes: but one day he came and informed us that, by order of the Commission, we were on the morrow to quit Santa Margarita. It was useless to say anything more against it; and we resigned ourselves, though with much regret, to the change of our abode.

Rinaldini, on applying his eyes to his dear observatory, said dejectedly, "We shall not find a door at Porta Nuova to bore through, and gain such a sight: this happy excitement will be taken away from us: how I shall miss it!"

"And shall I find a window there," I replied, "which I may scale and enjoy the prospect of other windows without bars, and buildings without prisoners?"

Profiting by the few hours that still remained to us,

Rinaldini kept watch at his post, I at mine. At last, when my wearied arms could no longer sustain me, I bade adieu to the sad prospect, and let myself down.

Although Monpiani had not responded to me for more than a week, at the close of day I gave the usual signal. I repeated the melodies he loved best, as though he might understand it as my farewell, and be made aware of the deep affliction I felt at quitting the place he would still inhabit.

The following morning, when Riboni brought me my account, and took his leave, he said with emotion, "I trust, Sir, you will soon be restored to your native land."

"Thanks, Riboni," I replied; and tears moistened my eyes. "You have been very kind to a poor stranger, and God will reward you for it. Can you let me see the Hungarian corporal who generally comes with you?"

"He is not here at present, Sir."

"Well then, you must thank him in my name for all the trouble he has taken for me, and beg him to accept of what money may remain in your hands belonging to me: the authorities will not object, I am sure. Your turnkeys, of whom I can only speak with gratitude, will perhaps divide among themselves a part of my wardrobe; I do not want many clothes now. And as for you," I said, turning to a gendarme who had served under the Great Man in the army of Italy, "I thank you most fervently for the attentions you have paid me throughout."

Towards noon we were delivered into the custody of Count Bolza, who was charged with our removal.

"Poor young man!" he said on meeting me, "how you are altered!"

"Is that so astonishing?" I answered; "the system pursued towards us by Salvotti is not very likely to give one a colour."

"Hum,—ah!" Bolza contented himself with muttering; and he handed me into the carriage.

Rinaldini and I were placed at the back, and in front of us were seated the Commissary and a serjeant of gendarmes named Pavese, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

"Your trial has lasted a great length of time," said Bolza to me as soon as we left Santa Margarita.

"A very great length, a most unnecessary length, since all these examinations have ended in eliciting nothing further than what you obtained yourself from me."

The Commissary smiled with a self-satisfied air, and said to his companion in Milanese, "Just what I have always predicted!"

We left Santa Margarita: the carriage rolled rapidly through the streets. When I had last seen them they were covered with snow; now all was lively and animated. The sun was glowing, the air was warm, and every one passing by seemed to wear a festive look. "Ah me!" I said to myself: "they are at liberty; they can come and go, hither or thither, to their business or pleasures; and I—what a gulph between us!—am compelled to live alone, to obey, to move from one prison to another, until the day when I shall again traverse these streets in the midst of crowds, all making it a holiday to see me die!"

My spirits became very dejected: the abhorred procession, with all its dreadful solemnity, gloomed before my eyes, which were fixed vacantly on the houses, the shops and the people, as we passed on. The circumstance of two individuals meeting and shaking each other warmly by the hands gave a new current to my sensations. It is impossible to express what a pang this friendly meeting inflicted on me. How many remembrances, how many regrets crowded on my mind! I threw myself back in my seat, closing my eyes, and did not re-open them until our arrival at Porta Nuova. There we dismounted, and were led by Bolza before the head-jailer Caldi, whom the Inquisitorial Commission honoured with their peculiar confidence. "I have been expecting you, gentlemen," he said with a sort of attempt at politeness: "your rooms are ready." Bolza took his leave, and our new keeper, taking down a bundle of keys, continued: "Now, gentlemen, please to follow me; you must have been stifled at Santa Margarita: here you will have fresh air in plenty."

We went down a dark staircase: a grated door was then opened, and we were introduced into a long and spacious gallery, with the doors of the cells on one side, and lofty half-screened windows on the other. "There is a walk for you, my masters," said Caldi; "you will be able to stretch your legs here, I hope. No such things at Santa Margarita, eh? Then again, look at your apartment," added he, as he opened the door: "There! it is a place fit for a prince,—is it not?"

On seeing the room smaller and more gloomy than our late one, Rinaldini looked at me with a sorrowful

air; but the amiable jailer continued: "Will you not be well lodged? here are beds for you,—a table! Without boasting, you will find our cook quite as good as Cisalpino, whom Riboni talks so much about. By the way, be kind enough not to mount on the iron bars of the window to open it. I understand, Sir," he added, addressing me, "that you are fond of books: my library is quite at your service." And he began to mention, half in Italian and half in Milanese, all the books in his possession. "Five hundred volumes at least, and very select ones, as you see! When I had the direction of the prisons of police, I kept nothing but novels; but on receiving my present appointment, I betook myself to history. It is a little dearer, but the volumes are larger. Besides, I thought it my duty to suit my conversations to the taste of my new pensioners: that is a solace to them, and a profit to myself. You will be welcome to my library at four francs per month; it is very cheap. As your own books are not yet arrived, I will run and fetch you one of mine. By the way though, we do not allow speaking from the windows here: on the slightest noise being heard, punishment is sure to follow. It is just what Machiavelli says, you know: 'When we wear the livery, we must serve our master; and when the master is a prince, we must serve him the more fervently.' Shall I bring you up Machiavelli?—great man, great writer, was he not? However, command me, my books, anything. When you know Antonio Caldi better, you will see whether I take care of my prisoners or not. I look upon them all as my children. By the way, when you walk in the corridor, you must not speak loud nor

stop before the prison-doors, neither may you tap upon the walls, on penalty of being put into solitary confinement. As for anything besides, you may do as you like, entirely. I am called;—gentlemen, your servant."

"This respectable father of ours," said Rinaldini in a low voice, "seems to love us so fondly that he would like to know our most secret thoughts; for there he is listening."

We heard him, in fact, putting his ear to the door, to hear what was passing; and we laughed so much at the erudite jailer's tact, that we forgot for the moment the sad impressions which our new domicile would otherwise have caused us.

After we had been there two or three days, Minghini paid us a visit. "Well, how do you like Porta Nuova?" he said; "do not you find the walk here does you good? Your friends are delighted at hearing of the change, and so they ought to be, for you will enjoy much better health here: I have given orders that you should be supplied with all the writing materials you may require."

"But, sir, I wrote only yesterday to my relations."

"Oh, I am not alluding to that; paper and ink will henceforth be always left with you."

"Thanks, ten thousand thanks," I cried with ecstasy; "this will do me more good than all the gallery-walking in the world."

"More than this: I must inform you—"

"It is the time for these gentlemen's walk," said Caldi opening the door and interrupting him: Rinaldini went out into the corridor.

"I have to inform you," Minghini resumed, "that

you will have a third companion here, an excellent man who lacks society."

"But how can you put three into such a room as this? we are cramped enough already."

"There are three in most of the prisons," answered Minghini; "but setting that aside, I ask you this as a kind of favour; the party I wish to put with you is a prey to despondency and grief, and is sinking beneath them."

"He is deeply involved then?"

"No, oh, no, I assure you; a year or two of imprisonment is the most to which he is liable; but, poor fellow, he frets, he torments himself; and I have thought that you are the most likely person to distract his attention from the circumstances which afflict him."

"*I*, sir? why, surely, I rather need consolation myself, than can yield it to another. The fate which stares me in the face—"

"Is capital and inevitable, I admit, unless you take some measures to mitigate it; but I believe I know your character sufficiently well to feel that the cares you would bestow on him, the cheerfulness with which you would inspirit this unfortunate father of a family, would rather be a solace to your own sorrows than otherwise. Pray, receive him kindly."

"That I will," I replied: "you may rest certain that he will find in us two brothers."

Minghini left me to visit the other prisoners, and I joined my comrade in the gallery.

"We are going to have another with us," I said.

"The deuce we are!" he replied; "why we shall not

be able to move; we shall be suffocated in this princely apartment of ours."

"Such are the orders; or rather it is a favour which the Counsellor has asked of us, in regard of a poor fellow whose spirits have given way under confinement."

"Oh, that alters the case, my dear friend: I will gladly submit to any inconvenience under such circumstances."

Hardly had we re-entered our prison when Caldi introduced to us our new companion with the flourish, "It is a solace to have companions in misfortune,"—a sentence which he had doubtless found scribbled on the walls of some of the cells. "Gentlemen, Mr. Bigoni, a very worthy man."

With great astonishment we recognised in this Mr. Bigoni the prisoner of whom we had caught sight through our aperture of Santa Margarita, and whose distress had so deeply affected us. We shook him warmly by the hand, and welcomed him as an old friend restored to us. Poor Bigoni was deeply touched; and though the presence of the jailer prevented his opening his heart, we saw by his glistening eyes how much this reception moved him. As for Rinaldini, he was ready to turn our officious keeper out, so much did he long to tell our new companion all he knew of him. At last we were left alone.

"My dear friend," he whispered to Bigoni, "this is not the first time I see you."

"What?" cried the other astonished.

"No, no, I do not mean that we have known each other before, but we saw you on the day of your arrest, in that

large room, you remember, when you wept so much about your children. Oh, *anima mia*, how deeply I regretted that I could not come and comfort you!" Then the methodical Rinaldini reminded our new companion of all his actions, during those first dreadful days; while Bigoni, a simple-hearted good man, listened with tears in his eyes, every now and then exclaiming, "Oh, it is but too true! my children, my poor children!"

Before night closed in, Bigoni acquainted us with his lamentable tale.

"My life has been passed in the country, on my estate, which I myself farmed. Count D——, an old friend of mine, one day asked me to dine with him; some twenty sat down together; after dinner he took me aside, and said, 'Bigoni, my friend, have you heard what great things the Neapolitans and Piedmontese are doing? ought we then to remain quiet here like so many statues?' I do not very well know what I said to this, but he went on, 'I was sure of it; I well knew that you have the right spirit within you, and would be with us.' Then he talked a long while about the Austrians, foreign yoke, national independence, association; he spoke of the influence I had at Chieri, where I had been Podestà; of the efforts every true Italian ought to make in the cause; of the certainty of success, and a great many fine things besides, which I hardly understood, and to which I made no answer. At last, when he reminded me that I had never refused him anything since I was but four years of age, when he said that he absolutely reckoned upon me, and that no harm could possibly accrue, I

cried, 'I will be one of you, no matter why or wherefore.' Upon this we embraced each other, and drank success to the Association.

"The rest of the evening was spent in hilarity and amusement, and once or twice afterwards the subject was vaguely mentioned to me; that was all. The reverses came soon after, but I was so happy in the bosom of my family that I cared very little for the Neapolitans and Piedmontese. What was it to me? was I not blessed with the best of wives and the most charming children? Besides, my farming occupations left me but little leisure to attend to what was going on elsewhere.

"The events of 1821 were far from my thoughts, when one morning, on my way to the fields, I was told that Count D—— had been arrested the night before. I was ready to sink into the earth,—not on my own account; the idea of my own danger never came into my mind; but for my poor friend, whom I almost looked upon as a brother. I immediately went to Brescia, to know of his family how the matter was, whether any steps could be attempted on his behalf, if any sum of money was required. They told me that all was useless, that he had been arrested by order of the Inquisitorial Commission, and was in the hands of Salvotti, who allowed no one to see him; and they added much more of a like nature, which almost broke my heart.

"Dejected and sad, I returned home and told my wife all my sorrows, and how much I grieved at being unable to assist my old friend. How she wept, poor woman! Little did either of us think what a calamity was hanging over us. How was I to suppose that all the foolish

babble of that fatal dinner-party would be brought against me after so many months? And even had I conceived it, nothing had passed except between my friend and myself. I was nearly crazy about my friend, but I never dreamed of my own danger. What had there been done against the Emperor in Lombardy?

"I slept in tranquil security: I was attending to my glad family and my fields; never had the crops been more abundant or more thriving. 'Ah,' I often said to my dear wife, 'if the poor Count were here now, how he would enjoy himself! and God knows only when he will be here again,' we often sadly added, for the reports became more alarming. Arrest followed arrest, and the whole country round was in alarm; but as for me, I had too much confidence in my old friend to fear anything. The harvesting was in its full bustle; when I returned after the fatigues of the day, my careful wife and my children would come round smiling to welcome me home: oh, I was as confident in my future happiness, as if the Lord had said to me, 'Thou shalt ever be blessed in thy riches and thy posterity.' How vain are the hopes of man!

"All was going on prosperously; my crops were nearly all housed; when one morning, alas! as I left my court-yard to look after my labourers, a gentlemen attended by several policemen accosted me and said, 'I believe I have the honour of addressing Mr. Bigoni?'

"'Yes sir,' I answered; 'what can I do for you? do you suppose that I am still the Podestà?'

"'Oh no,' was the reply; 'we have come to take you to Milan.'

"'To Milan? what can I be wanted for at Milan?'

"'You have a friend there.'

"'A friend! oh, yes. Does he wish me to go and see him? I am in the midst of harvest here, you see; but to embrace him again, I would give up every thing.'

"The principal looked at me for a few seconds with an embarrassed air, and then said, 'I am exceedingly sorry, but, Mr. Bigoni, I am ordered to put you under arrest.'

"'Arrest me? You must have made some mistake.'

"'I should be most happy were it so; but I assure you I have not.'

"My knees knocked together under me. 'What?' I cried, almost gasping for breath, 'are you going to take me away? Oh, what will become of my poor wife and children? What is it I have done?'

"'I am not aware; but I act under orders of the Commission.' I was struck dumb,—I was almost senseless. 'Come,' said the Commissary, 'there is no time to lose: you have doubtless some directions to give; we will go into the house with you, and while we take possession of your papers you can do whatever is necessary.'

"'Go into the house?' I cried, suddenly coming to myself again; 'No, no,—I beg of you, do not! it would kill my poor wife; take me away as I am, I have no papers I assure you except my account-books.' The Commissary demurred. 'For heaven's sake,' I said, 'let us go; let me depart ere my children awake.'

"At last he consented, and away I went in my working dress, without changing or taking aught with me.

I need not say whether my heart was desolate,—and yet I little knew the dangers which menaced me. At first I even thought that it must have arisen from some mistake; but, on our journey, the Commissary began talking of the meetings which had taken place at Brescia at the time of the rising in Piedmont; of the part Count D—— had taken in them; of the Association, and of the severe sentences pronounced even on those who had taken no part in them, but had merely omitted to inform the authorities of their existence.

"He said so much on this point that my soul was quite bewildered with fear, my brain swam round. I thought of my beloved wife and my poor children: perhaps I should be separated from them for years! Our affairs neglected, our property wasted,—ruin stared me me in the face! Oh, this was a calamity too much for me;—I who had always been so happy, who, when I had knelt down the evening before, had asked nothing of God but to preserve to me the benefits he had already bestowed. I was very much cast down, almost in despair; but this was nothing to what I felt on arriving at Santa Margarita. When I saw the massive gates, the great bolts, and the crowd of jailers and gendarmes, I thought I should have died; and when I was conducted to my cell, and they closed the door upon me, I felt as if my heart would burst.

"I do not know how long I might have been there when a Counsellor came into my prison: 'Bigoni,' said he in an austere voice, 'there are heavy charges against you.'

"'Against me? what crime have I committed?'

"'Denial is useless: we have discovered all; you belong to the Association; you have sworn to make common cause with the enemies of the State, to overthrow the Austrian Government.'

"I answered that I had never done anything against the Austrian Government.

"'Perhaps we may refresh your memory,' he resumed, with a sardonic smile; 'and, to mention nothing more than a certain dinner with Count D——'

"I was confused at these words, and he observed it: for he immediately added, 'What passed between you and the Count at that dinner alone is sufficient to dissever you from your family for years.'

"I sighed heavily at the idea of my poor wife and children cast on the wide world without a stay.

"'You do not answer me; you do not intend then to deserve the mercy of the Emperor by a frank and spontaneous avowal? You have children, you love them fondly, you long to be restored to them; there is but one way.'

"'Oh, sir, what is it? what is it? what am I to confess? I, a father wrapped up in the endearments of home, what have I ever done against the laws? For pity's sake spare me: I have nothing to reveal.'

"'Nothing! will you dare to deny what your friend Count D—— has brought against you?'

"I had thought that there was no room left in my heart for fresh affliction; this last was the bitterest of all.

"'Well,' continued my interrogator, 'say, do you intend to maintain that the companion of your boyhood

is a liar? His evidence is clear, it fully brings the charge home to you; and will you brand him with the name of a perjured informer?'

"'What! my friend, sir? Oh, no! I love him too well.'

"'You are about to be brought before the Commission, where you shall see the examination of Count D——. You will then judge whether anything remains to you but to implore the Emperor's mercy.'

"He left me plunged in sorrow; I thought of my family, our happiness all destroyed, of the long imprisonment before me; and that all this should have been brought upon us by the disclosures of one who was dearer to me than a brother! I could not hold up my head under the dreadful thought.

"When they took me before the Commission, the deposition of the Count was read over to me. Nothing was forgotten in it. Oh, may Heaven pardon him the evils he has brought upon my head!

"On coming to its close, Salvotti said, 'Well what do you say now?'

"'It is all true,' I answered, 'it is all true; I have never told a lie of my old friend yet, and I will not begin today. But God is my witness that I little expected my ruin from him!'"

As Bigoni ended these words he hid his face in his handkerchief, and began weeping as bitterly as at the first moments of his arrest. "But for him," he sobbed, "but for him I should never have been torn from my paternal roof."

We both did our best to console this worthy man; but he still answered us, "Ah, you little know what it is to feel that we owe our misfortunes to one dearest of all to us. I would not have done so to him, poor fellow! But God knows what they made him undergo before he denounced me. He was in prison, where every snare, every crafty torture is employed to dismay the unfortunate inmates; and as for me, how can I tell whether I should not have been as weak?"

"True," I added; "but your misfortunes will only last for a time; at some future period you will be restored to your country and your family."

A smile of hope gladdened the features of Bigoni as he replied, "Salvotti has, it is true, promised to give my case his consideration; but should I remain two or three years separated from my children, I am a dead man. The fresh fields, the free air, and country exercise, are necessary to my existence. Here, in this narrow cell, where I can hardly breathe or turn myself round, I shall soon pine away."

"And may it please God, nevertheless," said Rinaldini impressively, "that we may here pass all our sufferings."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Our new companion had so much kindness and warm feeling in his character, that we had no difficulty in adapting ourselves to each other. Three brothers could not have lived together in greater harmony than we poor captives, whom adversity had so fortuitously, and from such distant parts, united to afford each other mutual support. These two kind creatures, natives of the same spot, and speaking the same dialect, would sit silent for hours with a book before them, rather than disturb me in my studies. If I wished either of them to read aloud a passage of Tasso or Dante, if I chose to talk about my own France, ever were they ready to afford a proof of their deep interest in one, the aspect of whose fate was far more gloomy than their own.

For my part, whenever I observed any signs of grief in the countenance of the one, or heard the stifled sighs which the remembrance of his children forced from the other, I attempted by every means in my power to administer consolation. When we were all of us much downcast, I tried to divert our thoughts by relating some interesting anecdote, or commencing in a low voice some French or Italian song, in which my companions would soon join, led away by the musical taste peculiar

to their nation. Then, when our sorrow had subsided into a soft and resigned melancholy, we would all three throw ourselves on our knees, and close the day by supplicating the Author of all mercies to save us from the evils with which we were threatened, and restore us to the objects of our regret and love.

But who would have believed that these songs, which we hummed in a scarcely audible tone, were treated as an offence and forbidden us? They were improper in our situation, said the old grumbler Pissini, who had the charge of inspecting the prisons conjointly with Minghini. Of this unjust rigour I bitterly complained to my relatives, in a letter which I had intended to place in Minghini's own hands, in order to ensure its safe delivery. We were taking our daily walk in the gallery when the good Counsellor, for whom I had sent, came up to me, and drawing me aside said, "I am glad you have desired to see me, for I have something to tell you; but first, what is it you require?"

"Only to intrust you with a letter: I wished to give it you myself, that I may be certain of its delivery."

"It is contrary to the rules; but I will direct the jailer to bring it me immediately. You may be satisfied that it will be forwarded. Of course, I presume that there is nothing—"

"Oh, have no fear on that head, sir. They will not allow us the solace of our little songs, and I have informed my friends of it, that is all."

"That is old Pissini's doing: you will for the future be entirely under his control. Your letter shall be transmitted, you may rest assured. Now let us speak

of your fate: it will soon be out of my power to render you any further service. The Senate of Verona have just given their sanction to your sentence; this is positively certain; nay more, I know that they will even entreat the Emperor to lend no ear to mercy, but to abandon the two greatest criminals to the scaffold."

"And who are those two?"

"Yourself and Confalonieri."

"I one of the greatest criminals!—so great that one of the highest courts of the empire considers itself bound in duty to draw the utmost rigour of his Majesty upon me? It is impossible, sir; arbitrary as the course of justice in this land may be, I never can bring myself to believe that magistrates of their rank can be guilty of such partiality."

"They are men," said Minghini with a smile of pity, "and it is not uncommon for a man to let his zeal carry him away when he thinks it may please his sovereign." He stopped for an instant, and then resumed: "They wish to gratify the higher powers, and forget that they would fulfil their duty more faithfully by preserving towards the accused the inflexible character of judges, than by allowing themselves to be influenced by the fear of displeasing an irritated government. I have told you from the very first that your fate was wholly in Salvotti's hands, that it was in his power to save or destroy you. At the present moment your prospects are even less favourable. I have advised your brother to address a memorial to the Emperor: I have even persuaded him to go to Vienna. But all this will have very little effect. What really ought to be done is,

that you yourself should petition his Majesty to grant you a personal interview."

"A personal interview with his Majesty! And to what end?" I asked, feigning not to comprehend him.

"To confide to him the secrets which Salvotti has been unable to draw from you: by this means you will obtain a pardon. What think you of it?"

"The Emperor and I can never meet but where the captive and the monarch are on an equal footing,—where they alike await the reward or punishment of their deeds from the great Ruler of the Universe."

"Are you then determined to reject every means of preserving your life? What I have told you is the truth. The tempest is lowering over you; the longer you delay, the less chance you have of escaping the thunderbolt. Do not, I implore you, deny me the satisfaction of having been able by my advice to avert the perils which hang over your head; it will be a consolation to me, for I was never intended for the painful duty I have to fulfil. I have many times mourned the day when his Majesty chose me as one of the Commission; but I was a father, I had children to support, and I knew not then the charge I assumed. Now write to the Emperor; in the name of your dear family, I beg you to write: do not lose time, for your days will soon be numbered."

"Believe me, my dear sir, my heart will ever glow with feelings of gratitude towards you; your kindness overpowers me. What you have confided to me this day, all that you have done for me heretofore, will re-

main rooted in my heart. And now, to all the favours you have already bestowed, may I ask you to add another,—to exchange my present prison for a room where I shall be alone? I have much to meditate upon, which I should be unable to do in the presence of my two companions, every way obliging as they are towards me."

"You must address this request to me in writing, and in a few hours your wishes shall be attended to. Farewell! may you on reflection be led to follow my counsel."

I wrote the required note to Minghini, and in an hour or two they came to remove me into another cell. On entering my new lodging, my heart trembled at the thought of being alone. Perhaps indeed, had it been in my power, I should have at once returned to my friends, but the order was imperative. I ran to the wall,—I tapped: there was no answer; this silence still more increased the disorder of my soul; what would I not have given to hear again the voice of my fellow-captives! I accused myself of waywardness, of folly; and would have written immediately to Minghini to allow of my return to them, had I not dreaded appearing ridiculous in the eyes of Salvotti.

Striving to vanquish my despondency, I sat down to my labours, with the encouraging thought that the lines I penned would serve to recall me to my family. I had set myself the task of making an abridgement of the History of Italy, intending it as a legacy for my niece,—the only one in my power to leave her as a recompense for her affectionate attentions. It was become the busi-

ness of my life to finish this ere I was led to the scaffold. I had long consecrated the greater part of the day to this work, and now that I was alone I resolved to occupy myself with it exclusively. I loved moreover to dive deeper and deeper into the history of that country for whose sake I was about to perish: I studied it under all its different aspects; and whenever I alighted upon some bright page, I hung over it enraptured, figuring to myself that those mighty men whose glorious actions fired my soul as I read them, would embolden me to brave my doom.

I delighted also to picture to myself that the lines which I was tracing would be handed down in my family as a precious heir-loom from father to son,—as a proof that even my last moments were occupied on the destinies of Italy. I was then ignorant that nothing of what is written by the prisoner in an Austrian dungeon is ever under any circumstances delivered up to his relatives.

This work, interesting as it was, could not so wholly absorb my thoughts but that the void left by the absence of my companions became more and more painful to me. It was well enough to say that I had need of solitude, to prepare myself by meditation for the fatal moment, but I could not bear up against it; the wretchedness of my lonely meals and lonely walks in the gallery was not to be charmed away by reason. I lost my appetite; I no longer cared for my daily exercise; I read, but listlessly, and soon threw my book aside; my heart failed me, my health drooped day by day, and scarce a week had elapsed ere I requested to be restored to my companions. It was granted: and we

were all so rejoiced at our reunion that we would not suffer the jailers to render us the least assistance in removing my books and scanty furniture from one room to the other.

The words of Minghini were however graven on my memory; the scaffold stood ever before my eyes. Justly dreading the anguish which my friends would have to undergo should they remain in Milan, I determined to make another attempt to induce them to depart; but the letter I wrote them with this intent only made them redouble their efforts to obtain another interview. My sister writes thus in her Journal:

"*September* 19*th.*—After anxiously expecting during the whole week the permission to see my dear brother again, it has this evening arrived. We instantly went to Porta Nuova, where we found Mr. Minghini, to whom I returned my most heartfelt thanks. The poor prisoner came to us, with an air so cast down that it quite petrified me. My husband read him the petition we intended to address to the Emperor, but he did not seem to hear it; once only, when he caught the words 'my aged father,' a deep groan burst from him, and showed how much he inwardly suffers for his dear parent.

"Mr. Minghini during this visit was more than usually kind. We surrounded our beloved friend: Josephine, who had at last been allowed to accompany us, burst into tears, and he consoled her. As I sat near him, I had an opportunity to say that we were going to Vienna. He started with a look of amazement

and grief, and said in a low tone, 'Oh, my dear sister, no submission, no cringing!'

"'Never, never,' I answered, 'not even to save your life.'

"These words produced an indescribable change in him; his features grew animated, his eyes glistened with a quiet scorn; his face, before so pale, became flushed, and for a moment lost its melancholy expression. I told him that he had given us much pain in begging us to leave him; when, taking his brother's hand and mine, he said, 'It must be! it must be!'

"'But we are ordered by our father,' I said, scarcely restraining my tears, 'not to quit Milan: should we disobey him?'

"'It is our duty, it is our post of honour,' cried my husband warmly.

"Alexander threw himself on his brother's neck with a gesture of impassioned thankfulness, but he said not a word. After this incident his smile regained its natural liveliness, and restored to his countenance that youthful air of which imprisonment had deprived it. Never were words uttered more tender than those he addressed to us. I asked him whether he still desired our departure. 'I have no longer a voice in the affair,' he answered; 'I can only thank you.'

"The half-hour that we were together appeared but a few minutes. 'Interviews are not usually allowed to be so long,' said Minghini; 'but this is the last time I shall be able to do you a service, and I have been glad to prolong a meeting so dear to you.' Alexander advanced towards him and offered him his hand, which

the Counsellor took with much emotion. He then embraced us all, bade us farewell, and reiterated that he relied on our firmness. On leaving the prison I spoke to the new jailer on his behalf."

The days glided on monotonous and cheerless;—the same uncertainty as to the period of our sentence, the same inward struggles with the inquietude produced by the expectation of the fatal catastrophe. Neither reason nor religious sentiments could relieve my soul from the pangs which harassed it. I tried to raise the thoughts of my companions towards the promised recompense of a future state; but scarcely had I hinted at this awful subject, ere they would both cry, "For heaven's sake do not talk in this way: it is like a death-warning, and please God we have time enough to think of that." This silenced me; I would not give them pain.

More than a month had passed since the interview with my relatives, when Minghini, whom I had not seen since that day, came one evening to our prison. "This is the last time that I shall visit you," he said: "Pissini now takes my place; but ere I give up my powers entirely to him, I wished to do something more for you. Winter is coming on," (it was then the 18th of October,) "the rooms on the ground-floor are damp, and I have arranged that you shall be removed into the next story."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," cried Rinaldini; "that will at least preserve us from rheumatism, as you may judge from this;" and so saying he showed the Counsel-

lor his hat, which the moisture had already mildewed. "It was no use my showing it to the jailer: all I could get from him was that prisons are like cellars, cool in summer and warm in winter."

Minghini smiled and said, "Well, make yourselves ready, in a few minutes Caldi will come to remove you."

While my comrades busied themselves in their preparations for this change, he said to me in a tone of sadness, "For the future you will have to deal with old Pissini; he will read your letters, and will be present at the interviews with your relatives, should any be granted you."

"And am I never to see you again?" I was about to reply, but was checked by a sign he made me not to speak. "I leave you with much regret, with deep sorrow," he added, lowering his voice; "but that you are still here, or should the worst happen, is no fault of mine; God is witness to that. I grieve for you, my young friend; it is not thus that your career should be closed: were there anything to be gained by your sacrificing yourself, it would be different, but you throw away your life. Who among your partisans will care to do honour to your memory? Think how many hearts you are rending by your persistency,—your father already so bowed with years, your devoted sister who cherishes you with the fondness of a mother, your brother, your darling little niece, all your friends!"

The arrival of the jailers to effect our removal put an end to Minghini's remarks, and I was so bewildered by them, that I allowed him to depart without saying a

word, without even shaking him by the hand: I stood absorbed in thought. "Well, what are you waiting for?" I said at last to the jailer; "I am quite ready."

"Before we go," Caldi replied, "I must send the persons who are now walking in the gallery into their rooms."

After a few seconds he opened the door again. "Now, gentlemen," he cried. Rinaldini immediately went out; Bigoni was about to follow, but the jailer stopped him, saying, "The order only relates to these two gentlemen."

Poor Bigoni was thunderstruck: he called back Rinaldini, who had already walked some distance along the corridor, and threw himself weeping into his arms.

In a few minutes we were in our new domicile, a room apparently less humid than that we had quitted; but we deeply regretted the company of the excellent man, whose delightful character had hourly grown upon our esteem, during the time we had had the comfort of passing with him. Who would not have loved and grieved for the poor fellow, on hearing him exclaim, when he spoke of the friend by whom he believed himself betrayed so cruelly, "Ah, that I could but tell him I forgive the injury he has done me!" Who would not have wept with him when, oppressed by the remembrance of his children, he would cry, "Oh, shall I never, never see you again, my dear little ones?" Often have I beguiled my sufferings, present and to come, in administering the balm of consolation and hope to the heart of one whose life was of far more consequence than mine. Many and cruel have been the trials I have un-

dergone since our separation, but never, either in the dungeons of Spielberg or in my own native land, never have I forgotten that affectionate and openhearted man, whose domestic virtues impressed me with such a vivid idea of the happiness he must have shared with and afforded to his family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THIS agitation kills me," said I one day to Rinaldini. I tapped at the wall, and listened:—no answer. I tried again, and the last tap was immediately followed by a slight response. "Who are you?" I asked. He replied: the first letter was a *c*, the second an *o*,—then an *n*, then an *f*, followed by an *a*. My attention was redoubled; after the *a* I heard an *l*, an *o*, an *n*. I became breathless; all my nerves were on the stretch. I then articulated the letters *i*, *e*, *r*, *i*, and exclaimed, "It is he!"

"Who?" asked my companion eagerly.

"It is he! it is he!" I repeated with joy; "it is Confalonieri."

On my informing him of my name, he said, "I know who you are, at what time you were arrested, and also how you have behaved during your imprisonment; I pity and esteem you."

Who could express the comfort these words administered! How proud I felt to be so favourably greeted by this man, whose misfortunes and noble character had so frequently aroused my sympathies, and spoken so forcibly to my imagination! I regarded this unex-

pected meeting as the work of Providence, confirming my presentiments that I should share his fate.

"I know you too," I answered, with such a transport of joy as prevented me from accurately beating the letters: "your exiled friends, whom I met in Switzerland, and whom I have loved, spoke of you, and told me how dear you were to Italy and to themselves. Some faithful patriots of Milan, who lament your fate, have also recounted with enthusiasm your acts and sufferings in your country's cause. And in prison, the best of men, the good Monpiani, has made me acquainted with your generous sentiments. I esteem and admire you, I reverence you, and I thank God for having brought me near you."

He gave the signal that he understood me, but did not answer immediately. I listened anxiously, and with tears in my eyes. "Excuse my silence," said he a few moments after; "I am so weak that the least effort fatigues me; I assure you I am delighted at our meeting; we will speak of our friends, of France."

I remained some time with my ear against the wall, in the hope that he would continue; and I was about to tap again, when Rinaldini warned me by a slight cough. I turned towards him; he was at the door, with his finger on his lips, giving signs of alarm. "What is the matter?" said I impatiently. He pointed to the corridor.

"There they are," whispered he.

I advanced towards him, saying aloud, to aid his retreat, "Will you read to me?"

"Willingly," said he, leaning forward, to prevent those

who were listening from suspecting that he was so near the door.

Then, as he did not stir, I understood that it was necessary I should make some noise to enable him to withdraw.

I therefore moved the chairs, and by means of this stratagem he advanced on tiptoe to the place where I stood. There he regained his courage and his voice, and we began to recite verses, to speak of poets, until we hoped that our spy had decamped. Then Rinaldini, taking me aside, repeated significantly, "They were there! I heard them breathe."

"Do you suppose they heard me?"

"I am afraid they did. When Salvotti finds that we have spoken with Confalonieri, woe unto us! heaven knows what punishment may await us. They are continually watching the Count's door. I implore you, if you speak again with him, be brief: I am on thorns all the time.

Such was the happy chance, or rather the will of Providence, which brought me into connection, for the first time, with him whose captivity I was doomed to share for many years. With what impatience I waited for each opportunity of holding conversation with him! With what anxiety I inquired each morning after his precarious health! What grief overwhelmed me when either his extreme weakness, or the strict watchfulness to which he was subjected, prevented him for whole days from communicating with me! What pleasure did I feel, after one of our conversations, in dwelling on the words dictated by his high intelligence and that

exquisite refinement of heart and mind which few possess as he does! How simply and modestly he spoke of all he had done and suffered! How admirably he encouraged and raised me in my own estimation! My soul, in listening to him, became identified with his. I felt so devoted to him, that had he bid me brave the greatest perils to succour or to see him, I would not have hesitated a moment.

Counsellor Pissini, who succeeded Minghini, was a diminutive old man, as narrow-minded as cold-hearted. During the few and short visits that he paid us, he literally said nothing more than what had reference to the prison-rules, to which he invariably added, "*Your most obedient,—I cannot serve you.*" In vain I asked him to retract the order to write to my family in Italian which he had given me; his answer was, "Italian is the language spoken at Milan and before the Commission."

"But I am a Frenchman; and it is painful to me, in a situation such as mine, not to be allowed to express myself in my native tongue."

"*Your most obedient,*—it is the rule," he always repeated with endless bows; unless when, with the unfeeling tone of a turnkey, he would answer, "Well, what does it signify? Do not write; it will save my eyes some fatigue."

If I asked to see my relatives, he bowed and said, "The moment is not yet arrived." If at last, tormented by uncertainty, which of all evils is the most difficult to bear, I questioned him as to the near arrival of the sentence, he answered grumbling, "Ask it

of Salvotti, who works night and day to serve you." Then he withdrew, delighted so happily to have got rid, as he would say, "of those cursed prisoners, who are always asking for something or other, and are never satisfied." In his opinion we should have been kept locked up, without being allowed to read or write, or even to stir. This was the simplest means of securing our captivity, and covering the responsibility of the Commissioners. On being requested by Rinaldini to lengthen our daily walk a quarter of an hour, "No," he answered frowning; "you have already too much of it: elsewhere you will not be so indulged." These words produced such an effect on my sensitive companion, that he was ill for the remainder of the day.

The next morning Minghini came to see us; alas! it was his last visit. He looked sad and careworn. The alteration of his countenance affected me deeply: he showed, by a melancholy smile, that he perceived it. "I feel unwell," said he; "so much so, indeed, that I fear I shall not see the end of your trial."

"Your health has suffered from fatigue; I hope you will soon recover."

"May it please God, for my children's sake!—but let us talk of yourself, whose existence is yet more threatened than mine. Without a miracle, or a decided step on your part, you are a lost man. We know that the Emperor will sanction your death-warrant; perhaps he has already. Will you really do nothing to avert such a doom, to spare your family the most heart-rending sorrow? Do not thus sacrifice yourself, I conjure you; it would be an act of insanity, a crime. However hostile

Salvotti may be to you, send for him, and he will save you. He will come—"

"He had better not; the meeting would be useless to him, and loathsome to myself."

Minghini fixed his eyes upon me with a look of compassion and regret; then he said, with an expression of grief which could leave no doubt as to the purity of his intentions, "Farewell, my unfortunate young friend, —farewell! I do not know whether we shall ever meet again; but I call God to witness, that saving your life, or mitigating the fate that awaits you, would have been one of the greatest consolations I could receive in this world."

With a sorrowful heart and eyes full of tears I embraced him tenderly, offering him my thanks, together with my warmest wishes for his happiness. As he went away, and I thought that I had seen him for the last time, I felt as if my heart would burst; for, ever since the first days of my captivity, he had treated me with the utmost kindness; and when my relatives arrived he had shown them also the most obliging attentions, even at his own personal risk.

November was now drawing to a close; the weather was wet, the sky cloudy and dark. The daylight was shorter indeed, but in reality the hours were more and more long and painful, from the influence of continually increasing uncertainty. Everything, however, portended the approach of the decisive moment; the changes in the prisons, the more active watchfulness of our keepers, the mystery with which they hovered about us, were indubitable signs that they were look-

ing for the speedy arrival of the sentences. This even became an object of hope to me,—I might say of desire,—so harassed in mind was I, so broken-hearted, so weary of an existence which, notwithstanding all my courage, had ceased to be anything but a painful martyrdom. To subdue my restless inquietude into silence, to remain calm under the thought of inevitable death, required a greater exertion of energy than would be needed to encounter twenty public executions. Most earnestly, therefore, did I pray for the conclusion of this overwhelming suspense; and when, from several communications with Confalonieri, in connexion with some words from Minghini, I was convinced that in a few days our fate would be decided, I became resigned and patient to a degree I had not before known.

But in order that this tranquillity should continue unabated to the last hour, it was necessary that I should be left to bear alone the anxieties of my position and the terrible expectation of punishment. I therefore wrote repeatedly to my friends, urging them to quit Milan; stating that, as my sentence would not be made known till the spring, I could not think of their remaining so long a time from my father, who was old and sick. Not succeeding in persuading them by letter, I resolved to use every effort to accomplish that object at our next meeting, which I had been soliciting for several days, and which at last was granted me by old Pissini on the fourth of December.

I found them assembled in the chamber in which prisoners ordinarily met their families. Pissini was present in place of Minghini, whose absence was equally

regretted by all. I held in my hand some of my hair, which I had suffered to grow for nearly a twelvemonth, and had cut off that morning for the purpose of giving it to them.

Although my heart was heavy with sadness, I assumed in my countenance the smile of calmness and hope. On my entrance, my brother, my sister, her Louise, and our affectionate Josephine rose and embraced me with fervour. "Yesterday, in writing to you," said I to my sister, pressing her to my heart, "I spoke only of my gratitude and my prayers for your happiness, without being able to present you with some memorial, as I have been used to do on similar occasions. Alas! I have nothing to give but this hair, which I hope my dear friends will preserve for my sake."

"Speak in Italian, and louder," cried Pissini, who had drawn so near to us that his head and mine nearly touched.

"It is for you that I have let it grow," said I, laying the hair on the table at the order of our stupid Argus, who doubtless expected that it contained some mysterious billet. "Let not this pledge of affection alarm you," I added, seeing the melancholy impression my present produced, and the tears which stood in their eyes.

"Speak in Italian, I repeat," growled Pissini in a harsh voice; "I am here for the purpose of knowing all that is said."

"What is the use," I rejoined somewhat angrily, "of speaking to my brother in Italian, when he does not understand the language?"

"But your sister understands it, and that's enough. Besides, for the few minutes you have to be together, it is hardly worth talking at all. It is quite enough to see and to embrace one another."

To reply to him would have been to waste the precious moments so parsimoniously granted us. I seated myself, therefore, between my sister and brother. Louise, on the right of her mother, was leaning on Josephine, and weeping with her. Pissini, planted in front of us, examined each movement, and listened to each word with a restless and suspicious curiosity, which quite discomposed my brother, and checked all effusion of feeling. The looks my sister fixed upon me were sad and depressed. "Do not despond," said I, infusing into my voice and countenance a composure and resignation that accorded but little with the state of my heart: "I am well. Providence has sent me an unthought-of, unhoped-for consolation;" and I lowered my voice in adding, "Confalonieri is near me, and by communication with him I become acquainted with what is going on, both within and without."

"If you speak so low," said Pissini, whose attention my brother had been endeavouring to divert, "I shall cut short the meeting."

I then continued aloud, "You must not, my sister, infer from my giving you this hair today that I know anything more of my fate. The time when my sentence will be determined is uncertain, distant, and—"

"We must part, is it not so?" said she, seizing my hands with earnestness. "Notwithstanding that we have so frequently repeated to you, that our father ex-

pressly desired us to remain here to the last hour, you persist in tearing our hearts by this cruel request. Alexander, this is not kind, this is not generous." Then turning to Louis, and addressing him in French, she added, "Have we not come to a determination to remain in Milan?"

Without replying a word, my brother threw his arms about my neck and began to weep. Louise, poor girl, sobbing convulsively, covered my hand with kisses, and Josephine fell on her knees before me. One and all exclaimed, "We will not go! For pity's sake, spare us,—deprive us not of our only consolation."

"You see, Alexander," continued my sister, "to persist would be cruelty, ingratitude. You have not surely resolution to send us away. You will suffer us to remain here, near you, till your fate is decided, that you may have as long as possible the tender attentions of those who love you. To repel these would be showing yourself ungrateful to God, as well as to your father. Banish then from your heart so cruel a thought, and consider the feelings of those who have already endured so much for your sake."

How could I resist appeals of devotion and tenderness so touching! How could I endure the idea of giving them pain at such a moment! Overcome by their intreaties, I yielded; but my emotion had been too deep to allow of my being conscious of the feelings within me. At one moment, grasping their hands, I pressed them to my heart or my lips; at another, I embraced them one by one. This silent and affecting scene, which would have softened to tenderness the

jailer himself, produced not the slightest impression upon the cold, hard heart of Pissini. More than once he had given evident signs of impatience at hearing the sound of some French words, whilst his eyes watched with anxious scrutiny every clasp of our hands, every embrace our mutual grief or ardent affections might prompt.

"It is time to separate," said he bluntly; and rising at the same time, he thrust himself into the midst of our little group. "It is already one minute over the time."

My brother looked at him with scorn and astonishment. Louise clung closer to me. My sister rose up, and, motioning the insufferable Pissini to withdraw a little, she said, "One moment more, sir."

"Yes, one moment more!" exclaimed all at the same time, as if simultaneously seized with a fear of not meeting again.

He, in his usual way, bowed slightly, saying, "Your very humble servant, but—"

"Within a few days we have had a new companion in misfortune," said I hastily to my sister, while the Counsellor was uttering his bland excuse; "his name is—"

"That is not allowed," cried the old judge; "be silent, unless you wish to bring upon yourself—"

But without regarding his threat, without turning my head, I pronounced the name of the prisoner.

My sister quickly replied, "I know it."

"This meeting," cried the old man, "has already continued too long; you must part."

My sister stretched her hand to take the hair which lay on the table; but Pissini checked her, saying that

she could not be permitted to take anything away from the prison until it had been examined. "Very well," replied she; "will you have the goodness to examine it, and then give it me?"

"That is not my office," rejoined he sharply. At the same time, ringing for the jailer, he ordered him to search the hair and give it to my sister.

Caldi could not help shrugging his shoulders. The absurdity of this scene, happily for us, operated as a kind of diversion from the painful feelings which usually accompanied our moments of parting, and which were more acute on the present than on any preceding occasion. Availing myself of the opportunity, I withdrew quickly to the door; but on reaching it, I could not refrain from turning to look on them once more, to give them one more blessing, and was about to throw myself again into their arms, when the keepers, whom Pissini had summoned, interfered and removed me.

On returning to my cell, Castillia, our new friend, came up to me, and exclaimed, "Pissini's presence, I am sure, must have been a great annoyance to you all. I can see, in your face, the marks of vexation and disappointment. That is just what I experienced the last time I saw my poor friends. How different from Minghini!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ALTHOUGH Castillia had been placed with us but a very few days, yet he showed himself so thoroughly good, and so pleasing a companion, that had he been removed within four-and-twenty hours of his entrance we should have deeply regretted his loss. This arose from the impossibility of conversing with him even for a few seconds, without feeling that sympathetic attraction excited by a truly noble soul, whose candour and frankness infuse a charm into every word and look.

Without being handsome, Gaetano Castillia, scarcely more than three or four years older than myself, had a soft and melancholy air, which his extreme paleness rendered more interesting, by imparting to his appearance a character of suffering that accorded but too well with his feeble and slender frame. At first sight, it is true, one might have doubted if he was a man of mind; but that he had a warm heart was immediately evident; and the moment he spoke, it was easy to perceive that his intellect corresponded to the tone of his feelings. When discoursing upon the subject of his father, a venerable octogenarian, whom he loved and revered, his touching expressions of filial affection sunk deep into the soul, and the eyes of his hearers sympathised with his own

in tears for the grief he had brought upon the author of his days, whose blessing he feared he should never be permitted to receive.

Gaetano Castillia, born at Milan, was the seventh son of a respectable notary, who in a long exercise of his functions had acquired universal esteem. Gaetano was the youngest child, beloved and caressed by every one; by his father especially, who fixed on him his most cherished hopes. Weary, like many others, of the humiliations of the Austrian yoke, which the revolutions of Naples and Piedmont encouraged for a moment to hope might be shaken off, he suffered himself to be persuaded by his friend the Marquis Pallavicini to visit Prince Carignan at Turin, and endeavour to induce him to march immediately upon Milan. This was a perilous step,—an ostensible act of high-treason; but the two young men were far from feeling its importance or danger. Some time afterwards, Castillia was seized for acts *altogether foreign* to this juvenile expedition. Alarmed by this sudden arrest, Pallavicini surrendered himself, voluntarily declaring to the Police, *who were even ignorant of the occurrence,* that he had enticed Castillia into Piedmont, and ought alone therefore to bear the consequences.

This self-devotion, doubtless praiseworthy in intention but fatal in its results, was the cause of a series of political prosecutions, which, but for it, would probably have affected those only who had already taken refuge in a foreign country. As it was, however, these two young men, putting confidence in the treacherous assurances of the Inquisitorial Judge, were induced to

make admissions, which they believed to be wholly inconsequential. When their eyes were opened, Pallavicini, regretting an imprudence that had sacrificed the liberty of Confalonieri and several others, resolved to repair the evil he had caused by bold recantations; while Castillia suffered a pang still more acute, in considering that his candid corroboration of his friend's deposition would keep him, probably for a great length of time, cut off from his father, whom his arrest overwhelmed with the severest affliction.

Happily for poor Gaetano, his illusions as to the clemency of the Emperor Francis, and the probable lenity of the sentences, remained with him, and to the last moment kept alive the hope that the storm would pass over without any of us being dangerously hurt,—an unaccountable blindness that continued even in the dungeons of Spielberg, and frequently made us envy the comforting credulity of our good friend.

He was so earnest in his hopes, he spoke with so much certainty and joy of the time when he should be re-united to his father, that it would have been cruelty to undeceive him. One day he read me one of the venerable man's letters, glowing with pure virtue and ardent prayers for heaven's blessing on his son, and exhorting him to endure with resignation an affliction he might one day find reason to bless, if he would but recognise in it the hand of Providence. I was deeply impressed with the solemn simplicity of this language, and could not help saying to him, "Your father is a truly good man, and well worthy of your love: his pious grief reminds me that two hundred leagues hence

there is another parent, who will still bewail the absence of his son long after yours has received the consolation of your return."

Confalonieri, of whom I had early inquired concerning Castillia, had expressed so favourable an opinion of his character, that intimacy, which in a prison always advances rapidly, grew up between us with more than usual celerity. In the course of five or six days we found ourselves thoroughly acquainted with each other, and knit together by a fixed esteem and affection, which time and events served only to strengthen and elevate.

May Heaven, on whose mercy Gaetano has entirely rested from the first days of his captivity at Spielberg, restore him to his aged father, to his sister, to all his loving friends! May I be permitted one day to express to him how thankful I was, at meeting in my adversity a man who was a living proof that integrity and goodness are not vain words on the earth.

"Let us thank God," said Confalonieri, after having summoned me one day to the wall; "Monpiani is at liberty, as well as the Marquis Visconti d'Aragona, Baron Trechi, Felberg, Commoli. It is the first and only time that fortune has smiled on me since I have been in prison, and I feel much consolation in the reflection that I have contributed to their liberation. Monpiani possesses genuine Christian virtues, and his heart is an inexhaustible fountain of kindness to all around him; let us then rejoice that this model of piety and generosity is restored to the world. His life is a continual and salutary exhortation, an uninterrupted succession

of good works, and efforts to bestow happiness upon the afflicted."

"Yes, yes, we should indeed rejoice," said I; "the safety of our friend is an unexpected blessing, the gift of Heaven, proving that God does not always permit the good to be the prey of the wicked."

I have already stated that all around us confirmed our supposition that the veil which concealed our destiny was about to be removed. The indications became every day more decided. Our suspense and perplexity were therefore greatly increased, and we were acutely alive to the necessity of watching every movement, of weighing well the slightest word that might fall from our jailers, or from the inspecting Counsellor, in order to form some conjectures as to the arrival of our sentences.

Twenty times a day Castillia and I knocked at Confalonieri's wall, to hear something from him, forgetting that he was confined to his bed, and that it was only by incredible efforts that he could manage to express a few words. "All things," said he, "seem to announce that we shall soon be made acquainted with our fate. God grant it may be tomorrow: for I feel that my malady increases, that my strength is sinking, and that I shall soon be wholly unable to stand."

One day, during this season of anxiety, I asked Confalonieri if he had any children. He answered, "One was given me, but it died at the age of five. I should therefore have but little reason to cling to life, were it not for my Theresa, my angelic wife, whom my death would drive to her grave."

"Perhaps you exaggerate the evil that threatens you."

"How can I escape? Has not Salvotti collected from all sides evidence against me? Some of my friends entangled in his snares have involved me. Ah, how happy are you to escape so heavy a grief! It wears me out,—it kills me. Prison, and the insults I receive from the Inquisitor, are nothing in comparison. It would make me detest life, but for the thought of her whose admirable character acquires new lustre in misfortune."

Here he bade me adieu, and left me so oppressed with sadness, that I was fain for the sake of relief to turn to Castillia, and speak of that ill-fated Countess, whose virtues and beauty I had heard so frequently extolled.

"You know," said I, "this lady, whom every one honours and compassionates. Is she as good and attached, as she is reported? Tell me, has she that beauty which virtue ennobles and adversity sanctifies?"

Castillia assured me that her conduct had at all times been a model of purity and fidelity,—that she lived only for her husband, fully coinciding in his generous opinions and philanthropic plans. He then described her elegant and lofty carriage, the regularity of her features, the dignified simplicity of her manners, which rendered her presence imposing and majestic, though softened by modesty. "Whoever has the happiness to know and converse with Theresa," continued he, "feels irresistibly impelled to render homage to that moral loftiness which Schiller has so poetically portrayed. On beholding her, one feels a conviction that the earth

contains nothing more adorable than the wife who, like her, consecrates the divine gifts Heaven has bestowed upon her to the happiness of her husband and the edification of an admiring world."

We conversed long and with enthusiasm on the subject of this afflicted woman, who even in tears appeared so great, so noble. Weeping myself at her sufferings, my imagination painted a celestial form, from the recollection of other superior women, whose beauty and virtues had produced on my soul impressions which served to reconcile me to humanity, while my analysis of men had left as the only result a busy, calculating selfishness. The name of Theresa became to me dear and sacred as that of a sister. I often pronounced it in my prayers, as if a sweet voice had whispered to my heart that she would save my life.

But a few days now remained to the first of January. Poor Confalonieri, whose sufferings daily increased, could with difficulty and only at intervals convey to us information of his state. I was very uneasy, very distressed: I would have done anything to gain admission to him; but Salvotti alone was able to grant it, and on what pretence could I make the request? Would it not be acknowledging our secret communication, and causing my removal from our present cell? Imprudent and foolish as it was, this desire continually present to my mind served, by diverting my attention, to relieve the torments of suspense. The moment was approaching when I should know how many hours I had to live.

"Do you not hear?" said I to Castillia: "Confalonieri

calls us: this must be something important—some news." In a moment I was at the wall.

"I have just learned," said Frederick, knocking at the wall, "that the sentences signed by the Emperor will very shortly arrive. My wife and father are at Vienna. What can they have been doing there? Why do they remain there so long? Perhaps when they return I shall be no more! They tell me that the Emperor is incensed against some of us, and me for one. To the others he will show some indulgence."

I was about to inquire further into the particulars, when he stopped me, saying, "Adieu! my strength is exhausted."

The next day we listened in vain,—he made no signal. We heard the door of his room open and shut frequently, and the jailers enter and quit with precipitation. "What can have happened?" inquired we anxiously to each other: "Is he worse? Unfortunate man! in whose hands is he now? what help can he look for?" The day passed away heavy and sad.—Each of us in silence thought upon those he loved, and more than once tears fell from our eyes. Caldi, the jailer, entered with a sheet of paper in his hand. "Is that for me?" said I.

"It is," he answered; "but how pale you look! Are you ill?"

"No, it is nothing.—the want of air,—sleeplessness. How is Counsellor Minghini, whose illness you spoke of some days since?"

Caldi, burying his head between his shoulders, re-

plied with a heartless smile upon his lips, "Neither cold nor wet will hurt him now."

"How! what do you say?"

"Gone! gone! he is gone whence he will never return."

"Is he dead then?" cried I, rushing towards him.

"To be sure, dead and buried."

We were all inexpressibly shocked.

"It cannot be helped," added Caldi: "every one in his turn; yesterday Counsellor Minghini, and—"

"Tomorrow ourselves, eh?"

He took leave, offering me by way of diversion what he called the most amusing book in his library,—'The History of the most famous Highwaymen hanged in Italy since the fifteenth century.'

When Caldi left us alone, we all lamented the premature death of the man to whose benevolence we were so much indebted. Influenced by the gloomy thoughts to which this intelligence gave rise, I made a fresh attempt to persuade my relations to depart. The fear that they might be present at my last moments left me no rest. Writing was useless; to see them, impossible: besides, I felt that I should not be able to resist their tears. Therefore I thought of begging Confalonieri to inform them from me, that I wished they would repair to Vienna, following the example of his Countess. I tapped many and many times at the wall, but always in vain: I was however certain that they had not removed him. At last, on the 31st of December, after two days of painful expectation, I received a

faint reply, and immediately made my request. "I will do it," he answered; "but it is too late. The sentences will arrive very shortly,—perhaps tomorrow: your friends doubtless know it, and will object to start. I have learnt through a sure channel that some of us will be executed. I have but few days left, yet I would gladly exchange one of them for the pleasure of seeing and clasping you in my arms ere I ascend to the scaffold."

"I shall ascend it with you: we shall share the same fate; I have long known it. The consolation which in these terrible moments I ask of God with most fervour, is being allowed to pass my last hours in your company."

Confalonieri had already began to strike the first word of his answer, when he suddenly stopped. Hurried steps were heard in the corridor: the door of his cell was opened with great violence. We listened, endeavouring to guess what could be the meaning of the furniture and mattresses which, it seemed, they were bringing into the prison. In a few hours we discovered that the noise was occasioned by some guards who had been appointed to be near him, and who are called in Italy "the guards of death," because they are only placed over the condemned.

From this moment everything assumed a still more gloomy and sinister aspect. In expectation of some great event, each of us exclaimed, "The storm will soon burst: the day of Salvotti's triumph is at hand." Minutes were hours in these agonizing circumstances, and in spite of my fatigue I could not sleep. Certain

that I should not suffer so much when I knew what my fate would be, I ardently longed for the moment when everything should become manifest,—when the scaffold should be erected, and I— Such was the constant thought that beset me in my sleepless moments, which the surrounding silence rendered more harassing. In that death-like stillness, at about two o'clock in the morning I heard some taps at the wall, but they were so faint that I could scarcely believe it. I got up, and went to listen. It was Confalonieri, who, availing himself of the sleep of his guards, summoned me once more. "The sentences have been sanctioned by the Emperor; they are here: they will be executed in a few days: I shall be hanged."

"In the name of heaven, tell me whether I am condemned to the same punishment as yourself."

He did not answer; but his silence spoke more than words. I therefore raised my soul to Him who is the source of true resignation and courage, and prayed for fortitude to die worthily.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHILST I was thus endeavouring to penetrate the gloomy mystery with which the Commission enveloped us at this time, my friends endured all the torments of disappointed hopes, harassing doubts, and anxiety. At length the illusions, in which they had for days and months been cradling their fears, were at once and completely dispelled, opening their eyes to a reality the more terrible in proportion as it was little expected. Like ourselves, a prey to torturing impatience for certainty, which increased as the decisive moment approached, they seized on all sides with the most eager avidity upon the slightest indications that could warrant a conjecture as to my fate. My sister wrote as follows in her Journal:—

"*November* 16*th.*—Count Pactha told me that the sentences would shortly arrive, but added that it appeared to him impossible that my brother should be set at liberty. This deprived me of all power over myself, and my tears flowed unrestrainedly; yet at the same time I could not bring myself to relinquish hope. A Milanese, who seems to be acquainted with all that is going on, said this evening that the sen-

tences arrived last night from Vienna. How my heart beat! He added that there was a report spread in Milan that my brother was condemned to eighteen months imprisonment in Porta Nuova. To what a depth of despair must we be reduced, to feel rejoiced even at this!

"*November 23rd.*—The painfulness of this uncertainty is beyond the possibility of description: it is an incessant fever. Every ring at the bell makes us tremble with fear lest it should bring with it the fatal news. Every passing carriage that appears about to stop, fills us with the thought that perhaps it is he! Prince B—— also assured us yesterday that we should know our doom in a few days. My father informed us from Paris, that he had received a favourable letter from M. de Caraman, our ambassador at Vienna, and encouraged us to hope. Merciful heaven, what a life is ours! one day flushed with hope, another maddened with despair! From the letter we received this morning from the poor prisoner, it is too evident that he is distracted by uncertainty.

"We no longer know where to turn our thoughts, what to believe, or what to do. An idea however suggested itself to me. In spite of the pain I feel at meeting Salvotti, I ran to the Palace, spoke to him and entreated him to tell me if it was true that my brother would not know his sentence before the month of March? Salvotti replied that this supposition had no reasonable foundation, and that, in his own private opinion, we shall know it in the course of December. The thought that the fatal term of our sufferings will con-

clude so soon has quite revived me. Ultimately I shall perhaps regret this period,—afflicting to be sure, but one in which hope has never been wholly extinguished.

"*December 2nd.*—This has been a wretched day. On returning home, I found my husband, Louise, and Josephine waiting on the top of the stairs, and in great agitation. A letter had been brought two hours before, containing a request that I would repair to the Commission, to receive a communication relative to my brother. I felt convinced it was for me to be informed of the sentence; and I went therefore, taking Josephine with me, to seek that which might be either life or death to me. On the way I spoke not a word, for my heart was full, and I breathed with difficulty. The office had been closed an hour before.

"To remain in this terrible uncertainty was impossible; so I proceeded to Mr. Minghini's, to learn the whole truth; but the servant told me he was seriously ill, and not able to see me. More distracted than ever, I summoned sufficient resolution to go to Salvotti, for to endure this horrible anxiety through the night would be far beyond my strength. Salvotti received me: I presented the letter of the Commission, soliciting that he would give me an explanation. 'It is nothing, replied he with a smile, 'nothing more than a letter which you must read at the Palace, and which your brother has written you on a day that should be dear to all who love you.'

"'Ah, heaven!' I cried, 'this is my birth-day, and he has remembered it.' I returned home more calm than I had gone out, but still very wretched.

"*December* 4*th.*—Today we have seen him. He is extremely sad. Notwithstanding his efforts to appear calm, I read in his heart all the feelings he strove to conceal when beseeching us to quit Milan. As he gave me his hair, to be divided amongst us all on our return to France, my blood chilled. How painful was this long-desired interview! how hateful the presence of that old Pissini!

"*December* 8*th.*—On learning this morning that the Countess Confalonieri had set out for Vienna, with her father-in-law and her brother, I went immediately to Count Pactha to express my grief at the obstinate refusal to grant us passports. He replied that the Countess is one of the Emperor's subjects, and that her passport had come from Vienna at the instance of General Bubna, who undertook the journey expressly for the purpose of recommending his old friend Confalonieri to the Emperor. Alas, we are foreigners: we must remain inactive, while we should find such consolation in exerting ourselves on his behalf. The will of God be done!

"*December* 14*th.*—Mr. Minghini is very ill. I went to his house this morning, on my way back from the Palace. His wife opened the door to me, and burst into tears, telling me of the danger he was in.

"*December* 17*th.*—Mr. Minghini is in a very dangerous state, and this morning took the sacrament. I send my dear Josephine three times a day to inquire after his health, and await her return with an aching heart. I earnestly pray God to spare a father so young and so needful to his children.

"*December* 20*th.*—The news today was more favourable; but in the evening, as I passed near the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, the tolling bell announced an approaching death. The sound sunk to the very bottom of my heart: without explaining my thoughts, I said to Louise, 'Let us go to Mr. Minghini's.' Alas! it was for him the bell was tolling: he had just received extreme unction. With tearful eyes I turned on my way home, the funereal sound accompanying me to the door.

"*December* 21*st.*—Josephine came into my room early this morning; her countenance, bathed in tears, quickly informed me that he to whom we owed so much was no more. My heart became deeply oppressed, as if I had not been prepared for this blow, or as if it were to be the precursor of misfortunes still more severe. I sent to learn the hour of the service, as I wish to attend in proof of my gratitude.

"*December* 23*rd.*—I went to the church at the hour mentioned, but all was over: not a priest was to be seen, nor a single relation or friend by the side of the corpse, which was carried on the shoulders of four men. One gendarme alone, he who is always on guard near my brother's room, followed the deserted coffin.

"*December* 31*st.*—The last day of this calamitous year. To relieve, for a time, the painful anxiety in which we live, I had walked out with Josephine to make some purchases, and procure some little presents for my husband, my daughter, and my poor brother, on new year's day, when we met our kind friend Mrs. Goldsmid. 'Are you aware,' said she, 'that the Countess Confa-

lonieri returned last night half-dead? The Emperor has signed the death-warrant of her husband, and refused to listen to anything. He told her that examples were necessary, and that her husband would be executed.'

"These appalling words made me absolutely shudder. I conjured Mrs. Goldsmid, who is acquainted with the Countess, to call at her door, and ascertain if she has returned. On entering my house, I met Prince B——, who said with much agitation, 'The Emperor has condemned Confalonieri: there is very little hope for him. It is said that all the sentences are come, and that three are condemned to death.'

"'Good heaven! what is it you tell me?' replied I. 'And my brother?'

"'It seems to me impossible that he should not be released, which is the opinion of all the higher authorities.'

"I did not participate in this belief; but, notwithstanding, hope already lightened my heart. I went in, wholly unable to define the feelings by which I was agitated. I was afflicted with deep grief at the fate which hung over Confalonieri, and at the same time was sensible of an almost wild joy at the approaching termination of my torturing suspense. This state of mind was culpable, and could not long continue. I felt ashamed of it; and to dispel it I addressed myself to the Almighty in prayer for our dear prisoner.

"*Thursday, January* 1*st*, 1824.—I have received a letter from Mrs. Goldsmid, confirming the frightful news reported of the unhappy Confalonieri. I was still under the overwhelming influence of this information, when

Josephine, whom we had sent to Porta Nuova with some new year's gifts for Alexander, returned in terror, stating that the jailer thrust her back with extreme rudeness, saying, 'In a few days more he will be out of my hands; there! take that back with you.' I was in despair; and nevertheless I had to dress to dine with Mrs. Goldsmid. At last Louis returned, his countenance quite desponding: he had learned from Count Pactha, that all the sentences had arrived last night.

"I fell back upon my chair, exclaiming, 'All hope then is lost! the sentence is not in his favour, or he would have been set free!'

"'There is certainly one to be executed,' replied my husband with increasing emotion, 'but all my efforts to learn more were useless.'

"I would have given the world not to dine with our English friend; but my poor child needed some change of scene, so we started. We were alone; the deepest melancholy was seated in the heart and countenance of each. Scarcely a word was spoken. A prey to the most harassing anxiety, I endeavoured to extract further particulars from my husband; and at last he admitted that there were some condemned to death, and several to twenty, fifteen, and ten years' imprisonment. 'Just heaven!' I cried, 'will he be confined for ten long years?'

"Louis replied nothing. Mrs. Goldsmid tried to convince me we ought to be most happy if his imprisonment should be for no more than three or four years; but the very notion of such happiness threw me into a violent temper, and I could listen to no more, either of

hope or consolation. Returned to our house, we found some relief in tears. Ah, how melancholy will ever be my recollections of the first of January 1824!

"*Friday, January 2nd.*—All is known. Through a whole year this frightful truth has not once presented itself to our minds; it comes now like a thunderbolt. When my husband came to me in the morning, it was easy to see that he had not slept more than myself. The depth of gloom in his air aroused in my heart a dreadful suspicion. Without hesitating a second I exclaimed, 'I am sure he is condemned to death!'

"'It is but too true,' replied Louis, equally excited with myself. 'Three are condemned to death; but there is no doubt they will receive mercy, although the Emperor has signed the warrant.'

"My husband added all he thought calculated to revive hope in my heart. I uttered not a word, I heaved not a sigh; but hastily dressed, and wrote in scarcely legible characters this note to Count Pactha:—'In the horrible extreme to which we are now reduced, your aid, your advice, are all that remain to us. Do not refuse to see me. I am acquainted with the horrible truth: I know my brother is condemned to death. Courage ought to strengthen, as misfortune increases. You shall hear no more murmurs or complaints from me.'

"Alas! as I wrote this note hope still lurked in my heart, and it was to induce him to tell all, that I feigned to be so thoroughly informed and so resigned. An unaccountable blindness led me still to doubt. I reached his house almost in a state of calmness: I felt that if I gave way to grief or reflection, all courage

would vanish; and something might yet be required to be done. Count Pactha did not make me wait long for a reply to my note; he came to me with tears in his eyes.

"'My thoughts have been dwelling on you these two days,' said he: 'I have been endeavouring to find means to prepare you—'

"'We have courage, sir, and we shall be able to show it. I only request you to promise me two things,—that you will acquaint me with the details of our calamity, and allow me, if my brother dies on the scaffold, to pass with him the last hour of his life. None but myself can inspire him with the fortitude necessary to enable him to die with firmness and in a manner worthy of his faith.'

"'I admire your strength of mind, madam; I see what you are capable of, and I give you my honour I will not conceal from you anything.' He added further, that no official despatch had yet arrived,—that it was only through the Countess Confalonieri that the condemnation of her husband was known.

"'Yes,' I cried, 'and that of my brother; there are seven condemned to death.'

"'And do you think the Emperor would put to death such a number of unfortunate men? No, the thing is impossible; Confalonieri himself will be reprieved.'

"Count Pactha then assured me that he knew absolutely nothing concerning the prisoners. The Commission, with whom all power rests, preserve the most absolute silence. He advised me to go the day after tomorrow, Sunday, as usual, and deliver my letter at the

Palace. 'Perhaps,' added he, 'you may discover something.'

"I requested of him passports to Vienna.

"'And what would you do there? you could not arrive in time.'

"These words thrilled me with horror. I left him, my heart filled with gratitude, but in a far more pitiable condition than when I went to him. On returning home I set the whole house in consternation, so true it is that we were unable to credit the full extent of our misery. Mrs. Goldsmid came in weeping, and the sight of her tears redoubled ours. She had known everything since yesterday morning, and it was with a view to prepare us for the worst that she had spoken in a strain so gloomy and yet so just, when she said, 'that we might consider ourselves most fortunate if his imprisonment should be for no more than three or four years.'

"*Saturday, Jan. 3rd.*—This has been a day of woful heaviness and excessive fatigue. We have received news from Paris announcing the hopes entertained by our relations, and I have written to prepare them for the knowledge of the truth. Our good friends the Mirabaud family, and the Marchioness S——, paid us a visit; public report had informed them of our sad misfortune. They wept with us, and their sympathy gave us relief. Nothing is known positively concerning the prisoners. The names even of those who are condemned to death are kept secret: every one tells his own tale.

"The unhappy Countess Confalonieri receives all who call upon her. *Why have I been expressly recom-*

mended not to go near her? Her despair is beyond all description, yet all Milan is interested in her case, and bestirs itself to succour her; whilst we poor foreigners have no one to aid us in Vienna, whither, in spite of our entreaties, they will not allow us to go.

"The brother of the Countess Confalonieri has set off again for Vienna, with an address to the Emperor, signed by all the nobility of Milan, together with a letter from the Archbishop, who beseeches mercy in the name of God. Oh, may religion, which makes pardon a law, soften the heart of the Emperor! may he, in a word, restore all to life!

"It is said the sentences sanctioned by the Emperor are expected every instant. They will be sent here to the Commission by the Senate of Verona; and once here, the executions must take place within twenty-four hours. The viceroy himself has no power to grant a delay of one hour; besides he is at Venice:—nothing can save these unfortunate men! Every horse that I hear pass at a gallop makes my heart leap, although my street is not in the line of the road from Vienna. I must however preserve my own courage, to keep alive that of my husband, who is worn out, and who is excited to rage even at the sight of an Austrian. And when I turn my thoughts to our poor Alexander,—what must be his sufferings!

"Confalonieri's aged father is arrived today. His daughter-in-law had left him ill in the mountains of Tyrol. It is said that the Emperor treated him with real barbarity, although he has always professed strong

attachment to the House of Austria, and was a very long time chamberlain to the Archduchess Beatrix, mother of the late Empress, who had been brought up with the unhappy Frederick Confalonieri.

"*Sunday, Jan. 4th.*—Every hour now adds to our misery. According to the advice of Count Pactha, I went to the Commission, where I pretended to be ignorant of everything. I had written a long letter to my brother, in which I exhorted him to resignation, as if impressed by a presentiment of impending evil. I purposely introduced in the last line of one of the pages the following sentence: 'Perhaps two years will conclude the term of your sufferings.' At the Palace I found only the Secretary, who had a most dismal countenance, and all my efforts to induce him to speak were without effect. I waited a long time for old Pissini, who recoiled a couple of steps when he saw me, and abruptly told me he could not stay a minute, as the President was expecting him. 'Pardon me, sir, but I should be obliged to you to read this letter, that I may be assured it will reach my brother; for it is of a nature to afford him much consolation.'

"He then took it, and read without speaking a word, till he came to the passage which I have mentioned; when he looked fiercely at me, and kept his eyes fixed upon me for more than a minute. This look pierced my very soul. It was impossible not to read in his eyes which glistened with a secret barbarous exultation, 'You strangely deceive yourself; a few days more, and he will have ceased to breathe.'

"When he had finished reading, Pissini made me a

bow without saying a word. 'Well, sir, may I hope this letter will be delivered to my brother?'

"'I beg you, madam, to believe I have the greatest respect for you.'

"'But, sir, you do not answer my question.'

"'Madam, your very humble servant!'

"'In the name of Heaven, one single word!'

"'But don't you see, madam, that I am waited for?'

"I stamped my foot with impatience, and could not help exclaiming in an angry tone, 'Your barbarity would be less, sir, if you were to say plainly, that you will not take pity on me.'

"Again he replied with his—'Your very humble servant;' and I left him, choking with mortification and rage. On reaching home, I found it necessary to suppress my feelings, in order to moderate those of my husband.

"*Wednesday, Jan. 7th.*—The whole town is in a state of agitation. Every morning the people anxiously inquire of each other what is to be the fate of the prisoners. Good heaven, what agony! I have seen Count Pactha twice again; his sympathy and kindness are unwearied. He has relieved me from the fear that Countess Confalonieri's brother would arrive too late at Vienna. Nothing transpires respecting the prisoners, the guard about the prison is doubled, and the Commission observes absolute silence. In order to give me some little consolation, Count Pactha repeats his assurance that he knows the Emperor's goodness too well to suppose that any one will be put to death. Then he added

with a mournful accent, 'God grant that I may not be deceived!' It is perhaps possible to imagine what a sensation these words produced in me; but who would be willing to experience it?

"*Thursday, Jan. 8th.*—All Milan seems in mourning. Nothing is thought of but the impending catastrophe of these condemnations. Sympathy, terror, grief, are depicted on all faces. If in such a moment there could be found any consolation, it would be in this universal alarm and sympathy. I have just heard that Mr. Cassati has despatched a courier to his sister, to inform her that he has the promise of an audience from his Majesty. He tells her also, that though appearances continue very gloomy, he nevertheless perceives a gleam of hope. Immediately on learning this, I went to the church, where I remained a long time in prayer. I besought the Almighty that He would touch the heart of the Emperor. I learn that the Countess is ill, and does not receive even her most intimate friends. The weather is beautiful. The sun shines with the brightness of spring; but the joyous aspect of nature only fills my heart with pain.

"*Friday, Jan. 9th.*—This has been a cruel excruciating day. Exhausted, sick from so long a struggle with agonizing suspense, I was lying in bed when the Marchioness S—— forced her way into my room, to bring me consolation, as she said. Good heaven, how is it possible that a heart so full of goodness can inflict such pangs! 'News has come from Vienna,' added she, after some little introduction; 'it is now positively certain that only two are condemned to death; all the rest are sentenced to imprisonment.'

"'And do you know who are those two?' demanded I with a trembling voice.

"'Yes, Confalonieri and your brother.'

"These words filled me with horror; but I could neither weep nor articulate a word. Yet this thoughtless woman so little suspected the terrible blow she had given me by this intelligence, that in order to prove its authenticity she proceeded to explain all the details possible. Never did I suffer so much. I allowed her to go on without reply. My eyes shut, my head resting upon one of my hands, I maintained such a silence, that, thinking I slept, she left me. Subduing my anguish, I rose, and hastened to Count Pactha, to inform him of what I had heard. 'How indiscreet!' he cried.

"Alas! this only convinced me that the truth had been told me. I reminded him of his promise. God only knows how I was able to speak; not a single word of hope fell from his lips. He pitied me, exhorted me to courage; but I was struck to the heart,—crushed! This intensity of pain is too much for me; more than human strength is requisite to endure it.

"*Monday, Jan. 12th.*—The days creep on with a tardiness that is quite exhausting. Nothing decisive transpires; all is agonising uncertainty! But who knows whether we shall regret the mournful hours of such a day as this? He lives,—and tomorrow, perhaps—! Ah, I dare not dwell upon the dreadful thought. I saw Count Pactha again this morning, and he renewed his promise to conceal nothing from me. I was compelled to make known to him a most painful

truth,—that we should accept with eagerness the alternative of perpetual imprisonment for my brother.

"*Tuesday, Jan.* 13*th.*—He is saved! My brother will live! Ah, blessed God! most sinful should we be to utter another complaint through the whole of our lives.

"This morning, at ten o'clock, I received a note from Mrs. Goldsmid, praying me to come to her immediately. We all decided that she must have heard something very important, or she would not have sent for me in my present state. I was so bewildered that I went out in my slippers and without gloves, and trembled in walking to such a degree that several times I was near falling. The kind lady told me that Count Pactha's private secretary had just called, to beg that she would send for me on some pretext, and then tell me that he had something to communicate. Happily I had no further to go than just across the street, for it would have been impossible for me to walk far, in consequence of a violent palpitation of my heart. It was with difficulty that I mounted the staircase; at last I was introduced into the little room in which I was generally received, and had waited scarcely a minute when Count Pactha rushed in, seized my hands, and said in a voice almost stifled by emotion, 'Give thanks to God,—his life is secure!'

"I know not what answer I made, or even what I felt. Those alone who have experienced it can be aware of the unutterable sensations of such a moment. 'It is a miracle he was not executed,' added Count Pactha; 'but for an accident that happened to the courier who brought the sentences, the reprieve would have arrived too late;

Confalonieri and your brother would have breathed their last some days ago.'

"Never shall I forget this act of kindness in Count Pactha. I poured out my thanks in an ecstasy. After having said all that his excellent heart suggested, he made me promise not to divulge to any one, except my husband and my daughter, what he had just told me, as that might place him in very disagreeable circumstances. 'You are the first and only person informed,' he added; 'your mild resignation deserved a reward, and I could not have denied myself the joy I feel at this moment. Your family are without doubt waiting for you in extreme anxiety. Return to them, madam, and restore them to the tranquillity I have found it so sweet to impart to you.'

"Affected more than ever by these kind attentions, I withdrew rapidly, to return home. I could scarcely refrain from running; and when I saw them all waiting at the window, I waved my handkerchief with an air of triumph, to prepare them for the good news. With what intoxication did we all hail this unexpected joy! He is saved! he is saved! and in that thought lies a full compensation for all my sufferings.

"The Marchioness S—— came this evening to announce to us the reprieve of my brother. We all pretended not to have known it before. Nothing is ascertained respecting the duration of the punishment, nor of the day when the sentences will be made known to the prisoners. The Governor, Count Strassoldo, sent this evening the Marquis d'Adda to inform the Countess Confalonieri that her husband had been reprieved. The

unfortunate lady fell down and embraced his knees, uttering at the same time a piercing cry. She remained for more than an hour in a state of insensibility. Admirable woman! Next to God, it is to her we are indebted for the life of my unfortunate brother. It is plain the Emperor felt that, commuting the capital punishment of Confalonieri, he could not, without a crying injustice, have put to death a foreigner. We all expressed our gratitude to God, with the fervency of those restored to life, and with a vow to render daily thanks to the end of our existence."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE victims whom arbitrary injustice had condemned to captivity and death had no means of knowing the agonizing uncertainty in which their families were placed, nor the anxiety of a whole nation seized with indignation and pity on learning the fate which was reserved for her best citizens, in punishment for their devotion to her interests. In silence and mystery we were doomed to suffer, and await the catastrophe of the gloomy drama in which we were the chief actors.

In order that I might be better prepared for the passage from life to eternity, and collect my thoughts, and raise my heart to God, I resolved to separate from my companions in misfortune. But when on the point of making the application, I was deterred from doing so by my attachment to them, and above all by the idea that I should be further removed from Confalonieri, who was ill, and whose unhappy position interested me so deeply.

During the whole day, and a part of the night, I was on the alert, trying to find out what was passing in his prison, where I occasionally heard unusual noises, moving of furniture, and confused voices, which made me fear that something fatal or extraordinary had happened to him. But in vain did I remain two entire hours at

the wall, eager to hear the least sound, the slightest stroke: all was silent. Surrounded with turnkeys, who never quitted him, the unfortunate Frederick struggled on his bed under the torture which Salvotti inflicted upon him, and against the attacks more and more violent of an illness which often deprived him of his senses for hours together.

Yet everything clearly indicated that we had reached the end of our frightful uncertainty. At each unusual noise in the corridor, every time a door was opened, we said to each other, "Here they are! presently we shall know it all." But no one appeared, and we relapsed into harassing anxiety.

On the 20th of January we underwent more agitation and fatigue than on the preceding days. When night arrived, my companions went to bed, repeating as usual, "*It will come tomorrow!*" They then fell asleep: but I watched and wept in silence, thinking of the grief my beloved family were about to suffer. I called to mind the sacrifices I had made to liberty and honour, and then asked myself with bitterness what compensation I could expect for so many tortures, what reward for so much devotion. I found none in this world but the love and esteem of the cherished beings whom I should shortly make so miserable, and I could now only see ingratitude and folly in my conduct. The recollection of the unsuccessful attempts of Salvotti against me, and the inspiring example of Confalonieri, at last restored my self-satisfaction and enabled me to brave my fate with courage and dignity.

The clocks of the city had already struck twelve some

time, and nothing interrupted the silence around us, when the sound of confused voices, accompanied by hurried and cautious footsteps, reached my ears. In order to hear them more distinctly I went to the door and listened. The noise increased, and people were approaching. I heard them open the gate of the corridor, advance, and stop: they entered the prison of Confalonieri. So many persons could not have come at this unusual hour of the night for an ordinary visit. I had not heard the guards of Frederick go out, which they did occasionally when he was seized with paroxysms, and required assistance. They were coming, therefore, to take him to the place where the sentence was to be pronounced! I awoke my companions.

"They are gone to Confalonieri," I said to them, "and in some minutes they will be here."

Rinaldini rose from his seat, and said, "Perhaps they will only remove the Count to Santa Margarita."

"To come at one o'clock in the morning merely for the purpose of a removal? No, my friend, it is before the Commission they will take him, and we soon shall have to follow."

"And I too?" answered he.

"I do not think so; you know very well that the trial of the Brescians is not yet at an end. Be tranquil then. —But what can be going on all this time in the cell of Confalonieri? can it be only the physician or Salvotti?"

I had scarcely pronounced these words when our door opened, and the keeper cried, "Signor Francese," dress yourself and come with me; and you also, Signor

Castillia. As for you, Signor Rinaldini, you may stay in bed."

The face of poor Rinaldini, which manifested at first much uneasiness, became now the picture of grief. "Can I help you?" he said, offering me one of his hands, whilst with the other he wiped the tears that ran down his cheeks.

"Here is a light, gentlemen," added the jailer; "delay no longer: for in a few minutes we shall come for you."

"Shall we take away our things?" asked Castillia, who was hastily dressing himself.

The only answer that Caldi gave was a negative shake of the head, accompanied by a sneering malignant smile, with so harsh an expression of countenance, that in it alone we could read our fate.

He had scarcely left the room when Rinaldini threw his arm hastily around my neck, weeping bitterly. "We must part then!" he exclaimed, pressing me to his breast. "Ah, what a cruel separation is this for me! who can console me for your loss? who can supply your place in my affections? God knows the fate that is reserved for me; but never can I forget how very kind you have been, and how tenderly you have supported me throughout my misery. Oh, may you see your country and family again!"

"In the name of heaven, Rinaldini, let us not unnerve ourselves. We have comforted each other under the sorrows of imprisonment, and our desolate condition has made us friends—"

"And our friendship will, I trust, continue till death," replied the excellent man.

"Well, are you ready?" inquired Caldi, again opening the door; "we must set out."

Once more I embraced Rinaldini, and departed, bidding him a final adieu. How dear to me had his kindness and excellent disposition rendered him!

"Come, come!" repeated the jailer: "*You* first, Signor Francese."

"Farewell then!" exclaimed poor Rinaldini,—"farewell!"

After having proceeded a few steps along the corridor, I found myself opposite to the door of Confalonieri, which had been left open by the guards. I cast a hasty glance, to see if any one were in the cell with him, and then sprang upon his bed and embraced him warmly, saying, "I am your friend Alexander—we shall share the same fate!"

All this took place in a space of time even shorter than the relation of it occupies.

"What the devil are you doing in this room?" the jailer sharply demanded. "Heh! you gendarmes, come here! take this fellow away to the place of his destination."

Several of the gendarmes came forward with lamps in their hands, and accompanied me to the gate of the prison. There a numerous body of infantry and a Commissary of the Police were stationed.

"Get in, sir!" he said, leading me to the carriage, in which he placed himself beside me.

The night was cold and dark. We advanced slowly, escorted by the cavalry. I inquired whither we were going: he made no reply.

"Will it be long before we arrive?" He was still silent.

"Will my companion, Castillia, follow me?" But the man never even turned his head.

Our carriage, which had at first not moved quicker than at a foot-pace, now proceeded with great rapidity. We were in the town, passing along its silent and empty streets. "How different an aspect will these streets in a few hours present, when thronged with a crowd assembled to witness my execution!"

We arrived shortly under the portico of a large building. It was the Palace of Justice. The gates were guarded by troops. I was desired to get out of the carriage, and, under the escort of gendarmes, who carried a torch in one hand and a musket in the other, I ascended, and passed through several corridors which led to an iron door guarded by a sentinel. Here the silent Commissary took leave of me with a bow.

The door opened, and I entered a lofty and spacious hall, the appearance of which at first sight was so solemn that it reminded me of some ancient chapel. I might have concluded that it was used for religious ceremonies at present, had I not perceived an immense chimney, with a blazing fire, before which eight or ten gendarmes were warming themselves. I therefore imagined that the place was a kind of cell, where prisoners condemned to death were kept until the moment of execution. Two beds were made up in it; one at the end of the apartment, and the other nearer to the chimney; a round table, clumsily constructed, was placed in the centre,

and near it stood a tall man, who beckoned me to approach.

"Have you any jewels about you?" he asked.

"Search me, if you please," I replied, placing at his disposal the pockets of my coat.

"You may sit down," he said, having ascertained that I had neither knife, nor any weapon with which self-destruction could be effected. I preferred walking about, being in a state of too great excitement and agitation to remain stationary; and paced up and down before the gendarmes, whose eyes were constantly upon me.

"In a few moments I shall know how many hours of life are allotted to me. All uncertainty will cease—the agony of suspense will be over. I shall meet death face to face. Oh God, let it come! I can contemplate it without shrinking. Before this day's sun shall have shone through these lofty windows my sentence will have been pronounced. Yet what terrible moments still remain for me! what trials! If my poor brother—if my sister—but no, I will see them no more! I will spare them that agony, for it might embitter their future days."

I had for a long time been meditating in this gloomy mood, during which my courage and resignation had a painful struggle in contending with my recollections and regrets, when suddenly the door re-opened, and a prisoner appeared, but he was at too great a distance for me to discern his features. I hastily advanced towards him, hoping that it might be Confalonieri; but after proceeding a few steps, I plainly perceived, from

his low stature and insignificant appearance, that I was mistaken.

"Signor Borsieri," said the person whose business it was to search the prisoners, "have the kindness to come near."

"Willingly," he replied, in a trembling voice; "here I am."

He approached, and I could then see more clearly the face of the scholar, of whose talents the celebrated poet Monti had spoken so highly. His quick eyes and his light hair gave to his countenance a youthful expression, which even the sufferings of prison had not yet withered. It was evident that my foreign appearance had struck him, and that he wondered how it happened that I formed one of the number who were assembled in that hall. When I approached nearer to him he politely bowed.

"We have reached a most anxious and decisive moment," said I; "for in a few more hours our fate will be ascertained."

"Is it possible that *you* are one of the condemned?" he exclaimed with astonishment.

"It is but too true. Alas! I am indeed,—notwithstanding that I am a foreigner, a Frenchman."

The surprise of Borsieri increased doubly. He inquired from me with much interest by what fatality I had fallen into the clutches of the Commission. I was going to answer him, when a little gentleman was introduced into the condemned cell, before whom Borsieri hastened to present himself, saying to me, "Pallavicini, —my fellow-prisoner."

I observed with increased attention this newly-arrived person: his stature was much below the usual height, but a certain air of haughtiness and decision in his deportment and gestures showed that he possessed within his small person a heart capable of supporting with fortitude the awful solemnity of this moment. Whilst he stripped himself of his watches, seals and rings, he cast proud and disdainful looks on the gendarmes.

"Here," said he, raising his voice, and returning to the visitor the last of his numerous treasures, "I give it you in order that you may remember the Marquis Pallavicini. Well," he added, turning to Borsieri, "here we are! But Confalonieri? I do not see him. I thought the unfortunate Frederick, whom I have so much injured, was here. Do you know if he will come soon?" he inquired of me.

"I do not know," I replied.

"The gentleman is a prisoner like ourselves," Borsieri hastened to say: "he is a Frenchman."

"A Frenchman! Bravo!" exclaimed Pallavicini stretching out his hand. "But my friend Castillia is not here!"

"When I left him—"

"What! then you were with this good Gaetano, whom I love as a brother, and whom I have destroyed in my anxiety to save him. Ah, were it but possible that he is not to share our fate! Might we but hope from this delay that his sentence is not severe! Alas, I am deceived, for here he comes."

Pallavicini threw himself into the arms of his friend,

whom he embraced with emotion. Both of them then returned to us.

"Do you know whether Confalonieri will come soon?" asked Borsieri in a low tone, addressing himself to Castillia.

"I cannot tell; when I passed through the corridor I saw the physician Locatelli enter his prison: they say that he cannot be removed, but that Salvotti will have him brought here, dead or alive."

"How infamous!" I exclaimed.

"And when I think," resumed Pallavicini, leading us into a corner of the great hall, "that it is we, his friends, who have brought him here; that without us he would be still enjoying liberty; that our country would not have lost its great man, its first citizen—and that now he will probably die on the scaffold on our account!"

"His death is certain," I remarked, in a sorrowful tone.

"I hoped that our retractations might have saved him," replied Borsieri.

"Our retractations, alas! are come too late," added Pallavicini. "Confalonieri will perish. If he should die without embracing me, and assuring me of his forgiveness, I should abandon myself to despair."

The door opened,—it might be himself! We advanced—every one of us.

"It is Tonnelli," cried Borsieri.

A young man entered slowly, whose care-worn features, sallow complexion, and tottering limbs announced the exhaustion of all vital energy.

"We have mistaken you for Confalonieri."

"I am only Tonnelli of Cocaglio, wretched for having fallen into the snares of Salvotti, and contributed to the condemnation of one whose loss Italy must for ever deplore."

The tone of sincere repentance with which he pronounced these words had a striking effect on all who heard them. His pale thin face resumed its animation, as if his soul had been relieved of its oppressive burden by this confession.

Supporting himself on the arm of one of his companions, he then advanced to the immense chimney, where a space was left him by the gendarmes. He there sat down, placed his hands on his knees, and remained so perfectly still, that he almost appeared lifeless.

This spectral figure, surrounded by gendarmes, whose arms reflected the light that glared from the blazing fire,—the groups of policemen, jailers and commissaries, who were talking in a low voice, or going in and out, with a kind of mystery,—all this assemblage of individuals, whose dress accorded but too well with their condition,—gave to the gloomy chapel a most terrific aspect.

The time of suspense was long. Fatigued in mind and body, I went and threw myself down upon one of the beds that had been got ready for us, when the noise of doors opening and shutting, hurried footsteps and numerous voices, attracted my attention. "It is the Count," exclaimed a Commissary of the Police, rapidly entering the hall. "He is coming; are the beds ready?"

These words went to my soul; a sudden thrill pervaded my frame; my eyes were fixed upon the door with an anxiety which banished every other. I waited for Confalonieri. A man in a cloak, tall, and of an imposing countenance, appeared at last at the door, supported by two gendarmes. Scarcely had I perceived him when I darted forwards, and pushed aside those who were assisting him to walk. "It is my duty to support you," I said, embracing him with tenderness; and I passed my arm around his waist.

No time was to be lost, for I felt him falter; and with the help of a gendarme I carried him senseless to a bed which had been prepared near the chimney. With all the tenderness that a son could have felt, I endeavoured to minister to his comfort; watched over him as one to whom I thought Providence had brought me for the purpose of forming with him one of those holy fellowships, in which two persons meeting together, on the step of the scaffold, derive courage and consolation from the confidence that they shall shortly be united in heaven for ever.

Pressing around that couch of suffering, our companions in misfortune, with consternation depicted on their features, and the tears flowing down their cheeks, awaited in anguish the end of a paroxysm which had all the horrible appearances of an epileptic fit. By degrees the convulsions became less frequent: then they ceased, and there lay apparently an inanimate corpse before us. It was only by the continual contraction of his eyelids that we were aware of the agony he still endured. The marks of pain remained long after the spasms

were exhausted; at length they also passed away, and the countenance of the poor patient resumed that calm and majestic beauty which frequently characterizes the features of the pure and noble-hearted when the soul itself has fled.

In an enthusiasm of regret and love, which absorbed all my thoughts, I observed in silence the manly and regular features of this noble victim, who was about to offer up his life as a sacrifice to his country. Alas, what sorrow has undermined your health! thought I, placing my hand gently on that heart, whose unalterable justice and generosity none has known better than myself. Alas! what must you have suffered when you were forced to defend your life against the accusations extorted by the foulest arts from your most faithful and devoted friends!

That I might hear him breathe and ascertain whether this deep lethargy was about to end, I bent my head towards his, and in my emotion kissed his pale and icy forehead, while my tears fell upon his face. Either the attack was at an end, or the warmth of my hands and lips recalled his vital spirits. He opened his eyes, the brilliancy of which grief had not dimmed: they wandered vaguely; at length he fixed them on me with an expression of tenderness which penetrated my heart, and he pressed me to his bosom. It was one of those sacred moments when two souls destined by Providence to love each other, and suffer together, find in their union strength under adversity, and become more calm, more resigned, more virtuous, every moment of their melancholy sacrifice.

"Raise me a little," he murmured: "the paroxysm, if I remain extended, may return. I wish to see you, and tell you what comfort I derive in hearing you and in pressing your hand in mine."

He embraced me feelingly. I assisted him to rise, and said gently, "Poor Pallavicini is there, with some other friends of yours who are equally unhappy."

Without allowing me to end my sentence, he turned his head, and held out his hand to them in token of forgiveness. All bowed, bathed in tears. "What! do you not reject me?" exclaimed Pallavicini: "can you pardon me, who am the chief cause of your ruin? O Frederick! Frederick! your generosity restores me to life; all my sorrows are as nothing now that I am assured your noble soul is touched with my repentance. Those wretches have infamously deceived me, they took advantage of my youth and inexperience."

Confalonieri, overcome, received him with open arms. "Giorgio, your efforts to repair a first error are alone remembered: come to my heart; it has blotted out the past."

These touching words of reconciliation were pronounced with so much simplicity and earnestness that they gave me a still more exalted idea of the character of the speaker. Pallavicini sobbed, and hiding his head in the arms of this generous friend, on whom his imprudence had drawn irreparable calamities, replied with fervour, "You restore me to life by re-instating me in my own respect,—and I have brought you to death!"

The emotion was general; Borsieri, Castillia, Tonnelli, profoundly touched by the kind words that Confalonieri

had addressed to them, approached, and expressed by their tears their profound gratitude, whilst the pity imprinted on the countenances of many spectators showed that they also were affected by this pathetic scene.

"Has the Count recovered?" asked for the fourth time a person dressed in black, to whom all present bowed. A gendarme having made a sign in the affirmative, he added, "Every one must be at his post; in a few minutes I shall fetch the prisoners."

"It is to appear before the Commission," said Confalonieri; "they are going to read our sentences to us."

These words were hardly uttered when a door was opened quickly.

"Tell the accused to come forward," cried one of the officers of the Commission.

Preceded by some commissaries of Police we advanced slowly toward the middle of the line which the gendarmes had formed on each side. Confalonieri leaned upon me, and I felt his legs tremble. If the distance is great, thought I, he will sink. Happily a few seconds brought us to the room where all the members of the Commission were waiting for us, ranged in a semicircle round a table lighted by flambeaux. To the left of the President was Salvotti, looking paler and more sinister than ever. They placed us along the wall facing the tribunal; and the silence, which our arrival interrupted, was restored. This moment of expectation was long and terrible; but my greatest anxiety was lest Confalonieri's convulsions should return before our iniquitous judges. What cruel joy would it have given Salvotti,

whose eyes were fixed in bold defiance on us! The calm expression of the Count, as he turned for a moment towards me, brought back my confidence.

At length, the President, whom we had never seen, made a sign to the Secretary to read the sentences. His trembling hands could scarcely hold the fatal paper. He began, but his voice failed him after he had pronounced the first few words. Already had Salvotti stretched out his hand, no doubt that he might himself proclaim the tragic result of his infernal proceedings, when the Secretary resumed.

"By the sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, the Count Frederick Confalonieri, accused and convicted of high-treason, is condemned to death." There he stopped.

To enjoy the terrible effect which this sanguinary doom must produce on the victim, Salvotti cast on him piercing and triumphant looks. But he was deceived; no alteration was visible in the countenance of Confalonieri.

After a long pause the Secretary continued: "But the capital punishment, by the inexhaustible clemency of his Majesty, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg."

A slight shudder arose among the assistants. Confalonieri remained immoveable. Pallavicini repeated the words, mingled with sighs and murmurs.

Some minutes elapsed before the reading recommenced, when we heard again: "By a similar sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme

Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, Alexander Andryane, aged twenty-five years, accused and found guilty of high-treason, is condemned to death; but, by the inexhaustible clemency of his Majesty, the capital punishment is commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg."

The eyes of Salvotti, lighted up with a cruel satisfaction, said to me, "I promised you this!" while in those of Confalonieri, which were turned towards me, was seen the most tender compassion. I replied to the one by a pressure of the hand, to the other by a smile of pity. I heard the certainty of my salvation without emotion and without joy. I had already suffered so much that the sorrow of my heart exceeded my desire of life.

They now passed sentence on the others. Pallavicini, Borsieri and Castillia were condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement, Tonnelli to ten years. When the Secretary concluded, the President addressed some words exhorting us to merit by our conduct the clemency that his Majesty had shown us. We listened in silence; and, without answering a word, bowed, and retraced our steps to the chapel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE strength of Confalonieri was exhausted, and with difficulty he regained the bed on which we had first placed him. "Do you fear another attack?" I asked eagerly.

"I think not: a few moments of repose will restore me. Without you I should have fallen before the Commission: may God reward you!"

"It is He who has united us," said I, throwing myself into his arms, "and I am thankful for his having associated our fates."

Frederick pressed me to his heart, and then, overcome with fatigue, his head fell on the pillow and his eyes closed. After having begged the gendarmes and police to remain silent, that the Count might not be disturbed, we sat down near him, in a low voice talking over the sentence which had just been pronounced upon us. All pitied me; all agreed in abusing the odious character of the Inquisitor, of whose perfidy every one of them could relate some instance.

"Twenty years of solitary confinement," exclaimed Borsieri, "for such slight offences! What have we done to be treated with so much barbarity?"

"What have you done?" replied Confalonieri, whom

the voice of our companion had for a moment drawn from his slumber: "what have you done? Deceived in the first moments of your arrest by the perfidious suggestions of Salvotti, you afterwards retracted what might injure me. This is the crime which our implacable enemy sends you to expiate in the Spielberg."

Borsieri, touched by this testimony of esteem, advanced to Confalonieri, took his hand, and said, his eyes filled with tears, "Now I no longer fear solitary confinement."

The windows of the chapel began to be lighted up by the first rays of day, the torches were dying away, and the glimmerings from the hearth pierced at intervals the darkness that surrounded us. Seated by the pillow of Confalonieri, and thinking of our condemnation to be entombed in the Spielberg, I said to myself, "Who knows whether we shall not soon regret that our sentence of death has not been executed? Who knows what a deplorable existence we may drag on in that fortress, the very name of which is sufficient to make one shudder? The agonies of uncertainty we had known: we had bid adieu to life; we were ready to die. A few hours more, and our misery would have ended. Alas! how many times we may call from the depth of our dungeon for this death which we have so long talked of, and which would have released us!—Released us! yes, doubtless; but those we left behind,—the unutterable grief of our families! Is their joy at learning our safety no consolation? Should we not thank God for preserving our lives, which may yet end in happiness? Once escaped from the scaffold, my

family, relying on my youth and strong constitution, will hope that I shall not sink beneath the sufferings of a dungeon: but who can calm Theresa's fears for the health of her beloved husband? Ill as he is, must she not tremble lest he should perish for want of aid and consolation? Everything leads me to hope that we shall not be separated; that I shall be permitted to devote my youth to the service of a man whose elevated nature has realised in these solemn moments the enthusiastic expectations of his most ardent admirers."

The hope of mitigating the sufferings of my friend in the life of loneliness to which we were condemned reanimated my courage. I contemplated with complacency the unhappy being whom Providence had confided to my care, and whose company would enable me to support my own sad fate with greater resignation. I could scarcely resist embracing him with tenderness, and assuring him how entirely I was devoted to him; but the fear of troubling the rest necessary to his health restrained me.

I gave vent to my feelings by speaking to our companions of him and his Theresa. All rendered homage to the powerful talent, the strength of mind, the love of justice and truth which characterised Confalonieri. Everything which he had done or desired to do for his country before his arrest was fully appreciated by them; but what they admired above all was his generosity and firmness, during a trial which lasted two years. No eulogium ever so entirely reached my heart: it was the grateful tribute of misfortune to persecuted heroism.

"Do you hear that deep and prolonged sound, like the distant waves of the sea?" said Borsieri, interrupting us. We raised our eyes to the windows, from whence the confused murmur, which we had heard for some time without remarking it, reached us. "Listen, how the busy hum mounts towards us!" continued he; "it is the crowd, and its thousand voices suppressed by fear,—the crowd, eager, greedy to behold us, to gratify their curiosity by our exposure!"

"Our exposure!" cried Castillia; "for what purpose? Have we not heard our sentences?"

"Yes, but the people have not heard them yet: like our predecessors at Venice, we shall be exhibited in the open air, raised to the disgraceful eminence of the pillory, that every one may contemplate at his ease the figure and countenance of those enraged enemies of society, the ferocious Carbonari, who have committed the unpardonable crime of disputing the rights of Austria over Italy. You may see from hence the multitude thronging and stifling themselves to get near us. Listen to the increasing clamour! were it now to be announced to the populace that the sentence would not be read in public, what cries of discontent would rend the air!"

Daylight had penetrated the chapel before Confalonieri showed any signs of life. Alarmed at seeing him remain motionless so long, I approached him, and bending over his head listened to his breathing. "He sleeps," said I to Castillia, who stood near me. Confalonieri opened his eyes. "Pardon me for disturbing your rest, I feared a new attack."

He smiled sweetly, and then replied, "Sleep! I know it no longer. But after such mortal agony ought I not to consecrate my first thoughts to the woman whose heroic devotion is the sole cause of my salvation? without her, I feel certain I should now have only a few hours to live. Poor Theresa! she has surmounted all obstacles; conquered every hostile will; but what trials must not that angelic being have gone through! And, alas! who can tell what ravages such cruel tortures may have caused her?" A deep sigh followed these words; then he added, "Let us only dwell today on the comfort it will be to the beloved of our hearts to hear that our lives are spared. At some future time, when we are alone, we will speak of them; now we should be too much affected; and we need all our calmness and resolution for the remainder of this day: the moment of exposure cannot be distant. God grant that my strength may not fail me!" Then, leaning upon me, he raised himself.

"Signor Conte, I salute you most humbly," said a Commissary of Police, whose singular appearance and constant activity I had remarked. "I am enchanted, delighted to see your Excellency again on foot: you do not then recognise the famous Chiesa, the terror of all robbers?"

"I fancy I do recognise you," replied Confalonieri.

"I was sure," continued the man with a self-satisfied air "that the Count would remember me. Without vanity I may say that in my own small way I have acquired some celebrity; what I have to do I take care to do well. Duty before all; but duty does not destroy the gratitude

which I feel for the kindness your noble family has shown to mine. This is my way. I have always said that feeling makes the man, and that intellect distinguishes him from animals. I have some taste in my own little way, and even while pursuing my robbers I take advantage of every spare moment to enrich my memory by some good reading. This gives one weight and consequence; people say, when listening to me,—'That is a man of the world.' Is it not so, Signor Conte? Education spoils nothing. Is it not lamentable that the greater part of the Milanese speak nothing but *patois*? In my little way I have decided that a Commissary of Police should speak as correctly as an academician *della Crusta* (*della Crusca*), and, thank God, I think I need not envy the wisest."

Confalonieri could not help smiling, while I could scarcely conceal the mirth produced by the strange medley of dialects which the erudite Chiesa spoke with a Tuscan accent.

"It is a real pleasure for me to have to do with such a nobleman as the Count, whom I revere, and with so amiable a cavalier as this French gentleman," he added, turning gracefully toward me. "So when I was consulted on the ceremony of your execution, I said in my little way,—'Attention, Chiesa! this concerns not a wretched brigand, but the flower of the Milanese nobility,—a Count to whom you are happy to show your respect and gratitude, and a foreigner to whom you must display your skill. To work then! and prove that you know how to treat each criminal according to his rank and merit.' I then reflected, consulted my books, and arranged my

plans; and without vanity, in my little way, I succeeded to my heart's content. All was arranged,—the moment the procession was to leave the prison, the streets through which it was to pass, and the place where the two scaffolds should be erected; for I knew too well what I owed to your Lordship to treat you like an ordinary criminal. All was new, the gallows, the cord, and even the ladder by which you were to mount. The two gallows faced each other, as they ought to do; and I said in my little way there never was anything so well arranged as that execution. It would have grieved me, it is true. Well, they came to tell me that my preparations were useless,—just as I was expecting such credit from them. What a pity, said I, that I have thus lost an opportunity of proving my gratitude to the Count!"

There was something so superlatively ludicrous in the conversation and manner of this person, as he related to us his anxiety that our execution should have gone off well, that Confalonieri and I looked at each other, doubting whether this distinguished orderer of cords and gallows was not laughing at us; but there was in his air so much importance, so much love of his profession, added to so great a desire to appear a gentleman, that we were forced to credit his impudent and extraordinary good faith.

"Our execution was determined on?" said I.

"Determined, decided, decreed, my dear sir; and all was ready; so much so that they were obliged to repeat the contrary to me three times before I could believe that it would not take place. I am a pretty good judge

of men and things. 'Who alone has any will and power in these matters?' I asked myself, drawing my own conclusion on the subject: 'the Counsellor Salvotti. Who said the safety of the kingdom depended on the execution of these gentlemen? the Counsellor Salvotti. Who told everybody that nothing could save them? the Counsellor Salvotti. Well then, to speak from my books, if this zealous, clever, famous Inquisitor has the will and power to cause the execution, who can prevent it? nobody.' That was just and logical reasoning, was it not, Signor Conte? When everything was thus suspended, I would only yield to the fullest proof."

"And what was that proof, Signor Chiesa?" inquired Confalonieri.

"Hearing it from Salvotti's own mouth. It was clear to me that he wished things otherwise. After so much trouble, to see such game escape him could nowise be agreeable. When, like us, men work conscientiously, they do not approve of losing the fruit of their pains. It is true," added he, smiling with a knowing air, "that the Counsellor Salvotti, who expects to be named a member of the Senate of Verona, will find some consolation in that. But I venture to assert that even so well-earned a preferment will not console him for not having witnessed the death of your Excellencies. It was the triumph of the trial. For us judiciaries, the play is not complete if the fifth act does not end with the gallows; ha! ha! ha!"

The facetious Chiesa was still laughing at his jailer-like joke when the sound of chains interrupted him. "See how one forgets oneself in talking to congenial

minds: the devil take me if I thought the hour of exhibition was arrived. Signor Conte, I salute you profoundly. If you ever require my services, I may without vanity say, in my little way, that I perform my duty admirably, above all for a person to whom I owe so much. There is nothing—"

"You will so arrange matters," said Confalonieri, "that the gallows shall be handsome, and the rope slip well; is it not so, Chiesa?"

"Ah, Signor Conte," replied he bowing; "*ange quot angis* (*age quod agis*).—Come, you fellows!" cried he to the assistants of Police, "quick! bring some chains. Do you wish me to fasten them on for you, Signor Conte? Quick, quick!"

"I should be infinitely obliged to you," said I in a low voice to Chiesa, "not to put on the Count's fetters until the last moment. He will not ask for any indulgence; but he is so feeble, so likely to faint, that it would be barbarous not to attend to his sufferings: I cannot conceive how the Commission can subject an unfortunate invalid to such martyrdom."

"The law requires it, sir; and it is the express order of the Commission that none of you should be exempt."

Nothing was now heard but the clanking of chains, which the jailers and their assistants were dragging along. Inauspicious sound! which impressed us with a feeling as novel as it was sad. "We are now placed on a footing with banditti and assassins," said I sorrowfully to Confalonieri: "the same irons which have loaded the hands of felons will now chain ours. Alas, how degrading!"

"My friend," replied he in a mild voice, "remember this verse in one of your greatest poets,

'Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud.'

Let us submit to what we cannot avoid, and show ourselves calm and dignified. But alas! shall I have strength for it? Were I to faint before the public, how would our enemies enjoy the involuntary weakness! How would they present it to the eyes of the populace as a proof of cowardice! They would say, 'See this Confalonieri,—he trembles,—he is afraid; what then if he had had to march to execution!' What vile and gross calumnies have they not heaped upon my head! what absurdities have they not laid to my charge already! And although it is now known that these infamous reports were but the manœuvres of a perfidious Police, something will always remain behind on the minds of the too credulous Milanese. Yes, I own that if it should be my misfortune to faint before their eyes, it would fill my heart with grief. Let me try," he added, endeavouring to rise without assistance. "Ah, that my will could give vigour to my body! but illness has wasted all my strength." He had scarcely taken three steps, when, to avoid falling, he was obliged to lean against a chair. He was in this condition, when the jailers, who had completed the *toilette* of Borsieri, Castillia, Pallavicini, and Tonnelli, arrived, bearing chains and handcuffs, to perform the same office for him.

"Signor Conte," said one of them, "the Commission has given the order for the condemned to be conducted to the pillory."

"I am ready," answered Confalonieri, holding out his hands, while I supported him from behind.—"What! my legs also?" added he mildly.

"Yes, Signor Conte, the chain is to be tied to your feet and wrists, and to pass twice round your body."

"*Fate pure* by all means."

"Now it is your turn, Signor Francese, and then all will be finished."

"When you please," said I:—"but the handcuffs are too small; they wound me."

"We have no others about us." He went away, leaving the cuffs on my wrists, the marks of which remained long after.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE signal for departure was given. Pallavicini walked proudly in front, his chains ringing at every step; Castillia and Tonnelli dragged theirs slowly; Borsieri's foot caught his, and he was in danger of falling with violence. Confalonieri and myself came next, walking closely, in order that my friend might with more ease support himself on my arm. A gendarme offered his assistance, but he rejected it. We descended step by step a stone staircase, from whence we could hear more distinctly the solemn murmur of the voices and the feet of an expectant multitude.

Already on the right, on the left, upon every side around us, in the court of the Palace, on the staircase, under the gateway were seen functionaries, officers of all ranks, of all arms, citizens, even females, who had solicited the extraordinary pleasure of contemplating the sad victims of an absolute government.

"Here is Confalonieri! Here is Confalonieri!" was repeated on all sides. "My God, how pale he is!" Anxiously I cast my eyes on his face, trembling lest I should see there the forerunners of a nervous paroxysm. But he re-assured me by a look, and a stronger pressure of his arm.

The Hungarian infantry formed the line, supported by hussars, who were scarcely able to keep the throng back from us as soon as the cry of "Here they come!" had passed from mouth to mouth. The undulations of the crowd were such, that the narrow passage by which we were to walk to the pillory was often on the point of being choked up. The hussars were at last forced to back their horses upon the multitude, crushing them, till thousands of shrill voices rent the air.

"How are you?" I frequently inquired of Confalonieri during this tumult; "shall we stop for you to gain breath?"

"No, no," said he; "let us keep moving; if we pause I shall perhaps fall."

"Let us keep moving then," I repeated after him; and my fear lest he should faint was such that I could not breathe.

Shortly after we reached the foot of the pillory, which had been erected against the walls of the Palace. Pallavicini and Borsieri began to mount the steep steps of the narrow staircase, which we could only ascend singly. Scarcely were their heads raised above the multitude, when a great exclamation was heard, followed immediately by a dead silence. In less than two minutes they stood on the pillory, and the jailer fastened them, facing the spectators, to large rings of iron clamped into the stone at regular distances. When Castillia, Tonnelli, and Borsieri had arrived, a captain of the Hungarian cavalry said to Confalonieri, with an air of disdain, "It is now your turn." The Count mounted, but I saw with what pain he raised his feeble

legs. His breathing became shorter and more oppressed, and in mortal perplexity I asked myself, "Will he ever reach the top?"

No sooner was he in sight of the people than a cry of "Confalonieri! Confalonieri!" was heard. All then relapsed into silence.

"Courage!" said I, placing myself at his side; "rest your arm again on mine; the greatest difficulty is overcome."

"I hope so," he replied. "Am I pale?"

"No, no,—all will be well."

I cast my eyes around the square and crowded streets, and saw only thousands of heads raised towards us, while the windows of every house were filled with men and women leaning forwards, the better to distinguish us. But there was nothing painful in this lively curiosity, nothing which could make us think that we were surrounded by an indifferent or prejudiced populace, ready to rejoice over our odious exhibition. Far, very far from that. Had I been less uneasy, less occupied with poor Confalonieri, I might have noticed among this immense crowd unequivocal marks of compassion and interest. I confess even that I could not have imagined the Milanese—under the eyes of their masters, whose numerous battalions garrisoned the whole town—to have been capable of a public manifestation so clearly anti-Austrian. It is a testimony I am happy to have it in my power to render them.

Some minutes elapsed in this silent spectacle, when the general attention was suddenly attracted towards a balcony, which was situated on the left above us, and

on which several persons had just shown themselves; one of whom, in uniform, held in his hand a roll of paper. The silence became still more profound; attention was at its height; and when the crier commenced, at first with a trembling voice, to read the sentences, it appeared as if every spectator had in one of us a brother, a parent, or a friend, whose deplorable fate he was about to hear. But hardly had he concluded the following words, "By the clemency of his Majesty the capital punishment of Count Confalonieri is commuted to solitary imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg,"—hardly, I say, had he concluded these words, when a sudden tumult, a universal, energetic, and prolonged murmur revealed what a painful effect this act of "inexhaustible clemency" produced on the multitude. All eyes were turned on Confalonieri, as if to pay him a tribute of commiseration and respect.

When my turn came, when they heard that I also was condemned for life to the dungeons of Spielberg, there was a fresh exclamation; and many words of compassion, which went to my heart, all at once made me conscious of the despair of those whom at this critical moment I had endeavoured to efface from my memory, lest the thought of them should overcome my fortitude.

There was one instant when Confalonieri, at whom I kept looking every second, shut his eyes and drooped his head. My anxiety for him increased: I could think of nothing but his dread and grief at the idea that his fainting would be attributed to weakness or cowardice. "Frederick, Frederick!" I exclaimed, my heart full of

bitter regret at my inability to offer him the least assistance or support.

He raised his head languidly, and turning towards me his face, covered with perspiration; "I feared I should be ill," he answered in a weak and faltering voice; "but, please God, I shall still hold up. Ah, from what a heavy weight I feel myself relieved! The victory,—for it will be a victory not to be the laughing-stock of our enemies—now appears more sure, more probable; and a flash of almost joy in this fatal moment can again still animate my heart."

The sentences were read. The crowd now became denser, and more and more anxious to approach us; it would have ended in their expelling the troops, if we had been left exposed as long as the Commission had ordered. But the Police, uneasy at this manifestation of interest, took upon themselves to withdraw us from the scaffold some minutes before the appointed time.

The jailers loosened us, and we descended in the same order in which we had mounted; but not till the people (whose instinctive perception of what is good and just in such circumstances is worth more than all the high-flown sentiments of the upper classes,) had uttered, at the moment when Confalonieri was disappearing, one of those long groans, which proved that they knew how to pity the destiny of him who had sacrificed his happiness for his country.

The chains with which they had loaded our hands and legs rendered our movements so painful and difficult, that I wondered how my friend, in his weak condition, reached the ground in safety. At the foot of the steps

he stopped to take breath. There we gazed at each other in silence,—a look which expressed more to us the happiness we felt in coming off victorious, than any exclamation of triumph or joy could have done.

How many heads, notwithstanding the soldiers, were thrust forwards to see us once again! Confalonieri, who had exerted all his strength to avoid fainting before the public view, seemed incapable of gaining the gateway of the Palace. When we reached the door of the chapel, overcome by fatigue, he fell senseless at our feet; whilst, loaded as we were with chains, we could no longer afford him any assistance.

Hearing our cries, a gendarme hastened to raise him, and carried him to the miserable couch where he had recently lain senseless. The attack of the preceding night was nothing compared to the horrible paroxysms he now endured. His irons shook under the convulsions of his limbs, and I was compelled to entreat that he might be disencumbered of them.

At length they listened to our demands. Confalonieri was unchained; the same was done also for us. At liberty now to assist him, we laid him more comfortably on his bed. But two long hours passed before animation returned. No sooner had he opened his eyes and re-collected his ideas, than taking my hand in his, he said, "Thank you, my friend;—but where did I fall?"

"Here, close to the door," I answered quickly.

"Now," added he, "I need no longer fear the persecutions of Salvotti. Not being able to deprive me of life, he wished at least to abase me in the eyes of my fellow-citizens; but he has not been more successful in

his last attempt, than when during my trial he endeavoured to tarnish my honour."

He held out his hand affectionately to our companions, speaking words of hope for those better times, which he himself could not expect to see. "A day will come," said he, "when you will re-enter Milan, and when the public will repay you for the miseries which you have endured."

"While," cried Pallavicini, "they will despise Colonel A——, who has saved himself from public exposure and from years of imprisonment, by vilely persisting in his revelations against Confalonieri."

"What is his punishment?" asked Borsieri.

"A simple detention perhaps," replied Tonnelli.

"Let us think no longer of this odious trial," said Confalonieri: "let us remember only the good intention which its victims had of being useful to their country. It was not allowed that all should have power to resist the snares of an inquisitor like Salvotti; those who could do so were more fortunate: that is all."

At these indulgent words we all pressed round him, admiring the benevolence which prompted him to palliate the weaknesses of others. After we had taken a slight repast, at about five o'clock in the evening, they removed us from the chapel. Confalonieri descended, leaning on me till we arrived at the carriage, which waited for us under the gateway. We got into it with three gendarmes, and in a few minutes arrived at Santa Margarita, where we were both installed in a room, horribly damp and cold.

"Is it possible," said I to the jailer Riboni, "that

they have ordered you to put the Count Confalonieri, whom they know to be seriously ill, into so wretched a cell?"

"It is the order of the Director-General of Police, under whose charge you now are. He demanded from the Commission safe and isolated quarters for you, and they placed this corridor at his disposal."

"Might they not at least have put us in the prisons of the ground-floor? It is true they are small and dark; but there are stoves, and we should have had the means of assisting the Count when his attacks come on."

Riboni excused himself, promised to order the turnkeys to aid me to nurse my companion if the case was urgent in the night, and then left us, as he said, to receive the other condemned prisoners who were to be lodged near us. In fact we shortly after heard Pallavicini exclaiming, as he entered the neighbouring cell, "What pigsty are you putting me in?"

On our arrival, Confalonieri had sunk exhausted on one of the beds. As I failed in my attempts to obtain a light from our jailer, we should have been in utter darkness, but for the faint reflection from a lamp suspended in the corridor, which enabled me to discern the suffering features of my friend as I sat by his pillow, hoping that sleep might calm his agitation. He was too oppressed to speak; but when I said softly, "Sleep in peace, I will watch over you!" he drew me towards him, and, taking my hand affectionately, replied, "Sleep! how can I when my heart is full of regret and fear for my unhappy Theresa? How much must she have undergone during her melancholy journey and

since her return, expecting from day to day to see me on the scaffold! God alone knows what poignant grief may have overwhelmed her. I cannot express to you the agony and despair which assailed me while she was thus sacrificing herself to save a life which I feel convinced I owe to her intercession, so completely had they blackened me in the Emperor's opinion.

"Without any hope of escape, I desired at least to consecrate my last moments to my guardian angel,—to her whose worth, whose adorable virtue I never understood so fully as at the moment I was torn from her arms. I asked at first permission to make a will; which on mature reflection I changed afterwards into a simple deed of gift. But what obstacles had I to overcome before I could obtain what they durst not according to law refuse me, though they represented it as a special favour from the Emperor! Salvotti made every attempt to force me to leave my faithful wife at the mercy of events: he left no perfidious lie, no menace untried, to induce me to abandon my project, which he said would only serve to irritate the Emperor.

"I gained my point in spite of his odious intrigues. The deed of gift was completed, and I was tranquil on the future prospects of my Theresa, when suddenly my prison was filled night and day by turnkeys. Their sinister countenances, their dogged and obstinate silence, their restless surveillance, all announced too plainly the guards of death, and that I had not long to live. The Commission carefully confirmed me in this idea, by warning me that the Emperor was inexorable, and that he had sanctioned the sentence of death, which would be

executed in a few days, unless I obtained a respite by making the confessions and revelations which they had so long looked for.

"I replied nothing to these propositions, and I prepared myself to die. It was then that I received, notwithstanding the vigilance of Salvotti and his jailers, a few words from a devoted friend, who, faithful to his promise to hide nothing from me, now informed me that my Theresa was returned, that the Emperor remained inflexible, and that another was destined to perish with me on the scaffold. I read that you were to suffer with me, and that the sentences of the other prisoners had been commuted; but I could not decipher the last words of this mysterious despatch. It was then that, profiting one night by the momentary sleep of my guards, I ventured to knock on the wall, to announce to you that I was to be hanged. When I was on the point of replying to your question, as to what fate awaited yourself, one of them awoke and prevented me from proceeding. From that time I had no opportunity of conversing with you through the wall, in consequence of the vigilant watch that was kept over me, and my increasing debility.

"Thus constantly surrounded by these miserable agents, whose presence prevented the possibility of my collecting my thoughts,—harassed by the relentless attempts of Salvotti to shake my firmness,—overcome by the nervous paroxysms that the terrible uncertainty augmented,—and in despair respecting my beloved Theresa, I have had to support during twenty days a struggle between a will which cared not for the contemplation of

death, and a heart which was unable to resist the ceaseless tears of an adored wife.

"There were yet two trials which appeared to exceed my courage,—the ignominy of the sentence I was to undergo, and the fear that my enemies would sully my memory with odious calumnies. That I might be saved the infamy of the gallows, I sent a request to the Emperor, in which I claimed, as descended by my mother from a noble Hungarian family, the right of decapitation; but it was rejected. For the purpose of clearing my reputation, I intended to write a short but energetic apology, on small pieces of paper; to conceal them in my hand, and throw them to the people on my way to execution.

"Thus harassed by the torments of my persecutors and the anxieties of my own heart, my hours passed away with a terrible slowness, in an agony of which I now expected a speedy termination, when the night before last they came to conduct us to the Palace. My strength failed me; in vain I endeavoured to rise, when you threw yourself on my bed, and I heard your voice. It was impossible; twice I attempted it, and twice I fell senseless into the arms of my guards. They ran to the Commission, which decided, notwithstanding the representations of the physician, that I should be taken dead or alive to the Palace of Justice. You know the rest," said Confalonieri, whose voice became weaker, and whom I had vainly endeavoured to stop. "You have seen this day all I suffered, all I feared, but you can never know the balm you applied to my wounds, —the comfort, the joy that my Theresa will feel when she

hears that I am no longer without support, and that God has given me a brother in misfortune."

"God, who has united us," said I, "will grant my prayer, that I may see your dearly beloved Theresa, and that I may assure her how happy I am, in spite of my afflictions, in being able so entirely to devote myself to you. I feel that in listening to my words hope will reanimate her, and that a future less gloomy—"

"Alexander, let us not speak of the future. The serious nature of the disease under which I labour, and the character of the Emperor, prevent my cherishing any hope."

"The Emperor! I thought he was amiable and humane; and that, once undeceived respecting the Inquisitor, he would assume milder sentiments."

"It is an error, my friend. I think I know him well; he will show indulgence to all, except to those whom, from their dignity of deportment and fidelity to the cause of freedom, he looks upon as contumacious and obstinate offenders. He requires submission before he is softened: to merit mercy in his eyes one must abjure one's former faith and give some degrading proof of weakness and repentance. The man who is moderate in his political opinions, and steady in his principles, is according to him a more dangerous enemy than the most ultra jacobin. He knows that exaggeration is short-lived, and leads to compromises, while there exists no such thing in the cases where conviction is the result of cautious and conscientious inquiry. Never will the doors of Spielberg be opened to me, because I shall never depart from my views respecting the indepen-

dence of Italy, nor ever debase myself by concessions. I cannot delude myself on this subject. If I recover from my present illness, I am condemned to languish in a captivity, terminating only with the Emperor's life or mine; unless my guardian angel, my Theresa, opens the doors of my prison, and an escape— This will be her constant thought, the constant object of all her efforts; the work of her whole life. *Poveretta!* she will leave nothing untried. But what anguish still awaits her persevering and conjugal devotion! Could we know all she must have risked in corresponding with me, notwithstanding the surveillance of Salvotti! The doors of Spielberg cannot be more impenetrable than those of the prison of Milan. These are my hopes still: and it is for this that you must in your first interview with your sister entreat her to see my Theresa. They are worthy of one another. Sorrow from the same cause will unite them for ever."

I thanked Confalonieri with gratitude for the confidence which he placed in me. This interesting conversation lasted for some time; since, notwithstanding my entreaties, my friend would still talk with fervour of the incomparable companion from whom he feared he was separated for life. At length he begged me to lie down on the bed prepared for me, and to obtain some hours repose.

Before ending this eventful day I fervently returned thanks to God for having so miraculously preserved my life, and for having connected my fate with that of a man of such a generous character, one whose sufferings were so much greater than my own. Confiding in the

Divine bounty I fell asleep, and trusted that the time would come when I might embrace and receive the forgiveness of my beloved father, who would at least bless me, I felt sure, for remaining faithful to truth and to honour.

I had not slept many minutes before my ears were assailed by frightful groans. It was my unhappy friend, whose loud inarticulate cries announced that he was vainly struggling against the first symptoms of a violent paroxysm. Struck to the heart by these alarming sounds, I flew towards him; but before I could reach him, he had fallen heavily on the brick floor. I was filled with horror. Guided by his plaintive cries, and by the constant striking of his head against the wall, I succeeded, notwithstanding the obscurity, in finding the spot where he lay. To lift him on his bed was my first thought, but his convulsed body was so heavy that I was compelled to leave him on the cold floor. Almost beside myself, I called to the gendarmes, supporting as well as I could my unhappy friend; but no one answered. So far from rendering assistance, they would not even bring us a light. Filled with indignation, with a strength which despair alone could give, I raised and placed him on the bed, where I continued to hold him till the nervous agitation gave place to complete torpor.

Feeling certain that he was now quiet, I groped for the door: I called and knocked louder than ever: then, remembering how important it is in such cases to keep warmth in the extremities, I placed his feet in my bosom; and it was thus that the guards found me,

when they at length came to inquire what I wanted. Moved by my entreaties they brought a light; but it was some time before Confalonieri recovered from an attack which lasted at least four hours. When I saw by his calm countenance that the crisis was past, I spoke to him gently. Without answering, he drew me to his heart, expressing more by this simple act than the many words by which men give vent to their feelings.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALTHOUGH, thanks to the communication of Count Pactha, my friends were now assured of my life, they were still far from being at ease as to my fate. My sister continued to express in her Journal the anxiety which preyed upon them.

"*Wednesday, January 21st.*—This day we have experienced the severest grief. At eight o'clock our excellent friend, Mr. Mirabaud, came to us to say that the prisoners would be loaded with irons. Heart-stricken by this statement, I begged my affectionate Josephine to run to the Palace to see if their frightful sentence would be read to them there. She soon returned, bathed in tears, and in unutterable despair. She was scarcely able to tell us that the square and all the surrounding streets were thronged with soldiers and the populace. Having made her way, with great difficulty, to the Palace-gate, she saw, just under the great balcony, a scaffold raised against the wall. She was told that the condemned had been removed during the night to the chapel of the Palace, and would be brought to the scaffold at eleven o'clock to receive their sentence.

"The crowd passed rapidly beneath our windows hastening to the spot. Our eyes were fixed upon a watch,—we counted every minute. What a dreadful trial! But I complain not, for that hour might have been the last of his life. Mrs. Goldsmid came to see us at twelve o'clock, and embraced us with tears. One of her household had seen our unfortunate Alexander upon the pillory. He was there for more than twenty minutes. The hands and legs of the prisoners were loaded with heavy chains, and several were obliged to be assisted to mount the scaffold. We were still ignorant how many years of imprisonment my brother had been condemned to suffer. Mrs. Goldsmid assured us that she had not been able to learn; but I was told that the sentences were stuck up in many places, and that Alexander's was for ten years. Hope once more revived in our hearts, and we almost gave credit to the statement. I sent for the *Gazzetta di Milano;* not long after my poor daughter came in, bathed in tears, and put into my hand the fatal journal, without having power to tell me the truth. I could with difficulty find strength to read to my husband the dreadful words, '*condemned to the carcere duro for life!*' Is not this drinking the cup to the dregs?

"*Thursday, January 22nd.*—We have seen him; his fortitude surpasses our utmost hopes. He was extremely pale and emaciated. We all three threw ourselves into his arms; and his first words were, 'My dear friends, forgive me the pain that I have caused you.' His brother wept so convulsively that he could make no reply. Louise hung upon one of his arms, and

could only give vent to her feelings in sobs. I did not weep, and said to him, 'Be at ease respecting me: I have still strength. But, my brother, you are in a fever: I can feel it,—I see it.'

"'No, no,—I am well. It is perhaps the effect of the air which causes me to seem ill. I have been so long unaccustomed to it; and then yesterday we had such a trial! Perhaps also it is from the damp room we were placed in, and without a fire.—Louise, my Louise, calm yourself; your sobbing rends my heart. Be ever the joy of your parents; be attentive to your mother, and imitate her.—My brother, I confide to you the care of our father's old age. I shall write to him once more. You will find, my dear friends, at Porta Nuova all that I have left; but ask especially for what I have written; it was intended as a memorial for Louise.' Here he began to speak of his father, in language so affecting, that one of the Police-officers was obliged to turn away to hide from us his feelings. 'As for me,' he added, 'I had been so frequently menaced with death, that I had long expected it: now you can understand, my beloved ones, why I was so anxious to send you from Milan:—they wanted victims. Let us be resigned!'

"Our emotion was extreme. Seated before him, holding one of his hands in mine, I feared every moment that I should burst into tears; however I found strength to say, 'Alexander, if ever you feel your fortitude begin to fail, let it revive at the thought of the consolation I derive from your noble resignation, and the many virtues you have displayed in the course of this year. You have risen superior to your misfortunes:

yes, my brother, even at this dreadful moment we have a joy still greater than all our anguish,—we are proud of you.'

"He answered in an indescribable tone, 'I know your hearts too well to doubt it.'

"I still had power to restrain my tears, but was no longer able to utter a word. He then spoke with enthusiasm of Confalonieri: 'He is the grandest, noblest, most generous man I have ever met,' said he. 'Italy sustains an irreparable loss. If you see or hear him, you must love and revere him; his heroic character displays itself in every act and word. God has not altogether abandoned me, since he has given me as a companion in captivity one who has shown himself so great in misfortune. Alas, he is far more unhappy than I am.'—He concluded by repeating several times, 'Dismiss all uneasiness on my account: no privation or bodily pain can affect me. I will not afford them the gratification of hearing me utter a complaint.'

"He inquired if we had fixed the time of our departure. My husband had not the courage to tell him it was all settled; but I answered that we should set off on the following Thursday, and that we should see him once more. At the expiration of an hour we were told that it was time to separate: our hearts sank within us. In embracing me, Alexander whispered, 'You must see the Countess Confalonieri.'

"These words quite bewildered me. I repeated them shortly after to my husband and daughter, and we all agreed they were indications of a scheme for escape. The very idea of this makes me tremble. But how

should I see the Countess, whom I do not know, and at a time when both she and I are watched so closely? All our movements are observed, and the slightest imprudence might undo all. I begged Mrs. Goldsmid to see the Countess Confalonieri, and give her to understand that I wished to have some conversation with her; but this plan will not do. Alas! to whom can I apply? Shall I write to her? By whom and how? God will perhaps direct me.

"In the evening I translated to my husband this horrible and infamous sentence. We have been informed that yesterday the palaces of almost all the nobility of Milan were kept closed as in a time of mourning, and that the boxes at the theatre of La Scala were empty, with the curtains drawn.

"*Saturday and Sunday, January 24th and 25th.*— During all yesterday I was employed in making an outfit for my brother, who will most likely depart tomorrow. I went to ask the Director of Police whether we might furnish Alexander with books and money; he objected to neither, but could not assure us that the prisoner would be allowed the use of them in the Spielberg. From the Office of Police I proceeded to the Palace of Justice, to get an order from the Commission to the jailer of Porta Nuova to give up all that belonged to my brother. We saw the cell he had occupied; the small table at which he had attended to his studies; the seat upon which the poor fellow must have wept so much; and, upon the floor, the litter which they called his bed. We received all that he has left, except the papers he had so particularly desired us to take away.

The hateful Pissini himself took possession of these, to consign them to Salvotti: they are lost to us. As we came out of the prison, Caldi, to whom we had given a small present, wished us joy and health *(gioja e salute)*.

"Louise has received the silver couvert he used during his imprisonment: she kissed it tenderly. 'My child,' said I, 'whenever you look on this precious couvert, think of him who preferred death, and who has perhaps resigned himself for ever to the doom of the galley-slave, rather than sacrifice the dictates of conscience and honour.'

"My poor child looked at me tearfully, and said with an earnestness that filled my heart with joy, 'If ever I afflict you, mamma, take away my couvert.'

"I pressed her to my bosom, thanking God, who, in my beloved daughter, compensates me for the loss of the other object of my affection.

"Josephine and I spent the night in working for the prisoner. I have packed the trunk he will take with him; and, sorting the books which may be sent without giving offence, I selected about eighty small volumes in Latin, French, English, and Italian. In turning over the pages of Jacopo Ortis, one of the books which had been given me at Porta Nuova, I was struck by some scarcely perceptible marks traced on the margin. What was my surprise, when, by dint of examining and turning them about in every direction, I discovered that they were words, sentences, that Alexander had written with a pin! By redoubled care and attention I deciphered a few lines, traced doubt-

less at the moment in which he was shaking hands with death,—three weeks ago.

"We have not been to bed, and we saw the day break with a feeling of anguish impossible to describe. Alas, we are to see him for the last time! After going to mass, where I prayed to God to restore our brother to us at some future day, I proceeded to the Police, to deliver up everything he is allowed to take away. A precise list was made out, and a receipt given me. I had hardly time to return home to take up my husband, my daughter, and Josephine, who had also permission to see him. Mr. Volpini, the secretary of the Director of Police, did not keep us waiting; and Alexander was immediately brought to us, in the same manner as before mentioned. His countenance was still more calm, and his resignation even more touching. 'Is this the last time I see you?' he asked.

"Not one of us had courage to reply. After a few moments' pause, I said to him, 'I fear so.'

"'Enough, my beloved ones!'

"He commended to us his father and his friends, and gave to my keeping the last expressions of his affection for each of them. As I promised to fulfil faithfully his wishes, my voice became so weak as to be scarcely audible. Volpini said to me in the harshest manner, 'Speak louder; I am here only to listen to what you say.'

"'Pardon me, sir; but it is difficult to prevent the voice being affected by the oppression of heart: I will endeavour to raise it.'

"Extreme indignation restored at once my husband's

power of utterance, and he began to talk to his brother; but as by degrees he spoke in a lower tone, Alexander said mildly to him, 'Speak louder: this gentleman does not hear.'

"Louis addressed Volpini, and during this time Alexander was able to inquire if I had seen the Countess Confalonieri.

"'Impossible! but is this absolutely necessary?'

"My brother raised his eyes to heaven, and said, 'Alas!—'

"I was going to inquire further, when Volpini repeated a second time that it was time to separate. Our feelings were too violent, our hearts too agonized, for us to utter a single word. Alexander pressed us silently to his bosom, and I heard him whisper again in my ear, 'You must see the Countess Confalonieri.'

"Scarcely were we seated in the carriage when I repeated these words, which agitated us exceedingly. Louis felt certain that there was a plan of escape organised; hope and fear thrilled his soul, whilst I, weak woman that I am, shuddered with dread. I saw Alexander with his sick friend, unable to save him except by carrying him in his arms; and every event which a diseased imagination could suggest on such an occasion crowded at once into my mind.

"We reflected for some time, we consulted together, without finding any means by which we could find access to the Countess, when our devoted Josephine exclaimed, 'The case is not yet so desperate; you know that whenever I take fruit to our poor prisoner, I wait during the same time as Carlo, the confidential servant

of Count Confalonieri; and, in hopes of learning something, I have always endeavoured to converse with him. You know also that I often meet this same Carlo at the good fruit-woman's who is so devoted to us. I will go to him under some pretence or other, and who knows? Providence will doubtless come to my assistance.'

"'Dear Josephine,' said my husband, 'be prudent: do not forget that the eyes of the Police are upon us, and that if a plan of escape is now organised, and we are known to have any communication with the Countess, all is lost.'

"While we were still deliberating as to what might be the use of any intercourse with the Countess Confalonieri, Josephine returned, her eyes sparkling with joy: 'Everything happens right,' said she; 'the good woman told me herself that Carlo is going to accompany his master to the Spielberg, because the Count is so ill,—poor man!'

"'Carlo is very fortunate,' I replied; 'I wish I could obtain the favour of being near him we love so much. Could I but recommend him to the care of the good Carlo!'

"'Why should you not?'

"'And where am I to see him? You know very well that I never go to the Confalonieri palace.'

"'But who will prevent your seeing him here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, if I send him word that I want him?'

"'Oh, I dare not: I am so continually desired to be prudent;—but never mind: make him come tomorrow, and I will endeavour to meet him.'

"We admired the dexterity of Josephine, and spent the evening in forming a thousand conjectures.

"*January 26th.*—This morning I wrote as follows to the Countess: 'For some days I have been extremely anxious to see you, to assure you that the object of your love will be tenderly cared for by the best friend I have in the world, who will be to him a devoted brother. I go today to the Police, by the Porta Orientale and the street of Santa Margarita. My dress will be watered black silk, a veil and bonnet of the same colour, and a red shawl. On leaving the Police I shall enter the church of San Fedele, and shall remain there till twelve o'clock. I intend to kneel on the steps of the high altar, and I shall place perfect confidence in the person who pronounces the name of *Carlo*.'

"I gave this letter sealed, but unaddressed, to Josephine. She returned at half-past nine o'clock to say that all was going on well, that Carlo had taken the note so adroitly that no one had perceived it. I then set out on foot by the road I had mentioned: my heart beat quickly whenever any one walked near me, and it seemed to me as if the name of *Carlo* was incessantly whispered in my ear. At the Police office I approached a large fire, around which were two ladies dressed in mourning, and three gentlemen. All appeared deeply afflicted. Absorbed by my own thoughts and grief, I held my face hidden in both hands, when one of the ladies asked me, in a timid voice, if I were not related to one of the condemned prisoners? I had not energy enough to pronounce a name now devoted to sorrow, and without answering a single word I took from my

reticule a visiting card, which I gave her. All started forward to read it, and scarcely had they cast their yes on it, when the two females drew back with a despairing gesture and began to weep. The men raised their eyes to heaven. A solemn silence lasted during several minutes,—sobs only were heard. At length the lady said to me, 'You are doubtless his sister?'

"'Yes, madam. But you—for whom do you shed tears?'

"'I am the sister of Tonnelli;' and her tears increased.

"'Weep not,' said I, 'he is only condemned to ten years imprisonment; but my brother—for his whole life; and he is only twenty-five.'

"The arrival of several clerks here put an end to our conversation, but not to the interest we felt in each other.

"Twelve o'clock struck as I entered San Fedele. In taking holy water I perceived a tall female figure, whose look made my heart palpitate. I was about to cross the church, in which there were not more than ten persons scattered about, when I heard *Carlo* uttered very distinctly in my ear. I turned quickly,—it was the tall lady. Her common-looking dress, a veil thrown over a cap, made me suppose her to be the lady's maid of the Countess: extreme agitation prevented me from distinguishing her features. *Carlo* was repeated to me a second time.

"'Yes, *Carlo*,' I replied; and was about to kneel, when the same voice desired me to follow her..

"I immediately obeyed: we passed through a door leading to the back of the church, and there my unknown friend taking my arm conducted me to a long, dark, and almost subterraneous passage, in which we were quite alone. She pressed my hand so affectionately that all my doubt ceased, and I felt convinced it was the Countess herself. I placed her hand on my heart, and its increased throbbings must have made her understand all that was passing in it. We arrived at last in a less obscure place, a sort of square between the two doors; and there, with an action and tone impossible to describe, she raised her veil, threw herself into my arms, and bursting into a flood of tears, said, 'You know then of some means of saving them?'

"'Alas! it is I who hope and expect everything from you.'

"Tears, sobs were our only language for several minutes; we had each destroyed the hope, the illusion which sustained the other. The Countess first recovered her voice, and exclaimed emphatically, 'You counted upon me? I can do nothing: I have found no one willing to risk his life for him who has sacrificed himself for the salvation of all!' Her sobs overpowered her utterance.

"'You are our tutelary angel,' said I; 'it is you who have saved my brother's life.' I could only press her to my heart and weep.

"'This is the sweetest and only consolation I am capable of feeling at this moment,' she added with an angelic expression; 'for God is my witness that there does not exist on earth a heart more broken than mine.'

"We then debated the best means of seeing each other; and not daring to trust a single human being, she begged me to come to her towards the close of day, dressed like a servant, and to ask for her maid. This being agreed on, we retraced our steps to the church, and then, after having prayed for our unfortunate relations, we separated.

"As had been arranged, about dusk, dressed in a style that would have made it unlikely to suppose who I really was, I took Josephine's arm, and set out to see the Countess. We were fortunate enough to leave my house without being seen; and when we reached the Confalonieri palace, I asked the porter for the Signora Eliza, who soon came down, and appeared exceedingly delighted on seeing me. We quickly embraced each other like old friends, and she showed me to her room, to which the good Carlo did not long delay coming, and led me to the study of the Countess, who took me to her arms with transport. She wept a long time without being able to utter a word. Her husband, whom she had seen twice, had also told her that she must see me, and from that moment she had reckoned on me as I had reckoned on her. The two unfortunate men had probably thought that nothing would be impossible to our devotion. 'Frederick,' said the Countess, pressing me again to her heart, 'has spoken to me so highly of your brother, that my agony is lessened, when I consider that a kind being, perfect in his self-denial, lavishes the most affectionate attentions upon him. It is God who has permitted him to be saved, that he might rejoin me to Frederick, that he might watch over

him, and sustain him in that fatal moment when everything seemed to abandon him.'

"I entreated Theresa to give me a detailed account of all she had undertaken, of all she had suffered, in endeavouring to rescue her husband; and I listened shuddering, whilst, seating herself near me, she said as follows:—

"'Scarcely had I learned from some powerful friends that the proceedings in Frederick's trial had been sent to and were in the hands of the Emperor, than I immediately demanded passports for Vienna. Count Confalonieri, my father-in-law, alarmed like myself at the dangerous situation of his son, requested also to have them; and at last, in spite of the intrigues of Salvotti, thanks to the efficacious protection of General Bubna! they were obtained. We set out:—what a journey! with sorrow and fear in our hearts, we rapidly approached Vienna, from whence we had already been informed of the fatal prejudices of the Emperor against my husband.

"'It was to the Empress that I first addressed myself, to obtain an audience. She granted it, received me kindly, and promised to make known my arrival to the Emperor. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'I may then ask him to receive you; perhaps also I may find a favourable moment in which to speak to him in favour of your husband, against whom he is much irritated. You may reckon on my good offices,' she added, embracing me; and I quitted her with some ray of hope. I went to Prince Metternich, and the other ministers, in the hopes

of interesting them in our fate; but all replied that the decision of the affair depended solely on his Majesty, who had reserved it exclusively for himself.

"'Each day passed in a state of mortal expectation, and the desired audience was delayed. The Emperor, who was pressed to grant me an interview, desired I should be informed that he was occupied in reading the proceedings of my husband's trial, and that he could not yet admit me. At last, the Empress, who had not ceased to bestow on me the most touching marks of kindness, sent me word that the Emperor consented to receive me. I will not describe to you the anxiety of my heart when I was introduced into his presence. He was standing near a table covered with papers. 'Do you know, madam,' said he, even before I had time to curtesy, 'that the Count Confalonieri is a great criminal? These proceedings, which I am reading with scrupulous attention, prove that he is the most dangerous man in Italy,—one expressly calculated to disturb the quiet I intend her to enjoy. I must therefore comply with the wishes of all the sovereigns of that country, who require me to make an example of some one; and it shall be a terrible one.'

"'Sire,' I replied, 'in the name of heaven and of justice do not listen to the calumnies which Salvotti has ceased not to accumulate on my husband, to whom he has vowed an implacable hatred. To satisfy it, he believes all means to be lawful. The defence of Confalonieri will prove to your Majesty that the Inquisitor has been restrained by no fear from blackening the simplest actions, and giving them the most culpable appearance.'

"'The Emperor interrupted me, to assure me that he should read the proceedings of the trial to the end, and that the study of them would alone decide my husband's fate. Before dismissing me, he added, 'Since nothing can bend this iron nature, which has ceaselessly shown as much pride as insubordination, I in my turn ought only to listen to justice.'

"'How am I to give you an idea of the tortures I endured at the termination of this audience, in which I had not gathered one word of consolation? The idea that the Emperor might listen perhaps to the entreaties of his daughter, Maria Louisa, who ought to exercise some influence over his heart, was alone able to revive me. I knew that he would repulse all intercession on the part of any of the sovereigns of Europe, as an interference with his authority, but that perhaps he might yield to the voice of one of his children. I therefore took every means likely to interest the Grand-Duchess of Parma; and when this duty was accomplished, I fell back into a state of profound affliction and despair.

"'It was during the most cruel moment of this agony that the Emperor sent for me. I followed only the impulse of my heart, in falling at his feet, and telling him that I hoped he was now better informed, that he was undeceived. But before I could continue, he had raised me without the least sign of interest, and with a voice not less severe he said, 'I am only become certain of one thing, namely that Confalonieri has trifled with the imperial justice, that he has shown himself rebellious and incapable of repentance. I know that

he is the head and the hope of the discontented in Italy. I must make an example: I have promised it,—my promise must be fulfilled.'

"'But Sire,' said I, 'no event has justified all that hatred has heaped upon his head. The tranquillity of Lombardy has never been a moment disturbed.'

"'Enough, madam!' cried the Emperor; 'I can only add that there is barely time for you to arrive at Milan, if you desire to see your husband once more.'

"'May God in his mercy pardon the Emperor these cruel words, and may the same mercy be extended to me for the painful efforts I underwent in order to control myself, and reply only by silence and tears. Shortly after this audience, my father-in-law, who has long been devoted to the House of Austria, embraced the knees of his sovereign, whose goodness he used to extol. The only reply the Emperor gave him was, 'Rise, my dear Count; *submit to the sacrifice, and behold your son already in paradise!*'

"'The only hope that remained to me was in the well-known goodness of the Empress. How right I was in confiding in her! She received me at eleven o'clock at night, when retired to her private apartment, and about to go to bed. The consternation depicted on my countenance, the sobs which escaped from my bosom, and which scarcely permitted me to express myself, told her more than the most eloquent words. She took me in her arms, like a tender friend,—dried herself the tears which bathed my face,—and, when the excess of my grief caused me to faint at her feet, her care brought me to life. 'Hope yet!' said she; 'hope, poor unfor-

tunate! I will try every means to soften the Emperor's heart, and obtain a respite. He will not resist, I trust, the earnestness of my entreaties; and if I succeed in this first step, take courage: confide in God, and in the affection I feel for you.'

"'Penetrated to the bottom of my soul by the kindness of the Empress, I quitted her, to seat myself in a carriage, accompanied by my father-in-law and my brother; for I felt as if the loss of one moment would have been the loss of my life. But snow and ice obstructed the roads; a thick fog rendered it difficult to track our way; the days were much shortened; the passage of the Tyrol very difficult. All conspired to delay my journey, and made me wish every moment to get over the distance on horseback; so much did the excess of my love and affection appear to centuplicate my strength, and to make me capable of undertaking anything. Then reflection fixed me to my carriage; for if an accident more powerful than my will should detain me but a few hours on the road, my arrival at Milan would be too late,—a thought which I strove to reject; it would have driven me mad, and Frederick might yet need me.

"'My father-in-law, shaken by grief and fatigue, became so ill, that on the second day I was obliged to leave him and to continue with my brother a journey which seemed interminable. When I considered that the little hope that remained to me might be destroyed by a broken wheel, an overturn into one of the many precipices that surrounded us, and which were so dangerous to adventure among on a dark night, I was seized

with a sort of giddiness, a despair at my powerlessness.

"'At last God permitted that this anguish should end. I regained courage on hearing that the horrible misfortune I apprehended was not consummated, and that Providence had watched over us. The courier who had preceded me, carrying the order for the execution, was delayed ten hours in the mountains of the Tyrol by an accident. Had it not been for this, I should doubtless have arrived too late, for the sentences were to be carried into effect twelve hours after their arrival in Milan. The delay of the first courier allowed another, despatched from Vienna in the middle of the night, a few hours after my departure, and who was the bearer of a respite, granted to the tears and entreaties of the Empress, to arrive in time. My brother might perhaps return to the Emperor and come back again before the period of the respite should expire. Hope then still existed, and restored the energy it was so necessary to me to possess.

"'I obtained a pressing letter from the Viceroy to the Emperor, his brother: the archbishop and all the Milanese clergy petitioned him in the most touching expressions: all related to us by the bonds of blood and friendship, the Lita and Borromeo families, all the nobility, united *en masse*, and signed a petition, which was at the same time energetic and calculated to soften a hardened heart.

"'My brother departed, bearing with him consoling proofs that the most lively interest had succeeded to the stupor which had at first struck the Milanese on learn-

ing the condemnation of my unfortunate Frederick. He arrived at Vienna at the same time as the letter of Maria Louisa, who had not deceived my hopes, and who had implored her father in the most pressing manner. These united prayers completed what the Empress had so well begun. The two sentences of death were revoked, and on the 8th of January the order was despatched from Vienna.'

"Theresa had concluded her most melancholy narrative, and I was still listening. I could not collect my ideas: one alone absorbed the rest; and on finding this angelic woman worthy of the happiness of having saved the two unfortunate prisoners, I felt nothing but the gratitude we owe to God when he has saved us from an inevitable danger. I no longer attempted to speak to her of all that filled my heart; seated near her, my head leaning on her shoulder, on which my tears fell, I could not do more than offer her an affection that will only end with my life.

"At last it became necessary to separate, after promising to see each other once more. I knew not how to tear myself away from this woman so admirably beautiful, so angelic in her love and devotion. She quitted me from motives of prudence at the head of the stairs, which I descended broken-hearted, thinking the unfortunate Count would never ascend them again. I got home without notice, and soon made my husband, my daughter, and Josephine, partakers in all the sentiments I had felt, by the exact recital of this memorable interview.

"*Wednesday, January 28th.*—We have seen him once more: may it please God that be not the last time! He came in with a nosegay in his hand, saying, 'My poor sister, here is my last memorial.' Hardly had I laid hold of it, before Volpini snatched it from my hand, to ascertain whether it contained any small piece of paper. Alexander looked agitated: I feigned to be calm, but felt very differently. 'Is this then the last time I see you?' asked our poor friend: 'do you go tomorrow?'

"None of us could collect sufficient fortitude to answer. After a pause however, I said, 'Your father and I will repair to Vienna at the end of two years, in order to obtain the permission of seeing you.'

"He returned no answer; and I repeated the words, adding, 'Do you not understand me?'

"'Yes, my sister, I do; but the thought of my aged father is enough to drive me from my senses.' After again recommending to me all the objects of his affection, he added, 'I am buried at five-and-twenty, but my resignation will not abandon me. Under all circumstances, I hope I shall prove worthy of you.' Here Volpini bade us separate; Alexander embraced us in silence, and went away surrounded by gendarmes.

"At the close of this day, I went to bid my final adieu to the Countess, in the same costume as before. She received me with marks of affection that went to my heart. After a long and harrowing conversation on our poor prisoners, she said feelingly, 'If you knew how intensely I love my Frederick—how proud I am of belonging to him!—I will prove worthy of him; I will

not allow my courage to fail me: under any circumstances my perseverance shall not flag. My friend, we have a great task to perform; let us first labour to mitigate their sufferings, then to achieve their deliverance; you, in your country, where your self-devotion cannot fail to find assistance; I, wherever my prayers can reach. Before long I will return to Vienna, and will leave no means untried to obtain permission to go and live at Brünn, where I shall at least breathe the same air as my husband, and see the walls of his prison. All I shall be able to do for my Frederick shall be shared by your Alexander, I solemnly promise you; and I have no doubt but that I shall succeed in alleviating their fate, for there is no obstacle that an unrelenting determination cannot surmount. I trust I shall correspond with Frederick in the Spielberg as well as I did here, in spite of the numberless difficulties I had to contend against. Alexander and Frederick shall be the joint object of my efforts. Depend upon me, or rather let us depend upon each other; our task is the same: nothing can snap asunder the ties which have been formed under the influence of such a misfortune.'

"I could no longer restrain my feelings; but how feeble are the expressions when the heart is so deeply moved! We then agreed on the safest means of correspondence, and parted, assuring each other of the most ardent and unchangeable affection."

CHAPTER XXXI.

If this last leave-taking with my family overwhelmed me with affliction, how much must not my poor Frederick feel, with the additional presence of such a malady and the sufferings of his beloved Theresa! In vain have I implored permission to see the Countess for one instant,—merely to kiss her hand. It has been refused me. When she came into the prison, they removed me into a neighbouring room. On my return, I found my poor friend pale, unnerved, heart-broken, as though he had but a few hours to live;—the effect of the vast efforts he had made to conceal from Theresa the ravages of his captivity, and give her hopes of regaining his health. But what could deceive the eye and heart of a wife who so truly loves him?

Theresa would put no faith in the assurances of her husband; she saw him as he really is, struggling with indomitable determination against adversity, but worn out by disease. Hence she resolved to use every means to prevent his departure for Spielberg, or at least to delay it; and demanded a consultation of physicians to certify that the journey would be fatal to him. To prevent Confalonieri destroying her hopes by assuming a better appearance of health than he really possessed,

she apprised him of her design in a letter enclosed in wax, which she slipped into his hand at their last meeting.

I fancy I see my unfortunate friend before me as he opened the mysterious paper. With what emotion he read the passages in which she insisted on his impressing the medical men with his inability to bear the removal! "If you go," she told him, "you will sink on the way; if you remain, be it only for a few weeks, your health may improve, and God perhaps in the meanwhile may take pity on us."

He did not continue reading it aloud; he was too much affected. For some time he remained abstracted in his grief, then relapsed into musing, and remained motionless, until the cruel anguish, which he strove to keep close hidden in his heart, brought on the most violent paroxysm he had yet endured.

He was not entirely recovered from it when the physicians whom the Countess had demanded came to see him, and report as to the practicability of his removal. All without exception pronounced that the Count was in such a precarious state, that he could not, without imminent danger, bear a journey of such length in a season so rigorous as it then was. I stated to them how much my poor friend suffered, how continual were his attacks, his inability to take any nourishment, and the state of weakness he was in, which had come to such a pitch that he could not support himself for five minutes without fainting away. The physicians considered him to be in a dying state; and however dangerous it might be to them personally to thwart the

wishes of the authorities, they unhesitatingly declared that in all likelihood Count Confalonieri would die if he were removed to Spielberg immediately. This was an act of great courage, for nearly every one of them depended on the Austrian Government for the places they held.

The case however was different with one of the head surgeons of the military hospitals who was sent post from Brescia to visit Confalonieri. His track was laid down, his orders definitive: when he visited the patient, whom he could neither question nor understand, as he did not know Italian, he just felt his pulse, and cried in German, "Oh he can go, he may go!" His bulletin, veracious and sincere as it might be supposed to be, sufficed for the conscientious scruples of those with whom we had to deal.

The night and day following this visit were passed in such wretched agonies by the Count, that I was satisfied they could not dare to send him with us. I was more than ever impressed with this on the night of the 4th of February, when I was holding him in my arms as though dead, and had difficulty even to rouse him from his lethargy. But all on a sudden the bolts creaked, the door opened, and the jailer entered, with a lantern in his hand, accompanied by three gendarmes in their travelling accoutrements, and with muskets in hand. "You must get up, sir," cried Riboni to me.

"What for? to depart hence?" I inquired, but he made no reply. "And the Count—is he to go too?" Again I received no answer.

"How can you ask such a question?" said Con-

falonieri languidly raising his head to see what was passing.

"I ask the question, because such an act would be equivalent to murdering you;" and believing that I was about to be severed from him, with bitter tears I bade him farewell.

The jailer interrupted me with "Come, sir, you must get ready to go; we are waiting for you."

When I was dressed, there came over me such a dreadful sensation at the idea that I was about to be separated from my friend for ever, that I could scarce support myself. "Frederick, my dear Frederick," I cried, again clasping him in my arms, "may God watch over you and your beloved Theresa!" but Riboni angrily repeated, "Come, we must be going!" and the gendarmes led me away.

The prison-clock struck two; the galleries and the courts were all in darkness, and it was very cold. We followed in deep silence the jailer, the glimmering light of whose lantern just sufficed to guide our steps. The distant sound of a hammer striking on an anvil caught my ear; a cold shudder ran through my veins. "Here we are," said my conductor, as we passed through a door, which opened under the archway of the principal entrance.

The first person I recognised was Bolza. "You here, Signor Bolza!" I exclaimed with astonishment.

"Yes, sir; his Majesty has done me the honour of entrusting me with the important mission of removing your worships to Spielberg."

"'Tis a mark of confidence of which you ought to

feel proud." Then, remarking a smith who had just entered bearing a clumsy chain in one hand and a hammer in the other, I added, "These irons I presume are for me?"

"Yes, sir," he stammered out.

"But they are enormously heavy!" I could not help exclaiming.

"It does not depend upon me; I only act according to my orders."

The smith took my right leg and placed it on the anvil; then he fixed round it a thick iron ring, three or four inches broad, by driving a rivet in the holes drilled at each end. The operation was long and difficult, and the workman was more than once obliged to stop and take breath ere it was concluded: the least movement on my part, the slightest slip of the hammer, would have broken my limb.

He had hardly given the finishing stroke to the fetter of my left ankle, when Confalonieri, dying as he was, carried rather than supported by gendarmes, was brought in. I immediately started up to run to him, but the chain about my feet made me fall again heavily in my chair.

"What, he too!" I cried, turning to where Bolza stood: "Oh no, such a piece of cruelty is too atrocious." But Bolza was gone, and the person to whom I had addressed myself, as I understood, was an agent whom the Government had sent from Vienna, to see that the orders of the Emperor were duly executed. He immediately made a sign to the guards to remove me out of the room.

Conducted by two gendarmes, on whom I was compelled to lean, to enable me to walk, we arrived at the gate, where I was rudely thrust into a carriage in waiting. Hardly had I seated myself when the heavy blows of the hammer upon the anvil were again heard. Oh, what a pang thrilled to my heart at the sound of every stroke! How gladly, to have spared poor Confalonieri, would I have borne the addition of the chains they were riveting on his emaciated limbs! I was in such a state of anxiety and rage that I should have flung myself out of the carriage had the slightest cry caught my ear. At last however the abominable sound of the hammering ceased, and in a few minutes I pressed the great victim of the imperial vengeance to my bosom.

Bolza, and a sergeant of gendarmes named Pavese, who had before accompanied me in my removal from Santa Margarita to Porta Nuova, occupied the remaining seats; and a gendarme rode on the box with the driver. All was silent as we went through the town, not a sound was to be heard, except now and then when the clocks struck the quarters, or the sentinels challenged the soldiers who preceded us.

Confalonieri, whose head remained for some time on my shoulder, stirred a little, and asked me in a feeble tone whether we were still in Milan. On my answering him in the affirmative, he raised himself up, and looked out into the streets through which we were going. More than once, as we passed by some monument, or some of the more wealthy habitations, I could feel him quiver and hear him sigh; at last, overwhelmed,

doubtless, by the recollections the sight of them revived, he sank back in the carriage, and, answering my solicitous inquiries only by a pressure of the hand, he gave way without check to his sad musings.

I myself felt the need of meditation, and when we arrived at the gates of the town I was quite overcome by my thoughts. "Those whom I love so dearly," said I to myself, "they who during their residence in this city of revelry and joy were harassed by the deepest affliction, have already passed these walls, and are on the way to France, my own bright country. Alas! what sorrow do they bear with them; and what sorrow yet more awaits them when they rejoin my poor father!"

We were a prey to our reflections for some time, and far from Milan, when the day began to break. Before long we could distinguish the objects around us. On fixing my eyes on Confalonieri, I thought I perceived in his haggard countenance the symptoms of a fresh attack, but to my great joy I found that he breathed easily. "Oh, may God defeat the malevolence of his foes, and preserve his days for the happiness of his family, the glory of his country!"

While this prayer was offered by my soul, the first rays of dawn illumined the noble visage of my friend, and, aroused by the beneficent light, he opened his languid eyes. His first glance was for me,—the next, for that glorious sun which he had not for two years gazed upon; and he seemed to feast upon that sublime spectacle which, like myself, he had feared never to enjoy again. "Happy, how happy are those," he exclaimed, "who, dwelling in the lovely land on which the

sun pours the full tide of its genial influence, can taste in peace, under the roof-tree of home, the blessing of its wonderful beams! But we are going to a clime where it shines without warmth, and will never enter our miserable cell. I am a child of the glowing south, and the sun is necessary to my existence. The deprivation of it has not a little contributed to undermine my health."

"You are much better, nevertheless, than I had expected to find you," interrupted Pavese: "from what I was told I almost imagined—"

"That you would have to escort a corpse, you were about to say?" rejoined Confalonieri, filling up the sentence. "Your presages may be realised yet."

Glad to find that he supported the early part of his journey so well, I turned the conversation upon various subjects, to which our guards could listen without any inconvenience to either of us, and which the boundless erudition, extended views, and elegant diction of this great man always rendered delightful. His wit and taste displayed themselves in every remark which he made.

In a few hours we halted at a lonely inn to bait our horses, and also take some refreshment ourselves. I then for the first time discovered that we were followed by three other carriages, which drove up with ours into the inn-yard: they contained our companions in misfortune, whom I had not seen since our exposure.

Fifteen or twenty gendarmes, and some fifty regular troops, formed our convoy, which every one was forbidden to approach. The other prisoners had already

entered the house while we were contriving means to remove the poor Count, whose only wish was to be seated in a chair in the court, that he might breathe the fresh air and rejoice in the sunlight. When we had, with much difficulty, taken him out and placed him where he could best enjoy the warmth, I left him for a few minutes, at his request, and went to join the other prisoners. Among them was the celebrated Colonel A——, whose conduct on the trial had been so reprehensible, and who had escaped with only three years imprisonment at Spielberg, as a reward for his evidence against Confalonieri.

Desirous of seeing this person, I made haste, but my chain was too short to allow of my walking with any ease: in spite of my impatience I could only take short paces, bruising my ankles and in danger of falling at every step. I found the Colonel to be a man of about fifty, of middle height, and round-shouldered,—possessing nothing in his appearance,—except the superb *wish-oura* in which he was enveloped,—to point him out as one of the most dashing Colonels of the old army of Italy. His sallow complexion, his flabby and sunken cheeks, his dull and furtive glances, gave an expression to his face, which might be translated, "I know that I have acted basely, but I am resigned to it; better is my stigma with three years of captivity than honour with twenty."

On my approach, Castillia, Borsieri, Pallavicini started up to meet me; and I observed, by the facility with which they walked, that their fetters were less cumbersome than ours: indeed theirs were long and light,

and neither cramped their movements nor galled their limbs.

"Where is Confalonieri?" they cried.

"In the court: I shall return to him as soon as I have drunk a cup of milk."

"We will go with you," they all exclaimed, save the Colonel, who quietly went on eating his breakfast.

"Where is Tonnelli?" I asked; "I do not see him with you."

"He was left at Milan, from illness."

"From illness? what illness can he labour under in comparison to that of Confalonieri, whom they have so cruelly forced on the journey?"

Our repast being finished, we went to the Count, who was seated against a wall facing the south, that he might enjoy the rays of the sun, and be refreshed by the gentle breeze. On observing us coming, the gendarmes, who had collected around his chair, fell back to the right and left to allow of our approach.

Wrapped in an ample cloak, which fell in graceful drapery around his commanding figure, and formed a mass of folds about his feet, discovering only a few links of his chain,—his head covered with a velvet cap, which hid nothing of his lofty forehead,—Confalonieri, as he sat there, with his eyes fixed on the sun, appeared so majestic, so noble, that we all with one accord stopped to gaze upon him.

I have seen many kings, the mightiest of the earth; but never has the pomp and panoply of royalty which surrounded them produced on my soul an impression of such awe and admiration as the simple form of that

martyr of liberty, consecrated by misfortune to an imperishable crown. I felt a veneration for that man,—a man still young, but so great in his sufferings, that those even who were charged to treat him with every indignity could not resist loading him with attentions after they had been a few seconds near him.

We were standing round his chair, when Bolza, who had left his colleagues to come and keep watch over us, walked up.

"What is the meaning of this, Count Bolza?" I asked, pointing out the difference in the fetters of my companions and those worn by Confalonieri: "How is it that my friend and I have been selected to wear these enormous irons, which not only fatigue but put us in actual pain,—bad enough for me,—how much more so then for my poor sick friend! Is this the act of the Police? I cannot conceive it. Is it done by the Commission?"

Bolza answered, "I do not know,—it is no business of mine;" until at length, pressed by my questions, and desirous perhaps of giving every one their due, he said, "Well then, if you must know, the order came direct from Vienna: we should not have done such a thing at Milan."

In the mean time nearly all the gendarmes and soldiers of the convoy had crowded round Confalonieri, every one desiring to see him. Behind them the people of the inn, both men and women, rose on tiptoe, and stretched their heads forward, trying to catch sight of him with a mingled expression of compassion and curiosity depicted on their features. This was a touching homage paid by the good sense and humanity of

the people and the soldiers to resignation and courage; while the looks of contempt they threw on Colonel A——, who stood aloof and alone, proved that cowardice and treason meet with universal reprobation, even under a Government based on mystery and repression.

Our removal to the Spielberg was superintended by a veteran of the Police, who boasted of having served the House of Austria during thirty-five years with unrelenting devotion. The moment that this important personage gave orders that we should resume our journey, the soldiers ran to their waggons, and the gendarmes mounted their horses, while the prisoners were led in couples to their respective coaches. As the sunshine seemed to revive the Count, I entreated Bolza to suffer him to rest a little longer. Bolza gave his consent, but the old Commissary came up in a rage and repeated that he must and would proceed. "You will be obeyed sir," said Confalonieri to him; "but I should have thought your instructions could not be so precise, that you cannot allow a poor dying man to enjoy a few minutes more of the warmth of the sun, from which he has been so long debarred."

This sun-bath, as Confalonieri termed it, had produced a momentary improvement, which put me in such good spirits, that more than once I made my friend laugh by my merriment. "See what it is to be a Frenchman," exclaimed the sergeant Pavese, formerly a subaltern in the dragoon guards of the Viceroy Eugène; "where others cry, they are sure to be laughing. I like that myself;—what can't be cured must be endured; care kills, and merriment keeps alive:—that is their motto;

and so I have always found them. In the Russian campaign, when we were dying of hunger and cold, a facetious foot-soldier, who had invited me to come and warm myself at his handful of fire of dried leaves, offered me a share of a rotten turnip half-roasted, saying: 'Hey! sergeant, do you like it fat or lean?' Devil of a Frenchman! that's the spirit to have! By my faith, signor Conte," added he, addressing Confalonieri; "you have recovered wonderfully. To speak the truth, I did not expect to find you so able to support the journey. Who would have thought at the time of your arrest that you could have outlived two years of imprisonment?"

"Were you present then?" asked Confalonieri.

"No, signor Conte, we were with Bolza on a little expedition to the canton of Ticino."

"What! an arrest?" said I, thinking of my young friend of Lugano.

"Exactly; but we did not succeed, and returned as we went. Meantime they acted without us, and arrested the Count; but how was it done? upon my honour, it was a wretched piece of business,—no caution, no plan! Bolza and I should have acted quite differently, nor should we have caused him all the agitation which he must have experienced in his attempt to escape. With us the arrest is sure, and the prisoner may then set his heart at ease; we find out the house, block up the outlets, and whenever we set our eyes on a man the business is done; we do not leave him for a second,—he is ours. Every one to his trade,—is it not so, signor Conte? and then the state would go on well. Besides, it was a kind of slight put upon Bolza and me, and I should

have laughed outright if the best bird of all had flown off. Ha! ha! that would have been capital!"

"The more so," replied Confalonieri smiling, "that we should not have had the pleasure of travelling today in your agreeable company."

"Ah! for the matter of that, signor Conte, I assure you I feel it an honour to be in the presence of one so celebrated as yourself."

This improvement in Confalonieri's condition was not of long continuance. He soon ceased to be conscious of the words of Pavese, and I perceived by the increasing coldness of his hands that the attack was returning. Night, which sets in so quickly in the early part of February, overtook us while on the road, and still far from Cremona. The darkness prevented my distinguishing the features of my friend, but I repeatedly inquired of him how he felt. At first his replies gave me confidence, then his strength entirely failed: he lost the power of speech, and nothing was to be heard but long agonising groans, indications of an approaching violent crisis. "It is impossible we can continue the journey," I exclaimed with earnestness to the gendarmes. "The Count does not recover from these fits until stretched out, and he will be suffocated if he remains doubled up as he now is. Stop! look! he is sinking down; I can scarcely hold him up! In the name of heaven, Pavese, make them stop the carriage."

"I cannot, sir."

"But at least make them halt at the first house we come to, or the first village."

"Impossible; my orders are—"

"But you would not surely see this poor man die in such a manner? Look! his convulsions are beginning. You are an old soldier: you could not suffer any one to perish thus—his death would be ascribed to you. Go, go, for the love of Heaven, and beg the Commissaries to allow us to stop."

Pavese, moved at last by the increasing danger of poor Confalonieri, consented to get out and report to his superiors what was passing. The anxiety with which I waited their reply may be easily conceived, as well as the indignation I felt on hearing that the old Commissary had refused, saying that the stages were fixed, and that dead or alive we must reach Cremona to-night. "Then order them to drive faster," I cried; "We are moving at a snail's pace, and at this rate it will be hours before we reach our destination."

"That cannot be either," replied he; "they have given me strict orders. It is dark, and the postillions may lose their way."

"Did they also tell you to dig a grave in which to bury your prisoner? In this position, it will be a miracle if when we arrive he retains a spark of life."

The attack grew more and more severe. He writhed, stiffened, and uttered stifled cries, which agonised me. I freed him from his cloak and cravat; the windows were open, and the wind was icy cold; still it was evident from his quick respiration that the air scarcely reached his lungs.

In order to prevent him from falling to the bottom of the carriage, I grasped him tight, and the sergeant endeavoured to hold his legs. But nevertheless the un-

fortunate Count slipped from our hands and rolled to our feet; and had we not raised him as quickly as the darkness and want of room would permit, he would doubtless have been suffocated. His state became so horrible, that even the gendarmes, affected by the sight of sufferings so severe, made a second attempt to obtain permission either to halt or to proceed at a quicker rate. Their endeavour was useless. "It is all regulated and fixed," replied the principal Commissary; "let me hear no more about it."

We proceeded slowly on our way through the darkness; and trembling lest my friend should die in my arms, and exasperated at this unfeeling barbarity, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "My God, and am I then doomed to behold the noblest of thy creatures thus miserably perish?"

The convulsions ceased, and we heard nothing but stifled groans. Shortly he was without motion: his head fell upon my chest; all signs of life disappeared. Thus supporting him, I passed in a state of mingled indignation and despair some of the most painful hours of my life.

"Have we now far to go?" I asked the gendarmes every minute.

"No, sir, we shall soon be there. Have patience; don't be alarmed."

"But if he should be dead!" cried I with horror; "his heart no longer beats, his hands are like ice, and I have nothing to make him warm."

A quarter of an hour after we entered the court-yard of the prison of Cremona. But it was exceedingly dif-

ficult to remove the lifeless body of the Count from the carriage. Unable to stand upright, with my legs chained and his whole weight upon me, it was impossible for me to render any assistance.

One of the gendarmes having suffered Confalonieri's head to knock violently against a wheel, I was so horror-struck and enraged that I would have wrested out of his hand the body of my friend, when he said, thrusting me back, "Let him alone! suppose his head or his legs do get a blow, what does it matter? the dead cannot feel."

"Wretch!" cried I, and would have thrown myself upon him; but the other gendarmes drew me away, and led me into the prison.

Soon after they brought in the corpse-like body of Confalonieri, and threw it down upon the miserable bed prepared for him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ALTHOUGH the night was far advanced, and Confalonieri had still need of my assistance, he urged me to quit his pillow and take a little rest myself. I obeyed, but my excitement had been too great to admit of my falling quickly asleep. The slightest movement of the Count, the least sound of his irons, even a suppressed sigh, recalled my thoughts to his sufferings, till at last I yielded to the influence of extreme lassitude.

My heavy eyes had scarcely closed, when I was roused by the rattling of Confalonieri's chains. I saw him half upright on his bed, and endeavouring to steady himself upon his feeble arms, that he might turn to the edge and get down softly. I was going to scold him for not calling me, but the fear of restraining him by my eagerness kept me in my place, whence I could watch his movements and help him on the slightest accident.

He took infinite pains, in putting his feet to the ground, to prevent his fetters from clinking. Striving to reach the lamp, which the jailer had placed on the ground, he staggered so much in stooping, that I was in instant fear of hearing his head strike against the floor; but he soon rose again, holding in his hands the object of his desire. The faint light thrown

upon the dingy walls of the prison and the wasted countenance of Confalonieri, gave to the scene a sepulchral and ghastly character, that seemed to me much like an apparition.

When he turned about to regain his bed, his body trembled, the lamp shook in his hands, and his chain, becoming entangled in spite of all his efforts, compelled him every moment to suspend his laborious walk. Having reached at last the point from which he started, he stopped again, and directing the light toward me to assure himself that my repose was not disturbed, he displayed in his countenance a satisfaction so tender and melancholy, that it required all my self-command to restrain me from dissipating his pleasing illusion and throwing myself into his arms.

He placed the lamp gently down upon a stone that was let into the wall, and which served as a seat for the unfortunates confined in the cell. When he had taken breath, I saw him bending gradually down till he fell upon his knees, but with so much pain that his whole body trembled. Then he drew from his pocket and opened a casket: it was the portrait of Theresa. First he covered it with kisses: then, removing it from his lips, he held it with a trembling hand near the light, contemplating a long time, as in adoration, those beautiful features which indicated a rare combination of serenity, wisdom, and dignity.

But his heart was soon overpowered. Long sighs escaped from his breast, tears ran down his cheeks, and his lips poured forth a succession of invocations and prayers to his Theresa.

"Frederick! Frederick!" I cried, seeing him bend his head suddenly to the stone and not lift it up again: and I ran instantly to his side. "In the name of heaven, rise! you will be frozen, exhausted with fatigue,—I entreat you in the name of the angel you are invoking!"

He made no reply, but held out to me the beloved portrait as to a brother, and I kissed it with the respect and tenderness of a son. I then raised him gently, placed him on his feet, and soon had the gratification of seeing him seated on the bed. When recovered from his emotions, he poured out his anxious love in the following words:—

"My Theresa was a heavenly being: she knew all my projects: she loved our unhappy country as well as I; our hopes and disappointments, our rejoicings and alarms, were all shared by her. When, at the moment the revolution in Piedmont broke out, I was obliged to struggle for days and days against a disease which the physicians could not subdue, she superintended our plans with wisdom, as she laboured with anxious love for the preservation of my life. Twice she was told by the physicians themselves that it was all over with me; and twice, as if inspired of heaven, she replied, 'No, he will live, he will live!' and her care restored my life, but nearly at the sacrifice of her own.

"If Milan has escaped the calamities to which the Piedmontese in Lombardy would have exposed it, to her the thanks are due. Deeming that our cause was utterly lost, she came to my bedside, and showing clearly

the true state of things, induced me to refrain from any further attempt, and to countermand the entry of the Piedmontese. Poor Theresa! little did she imagine then that this act of wisdom and loyalty would prove our ruin!

"It was Theresa who consoled me for the overthrow of all my hopes. We retired to the borders of the lake of Como; and there I commenced a new life,—a life of love and devotion to my incomparable consort, who now became the sole object of my thoughts. The future began to smile on us, and we intended to pass here the remainder of our days. This was the principal, or rather the sole cause that prevented my immediately seeking refuge in a foreign country, to avoid the dangers that seemed to surround me in Lombardy. But how, in truth, could I have determined to quit my country, to abandon all my most cherished connexions, and condemn my beloved wife to the miseries of exile, before being certain that the step was indispensable? Had I not powerful friends who constantly informed me of all the designs of the Austrian Government? Alas, I was sleeping on the brink of an abyss!

"We returned to Milan. Feeble, and still suffering from the consequence of my illness, I nevertheless commenced preparing for our expatriation. Theresa desired it, for all around was dark and threatening. The arrest of several students of Pavia increased my fears; and that of Pallavicini, so strange, so unexpected, which happened shortly after, alarmed us still more.

"We had some time before contrived a secret outlet, by which I might escape, should they come to arrest me

at my own house. We now redoubled our precautions. The day was fixed, and measures taken for our departure, which my health had obliged us to defer till then. But all on a sudden a Commissary of Police, at the head of a number of men, came into my father's palace. Theresa, who had been tending me all the day, was by my side when he entered the apartment in which I lay. He came, he said, to examine my papers; but the gendarmes who accompanied him showed too plainly the fatal mission with which he was charged. Theresa, my unhappy Theresa!—oh, what agony tore her soul! what deathlike paleness spread over her face! Yet, still calm, still mistress of herself, she turned her eyes to me, and her looks said, Fly, Frederick,—for my sake, fly!

"I gathered all my strength, rose, and quitting the side of Theresa, at whom I dared not look, I begged the Commissary to allow me to go to my chamber to complete my dress. He consented; and I left the apartment to go to my bath-room, in which a secret door, masked by tapestry, opened upon a corridor. To prevent suspicion I supported myself on the arm of the gendarmes, affecting to move with pain. Arrived at the bath-room, and near to a dark recess in which the eye could perceive no outlet, they stopped to allow me to dress. I then drew aside the tapestry, opened the secret door, and darted as rapidly as my strength would permit, up a high ladder, which led to a trap-door opening upon the leads of the palace.

"I had scarcely mounted half-a-dozen staves, when one of the gendarmes rushed into the corridor, and darted

after me. I redoubled my efforts—mounted—mounted—and reached the top just in time to shut down the heavy trap-door upon his head. Delivered from this dangerous enemy, I ran with eager hope to a wicket which led to the next house; I had examined it a few days before, and now felt certain of escaping in safety. But oh, horrible! the grating of the wicket—my only chance of escape—the grating of this wicket was fastened—fastened!

"I looked everywhere, but no key; I pulled at it,—shook it,—exhausted myself in trying to burst the lock or break the bars, but it would not yield. My hands were bleeding, my nails torn, but the bars, the pitiless bars, remained unmoved. One moment, deprived of all strength by this fatal blow to my hopes, I stood gazing in despair through the grating; then, suddenly roused by the thought of my Theresa, I strove to save myself by breaking through the tiles and laths of the roof.

"I was struggling furiously, when confused shouts fell upon my ear. From top to bottom, the palace was filling with agents of the Police. The sound of their voices came nearer and nearer. Soon they approached the very spot by which, an instant before, I had hoped to pass and escape into safety. I heard them run, call to each other, answer,—repeating, 'There he is! there he is!' I saw them coming out in all directions, even through the trap-door, which they had forced; and was compelled to surrender to these wretches, who shouted in triumph at the sight of the prey that had so narrowly escaped them.

"When they had led me back to my apartment,

I beheld Theresa, with horror painted on her features. My soul sickens at these torturing thoughts! How grand she looked, how sublime in this fatal—

"One day, if God prolongs my life, I will tell you all that this heroic woman has done in order to snatch me from my terrible fate,—all that she has suffered through an affection, stronger than the most trying persecution,—her journey to Vienna, the Emperor's harshness, his inhumanity, those days of agonizing suspense, when, with the scaffold before her eyes, every morning she awoke my death might— All-powerful God! she has struggled, she has lived through all; but her health is injured lastingly. I saw melancholy proofs of it at our parting. For ever, alas! have I lost the beneficent light of the star which God has granted me to guide my footsteps here below."

There he stopped, his voice died upon his lips, and I could only distinguish the words "Poor martyr!"—the only words in which he could express his agony at the moment.

"You will meet again," cried I in a tone of conviction: "in a few years—perhaps months—your chains will through her exertions be shaken off. Do you think she will remain inactive? And we—can we not take measures to escape from Spielberg? Let hope revive in your heart! Remember, nothing is impossible to woman's love and the attachment of a friend. Who knows, whether a twelvemonth hence we shall not be in France?"

Confalonieri listened; his eyes, his whole countenance

betrayed the deep interest he took in my words. I continued in the same strain, and had the consolation of seeing him gradually revive at the idea of a flight, of which as yet we could not even calculate the chances. "If I do not sink under my afflictions," he said, embracing me with warmth, "it is this hope which saves me."

"Yes," I replied; "by the help of God and Theresa, we shall without doubt escape the tomb to which the Emperor has consigned us."

Two hours before day we quitted the prison of Cremona, the gloomy remembrance of which will cling to me till I die. Confalonieri was carried to the coach-door, and we set off as we had come, without noise. "The first halt is at Pizzighettone," said Pavese: and from the mention of that famous fortress he launched into the history of so many feats of arms and valour, that one would almost have been disposed to believe that he must have killed whole regiments. But, unfortunately for the narrator, he was not quite exact in the details of his battles, or in the names of the places where they were fought; and he was speaking before a man who seemed to have been Commander-in-chief in all the campaigns of Italy, so thoroughly acquainted was he with their minutest circumstances. More than once the ignorant assurance of the sergeant gave occasion to my friend to display a profound and varied knowledge, that showed what influence he would have exercised in his country had the political changes terminated according to our hopes.

On our reaching Pizzighettone, Pavese said, "Signor Conte, I hope you will eat more heartily than you did

yesterday. When the chief Commissary heard that you had not touched anything that had been put before you in the prison, he exclaimed, 'On what does he live? Perhaps he means to starve himself, eh! What think you, Signor Bolza, does not my responsibility require that some steps should be taken to prevent this? What will they say at Vienna if he should die on the road from want of food? That would be a fine job, i' faith! In case of need, might we not this evening, at Mantua, use the machine to open the mouth, you know?'—Is he not a funny fellow, this old rogue of a Commissary? Ha, ha, ha! what hard-hearted fellows these Austrians are!"

"Oh, no doubt," replied Confalonieri with a smile. "Yesterday he would have suffered me to die rather than not reach the station appointed at Vienna: today he will compel me to eat, rather than expose himself to reproach for having suffered me of my own accord to shorten my life a few hours. It all springs from the same source,—fear and brutality."

The sergeant redoubled his Ha, ha, ha! and his He, he, he! and continued laughing till we reached the inn, where preparations had been made for our breakfast.

Notwithstanding our arrival had not been generally expected, there were several persons, especially females, curious to see the poor prisoners of Spielberg. In vain the gendarmes pushed them back roughly, and the soldiers blocked up the passage: they mounted the windows, doors, and even the roofs of the neighbouring houses. Some, more bold still, crept under

the horses and between the wheels, at the risk of being run over; whilst some young damsels, not less hardy, even thrust aside the muskets of the soldiers in order to come near us. Our carriage was at the head of the train, and we were the first to descend. "Look, look!" they cried on all sides, as my chains rattled on the step, "Look, how they are chained! That's Count Confalonieri."

I made a sign to the contrary, pointing at the same time to the carriage. They understood, for all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. "There he is!" repeated they, on seeing him helped out by the gendarmes. Sympathising respect was depicted on all their faces at the sight of such suffering borne with so much dignity.

Conducted to a low parlour, Confalonieri had seated himself on a bench opposite the door, and we were talking of the marks of sympathy that had just been shown us, when Colonel A—— appeared at the door, shuffling along, with head bent and eyes down. His confusion was extreme. Pale, abashed, he dared neither approach nor salute the other prisoners: Confalonieri hastened to relieve him by some words of kindness. I confess I expected to see the Colonel throw himself at the feet of the Count. But nothing of the sort; he smiled sillily, made scarcely any reply, and sat down to breakfast as comfortably as if nothing had occurred between him and the noble friend whom he had so basely betrayed. From that moment the man was disgraced in my eyes for ever.

The generous heart of Confalonieri was deeply grieved,

and more than once in the course of his journey, when he saw the reckless Colonel braving shame with so much impudence, he said to me, with a sigh, "Of all the evils Salvotti has brought upon me, one of the greatest perhaps is to behold the debasement of a man whom I was wont to esteem, and whom I once called my friend."

As far as Mantua, which we entered at night-fall, Confalonieri had borne the journey tolerably well. He had suffered to be sure some slight faintings, but no serious fit had attacked him as before. Delighted at the improvement, which I hoped would be permanent, I gave myself up wholly to the never-palling enjoyment of listening to his accounts of what he had seen, done, or read. His extensive knowledge and experience were from that time blessings to me, which enlarged my mind, purified my soul, and enabled me to put to profit the subsequent years of our captivity.

"Signor Conte," said Bolza, when the carriage stopped before the prison where we were to pass the night; "we shall have to mount to the third story, but I thought it better to put you all together, and have you waited on by my own people, than expose you to a recurrence of the ill-treatment you received last night at the prison of Cremona. The staircase is large and convenient: the gendarmes shall carry you up."

Thanks to their assistance, we arrived safely in a spacious room, in which were arranged our beds, and all that was required for the men on guard. "The room is large and airy," said Bolza; "you will be com-

fortable I hope. Here," added he, "were confined the Italian officers who took part in the military conspiracy of 1814. Good night, gentlemen! If you want me, I shall be ready to wait upon you."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At a very early hour the next morning we were all in motion, and by daybreak had crossed the last drawbridge of Mantua. The manner in which my friend bore the fatigues of the journey put me quite in good spirits. What plans and resolutions were floating in my mind, when the increased number of houses announced our approach to Verona! We were astonished at the number of persons on the road, and thought it must be some holiday. But the look of curiosity visible in the countenances of all soon convinced us that our arrival was expected.

"This, I suppose, is what they call being suffered to pass incognito," exclaimed Pavese angrily. He had scarcely uttered the words, when we saw some horse-soldiers ride by. Our sergeant sprung to the window. "Now the thing is complete," cried he: "here comes the Commandant with all his staff. What absurdity!" Two minutes after the Commandant came up with a numerous escort.

We were laughing heartily at his air of importance, and at the grotesque figures about him, when Bolza, losing all patience, ordered the driver to stop. "You will pardon me, gentlemen," said he; "but I am com-

pelled to put down the blinds. This fat German is going to conduct us into Verona to the sound of trumpet and drum. He seems determined to march at the head of the train. The garrison is put under arms to prevent the escape of the prisoners, and these preparations have brought the whole city into the streets. What a fool!"

The blinds down, we continued our way. Shortly the noise of wheels, and hum of voices right and left, led us to infer we were entering Verona. Our carriages moved but slowly, on account of the crowd, which, disappointed of its treat, closed round us, and murmured at being deprived of its promised sight. It even became necessary for the soldiers to force our passage to the palace of the Senate, where a lodging had been prepared for us.

The great court, which we entered with difficulty, had been reserved for the *élite* of the town, who were unfavourable to the Italian cause.

The instant the carriage was opened I got out; and, resting for a moment on the step, glanced a mingled look of anger and compassion upon the elegant rabble before me. I was afraid that this vile herd of slaves, so worthy of the iron yoke of Venice, or the scourge of Austria, might insult Confalonieri; but my fears were groundless: a profound silence prevailed through the crowd.

Confalonieri having refused to be carried by the gendarmes, it was slowly and with pain that he reached the foot of the stairs, on which the spectators, and especially the women, thronged even more than in the

court. Here he took my arm, and said with a smile, "These steps are steep, and our shackles are so short and heavy that we shall have great difficulty in mounting them. But we must do it; we must hold our heads up while passing these people."

Boldly, therefore, we began the ascent; the gendarmes, with considerable trouble, driving aside this more privileged portion of the multitude that curiosity had gathered, and who congratulated themselves, no doubt, on having obtained from Italy's oppressors the favour of a leisurely view of the patriots thus sacrificed in the cause of their unfortunate country.

From time to time Confalonieri stopped to take breath. "Lean upon me, we have still more than sixty steps to mount," said Pallavicini, darting terrific glances upon those around him. "Suffer me to support you, Confalonieri,—you whom Italy will one day reverence as a martyr to her liberties." And the eyes of the high-minded Marquis alternately beamed admiration of the Count, and flashed contempt upon those who bowed not as he passed. "Just look, the crowd absolutely reaches to the very door," continued he in a tone of anger. "These miserable Austrians imagine there is disgrace in chains, which are the reward of struggling to be free. Shame is not for us, but for the base and vile."

"Prudence, Giorgio," whispered Confalonieri, inclining his head toward him; "think of your mother."

"You are right, you are right," replied Pallavicini, trying to supply deficiency of words by dignity of deportment.

Confalonieri's strength now began to fail. He grew

pale, and was compelled to rest at every step. I began to fear he would fall; but Bolza cleared the remaining space, and we were enabled to gain our lodging for the night without further annoyance.

"I am truly grieved," said Bolza, "at what has taken place. It is an instance of Austrian mismanagement, at which we, I assure you, are even more vexed than yourselves. Good evening!

"Oh, never mind," quickly rejoined Pallavicini; "there is but one Verona in Italy. Besides, it is not we who are to be pitied, but those who had the heart to insult us."

On my expressing some surprise at the striking disproportion between the mind and the body of our diminutive friend, Confalonieri said, "When we are alone and more quiet, I will tell you a strange expedient of his to recall and annul the fatal depositions he had made against me."

"I intreat you let me hear it now. You see he is so completely absorbed in the grammatical dispute into which Borsieri has drawn him to divert his anger, that he will not hear us; besides, we are some distance from him. Tell me now, I beg, if your chest will permit you."

Confalonieri at last consented to satisfy my curiosity. "You are aware," he began, "that prompted by a truly noble spirit he delivered himself up to the Police, in order to release his friend Castillia, whom by that means, instead of saving, he ruined. Once in custody, his thoughts reverted to his mother, and the grief she would feel. The Inquisitor took advantage of this to appeal to

his heart, and it was in one of these moments of tenderness that, on being shown my name, which he had just scrawled on a piece of paper, he made such admissions as led to my loss of liberty, and were the chief source of the political persecutions that have proved fatal to so many Milanese.

"Conscious of having acted thus entirely from love to his mother, he was far from being aware of the responsibility which rested upon his shoulders; when a young student, his companion in captivity, threw his mind into trouble, by showing him that his conduct had been such as to bring upon him lasting disgrace, unless he should make a full recantation. His eyes were opened, and shame and regret took possession of his heart. He resolved to repair the mischief, or die. But how to invalidate depositions so precise and circumstantial? They consulted together; and as soon as they had fixed on a plan, he commenced operations.

"Very shortly the turnkeys heard shrill sounds and a loud whistling. They ran quickly to the room, opened the door, and there was the Marquis Pallavicini hopping about with his feet together, and at intervals piping like a bird. At first the jailers laughed; but the young student, making them a sign that his head was turned, they ran as quickly as possible to give information. The chief jailer took no notice at first, but waited till the next day, to see and satisfy himself as to what he considered to be a mere trick. He came on the morrow, and great was his astonishment at finding that the Marquis had eaten nothing the night before, and still refused food. Somewhat shaken in his doubts, he en-

tered the cell, and what do you think he saw? Pallavicini, leaping, whistling, crying, his hands on his hips, and his arms flapping with incessant rapidity. 'Marquis, marquis, what are you about?'

"'I am a blackbird,' he answered, in a squeaking voice.

"'A blackbird, Marquis?'

"'To be sure; don't you see my beak?' replied he, thrusting out his formidable nose. 'And my wings, too,' he added, quickening the movement of his arms. 'See, look at my feathers,—I am a blackbird!'

"'But Marquis,' repeated the jailer, following him about; 'what is it you wish for?'

"'I want nothing but some sticks in my cage on which to perch,—some sticks, some sticks!' and the hopping began afresh.

"The jailer endeavoured still to make him hear reason, when Pallavicini planted himself before him, with fixed and haggard eyes. 'So you will not put my cage in order, you old bird-slayer; just wait a little;' and with these words he skipped round and round him, till at a bound he leaped upon his shoulders, beat him, bit him, and would not quit his hold till the turnkeys tore him off what he called his perch. 'Am I a blackbird? am I a blackbird?' cried he at the top of his voice, and the poor jailer's long experience began to be at fault. 'Did you feel my beak and my claws? Off! quick! order me some perches, and change my food, if you don't wish me to break my head against the bars of my cage.'

"The jailer, quite bewildered at a fit of madness whose consequences might be so disastrous, to make him quiet promised everything, and immediately ran to

make his report to Salvotti. 'Ah sir!' said he, 'the Marquis Pallavicini is mad. At first I thought it a joke, but now I begin to fear it is true. If you could but see him: he utters such piercing cries, and skips about like one possessed, screaming out *I am a blackbird!*'

"'Indeed,' exclaimed Salvotti; 'and what more did he say?'

"'That he would break his head against the wall, unless perches were put in his cage, and his food changed.'

"'Well,' replied the immoveable Salvotti; 'then give him some millet.'

"For a long time, and even to the very moment of our appearing before the Commission, poor Pallavicini thought it necessary to maintain the part he had imposed upon himself, but by which nobody was deceived. At last the day of examination arrived. Seated in the Commission-chamber, whither I had preceded him, I saw him come in with a haughty air, his hat on one side, his head up, and his arms placed as wings. 'Here I am sir,' said he to Salvotti, planting himself in the middle of the chamber.

"'Do you persist in the puerile recantations of your first interrogatory?' inquired Salvotti.

"'Yes, sir!' cried Pallavicini five or six times, flapping his wings all the time.

"'But that is absurd.'

"'Absurd! There is none more absurd than yourself and your minions. My simplicity was imposed upon, they made me speak. They tortured me, sacrificed me, deprived me of my reason. It is infamous!'

"Salvotti accompanied his increasing fury with slight inclinations of the head, and an ironical smile of approbation, contenting himself with merely saying, 'Compose yourself, compose yourself. Now that you have unburdened your heart, will you repeat—'

"'Repeat! I have nothing to repeat, nothing to confirm,' cried Pallavicini, raising his voice higher and higher, and flapping his arms as if he would shake them off.

"'You refuse then to reply to the Commission,' said Salvotti, after having in vain tried to elicit some connected and rational answers from him. 'This unbecoming conduct, Marquis, may cost you dear. Beware of the gallows!'

"'The gallows! the gallows! what is the gallows to me? Very well, I will ascend it, and you shall be hangman.'

"While uttering these words with a thundering voice, Pallavicini raised his head, turned upon his heels, and proudly marched to the door, shaking violently what he called his wings, and casting looks of triumph on his judges."

Pallavicini, whom during this recital I had been watching, continued to be warmly engaged in a question of language; his voice sounded all through the room. All at once Bolza came in, and said, "Gentlemen, I have just heard that Salvotti is appointed member of the Senate of Verona."

"Are you in earnest?" demanded Pallavicini.

"Certainly; it is a reward for his zeal and fidelity."

"Say rather the price of blood," rejoined the Mar-

quis, whose indignation now blazed out more than ever.

Fatigued with the journey, and still more with the steep ascent of the staircase, Confalonieri lay without taking any kind of food. His night was bad; and the next evening, after a painful day's journey, he was obliged to be carried into the dark and chilly prison in which we were placed in Vicenza. His strength was visibly declining, his fits more frequent; and a doctor who came to examine the patient pronounced that it would be dangerous for him to continue the journey. I then anxiously inquired of Bolza what he would do. "Our instructions," he said, "are too particular to admit of our taking upon ourselves to leave the Count here: he must follow."

"But that would be downright murder. At least send a report to Vienna, describing his condition: say that his life is in danger, that the physician has declared it."

"I will endeavour to persuade the chief Commissary to write."

Affected by the dampness of the prison, and the icy cold we had to endure, Confalonieri got much worse. The following day he continually relapsed from one fainting fit into another, and his dissolution appeared imminent. On arriving at Udine, where we met with no better reception than at Vicenza, we all remonstrated, Pallavicini especially; but our noble-minded sufferer, with a resignation and mildness which nothing could disturb, only tried to console and calm us.

Early the next morning Pavese came to tell us that we must prepare for departure. "It is impossible," I replied; "the Count cannot be removed; if he quits

his bed he will perish. Go and inform the chief Commissary."

Ten minutes after he returned, downcast and grieved, saying, "Signor Conte, you must get up;" and as my friend could not stir, the serjeant called in his men, and had him dressed and carried to our carriage.

No day ever appeared to me so mortally long; never did I feel more keenly the torments of expectation and passive suffering. Unable to relieve Confalonieri, I held him fainting in my arms, watching his convulsive struggles against incessant fits of suffocation. Night overtook us on the road, and the mountain-wind blew furiously. The hands and face of the poor patient were frozen; his heart motionless; and his body, as though an inanimate thing, moved about heavily with every jolt of the coach.

At length we reached Tarvis, the village where we were to stop. The gendarmes lifted the Count out of the carriage, and transported him to a room on the ground-floor, where he lay like a corpse. We all thought he was dead, and had been some time mourning round him, when all at once his arms moved, his breast heaved, and his lips quivered. Shortly after he spoke, but was delirious: we placed him against the wainscoat, that the blood collected round his brain might take its usual course, and his raving cease.

On raising my eyes, I was struck with the sight of a large portrait of the Emperor Francis, placed exactly above the head of Confalonieri, as if to preside over this scene of suffering. I shuddered, and turned my eyes from the sour, unintellectual face of a man hostile to everything great, and who caused the misery of that

generous being whose features, even in such an agony, preserved the stamp of superiority.

"Here is the best physician of the neighbourhood," said Bolza, quickly entering the room with a man of short dimensions, and a flushed coarse complexion. "How is the Count?"

The doctor tried to approach, but he staggered at every step. He was a German, and could not speak one word of Italian. On drawing near the patient, he crossed his arms, observed him some moments in silence, and then roared out in his native language, "This man is lost! this man is dead! why send for me?" then he continued bending to feel his pulse. "It is a fit of apoplexy; nothing remains to be done, I shall go away." As he uttered these last words, Confalonieri, who had been some time perfectly still, moved one of his limbs. "We must bleed him! we must bleed him!" cried the physician in great animation; and finding that he had forgotten to bring his instruments, he continued, "Quick! run to my house,—no, don't; I will go myself. Pour some iced water on his head;—no, I am mistaken; do nothing at all;—yes, yes; keep his feet warm.—Oh my God! my God!" and he went away, upsetting two or three chairs, and nearly falling with them on the floor. When he returned, Confalonieri had recovered from his fainting, and would neither submit to be bled, nor to have any ice applied to his stomach, as the doctor now required; which rendered the latter so very clamorous and offensive, that we were obliged to drive him out of the room by force.

The day after we proceeded to Willach; but Confa-

lonieri was placed in a separate carriage, that he might be more at ease. Convinced, at last, that it was impossible for the Count to sustain the journey any longer, the chief Commissary consented to leave him there. On this being settled, Confalonieri called us round his couch, and bade us farewell, expressing his deep regret at being thus compelled to part with us. We all embraced him in tears.

In the course of the evening, after a long and affecting conversation, he said to me, "At Spielberg you will find Silvio Pellico, whom I have often mentioned to you. Try by every means to make his acquaintance: he is the most affectionate, the purest and sincerest creature I have met with in my life; his friendship is a real blessing. If you ever are fortunate enough to see him, pray tell him that I have bitterly wept over his fate; and that few things grieve me more than being thus compelled to renounce the hope of clasping him to my heart. With him you may speak of *my angel.*" After a short pause, he continued, struggling to subdue this idea which predominated in his mind: "If I stood alone on this earth, I should not care much for man's opinion; but my name and family will not perish with me. You know what I would have done for the independence of my country, and what temperate institutions I would have cooperated to establish. Some day, I trust, you will be restored to your native land. Make known then to the world that I was not a wild revolutionist, that the welfare of my fellow-countrymen was my only object; and that during my arduous trial not one word injurious to any patriot has ever escaped my lips."

The night was long and sleepless: on the morrow

I was so broken down by sorrow that I felt unable to reach the carriage without assistance. I remained the whole day in deep silence. What was then passing in my mind is but too present to me even now, when, returned to my country and surrounded by affectionate friends, I never cease to regret him whom I left in the dungeons of Spielberg,—he whom nine years of the strictest intimacy, nine years of trial and suffering have taught me to venerate and cherish a hundred times more than at the moment we separated at Willach.

At Krems, a little town on the Danube, at which we arrived eight days after leaving Confalonieri, we learned that a chief Commissary of Police had been sent to fetch him to Vienna. I received the news with joy, as a proof that my poor friend was yet living; but when Bolza, to complete his confidential communication, added that the Emperor had sent for the Count in the hope of conquering his obstinate silence, I said with grief that the last seal had thus been affixed to his doom. Some of our party, who knew not sufficiently either Confalonieri's constancy or the unforgiving character of the Emperor, would entertain a different opinion, and hope; but the course of events has, alas! but too clearly shown that they laboured under an illusion.

Only a few days' march now remained to reach Spielberg: we travelled very slowly, it is true; but we advanced, and the end of the journey was close at hand. One evening we were informed that for the last time we were to have our meal together, and to sleep in a bed. We embraced each other, and parted, as if we were never to meet again. The next morning, on Sunday the 26th of February, we had scarcely been

three hours on the high road from Znaïm to Brünn, when a fortress frowning on the summit of a hill attracted our attention. It was Spielberg! "It is there then," exclaimed Borsieri, "that my poor Pellico has been languishing these two years,—that we are going to be buried alive! How gloomy is the aspect of that prison, even in spite of the rising sun! Oh my poor parents and sisters, we shall never meet again,—never."

I took his hand and said, "Borsieri, He who is the source of sorrow and of joy will take pity on them. Let us but merit his mercy by patience and resignation."

The road now began to be crowded with vehicles and persons riding or walking. The Director-General of the Police of Moravia, who came to meet us, ordered that the blinds of our carriages should be pulled down. We proceeded slowly, and with withered hearts, tearless and vacant eyes, awaited in silence the moment when the gates of Spielberg should open to receive us. After the most laborious efforts to drag our heavy coaches over the steep ascent of the mountain, the horses stopped;—a sound of chains and bolts was heard: the heavy gates creaked on their hinges,—and we entered! The clock of the chapel struck twelve. Overwhelmed with affliction, I thought of the beloved objects of my love, and prayed God to give them consolation and peace for the long sufferings I was doomed to endure in that sojourn of grief.

END OF VOL. I.

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